

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. LXXI.

PUBLISHED IN

DECEMBER, 1842, & *MARCH*, 1843.

L O N D O N :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1843.

LONDON :
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS,
Stamford Street.

CONTENTS

or

No. CXLII.

ART.	Page
I.—Le Rhin. Lettres à un Ami. Par Victor Hugo	- 315
II.—1. The Catechetical Lectures of St. Cyril, Archbishop of Jerusalem. Translated, with Notes and Indices. (Library of the Fathers, vol. ii.)	
2. A Help to Catechising. By James Beaven, M.A.	
3. A Catechism for the Use of St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh. By the Rev. E. B. Ramsay, M.A.	
4. Hints on Scriptural Education and on Catechising: a Charge, by E. Bather, M.A., Archdeacon of Salop.	
5. Documents and Authorities on Public Catechising. By the Rev. J. Ley, M.A.	- 332
III.—Edwin the Fair; an Historical Drama. By Henry Taylor, author of 'Philip van Artevelde'	- 347
IV.—Medii Ævi Kalendarium: or Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Kalendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century; and an Alphabetical Digest of Obsolete Names of Days; forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other Aids for ascertaining Dates. By R. T. Hampson	- 379
V.—Handley Cross; or, the Spa-Hunt	- 392
VI.—Memoirs of the Queens of France; with Notices of the Royal Favourites. By Mrs. Forbes Bush	- 411

CONTENTS.

ART.	Page
VII.—Report to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor Law Commissioners, on an Inquiry into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain; with Appendices. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, July, 1842	417
VIII.—Lays of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay	453
IX.—A Bill to Amend the Laws which Regulate the Registration and Qualification of Parliamentary Electors in England and Wales. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 10th August, 1842	478
X.—American Notes, for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens	502
XI.—Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., interspersed with Sketches from his Note-books of distinguished contemporary Characters. By Bransby Blake Cooper, Esq. F.R.S.	529
XII.—1. Observations upon the Treaty of Washington, signed 9th August, 1842, &c. By George William Featherstonhaugh, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S., late one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the North American Boundary.	
2. Speech of Mr. Benton, Senator for Missouri in the Secret Session of Congress, in Opposition to the British Treaty, 18th August, 1842.	
3. Speech of W. C. Rives, of Virginia, on the Treaty with Great Britain, delivered in the Senate 17th and 19th August, 1842	560

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Le Rhin. Lettres à un Ami*, par Victor Hugo. 1842.

THIS work, which has created a great sensation in Germany, is perhaps amongst the most innocuous productions of a very able but exaggerated and mischievous writer. His novels and fictions afford in literature the species of interest resulting in vulgar life from the spectacle of an execution : an intense excitement, which, without being evil, decidedly prepares the way for all evil ; and never can they be perused without leaving a taint upon the mind. His delineations of passion are false : his descriptions wonderfully spirited, full of *verve* in their language, and of picturesque truth in detail ; and the species of grotesque romance with which he invests the middle ages gives an interest to his scenes, persuading even the most plodding antiquary to pardon the occasionally fantastic heightening received by the picture from the warm fancy of the artist. And we have here many excellent specimens of the talent, which on other occasions he has so deplorably perverted and misused.

It is curious to observe, on the Rhine, the contrast between the powerful steam-boats, and the relics of mediæval navigation—lingering upon the mighty waters. Such are the great rafts, bearing a whole population in the loghouses, which seem to have slid down bodily from the Alps ; and the grave sailing-boats, heavily and rudely built, whose names still remind us of the age when Faith entered into all the concerns of human life—the *Pius*, the *Amor*, the *Sancta Maria*, the *Gratia Dei*, &c. —whilst the rushing creations of modern science testify by their appellations—*Queen Victoria*, the *Grand Duke of Hesse*, the *Duke of Nassau*, the *Leopold*—how entirely the whole feeling as well as the aspect of society has changed. ‘Your steam-boat,’ says Victor Hugo, ‘is painted and gilded ; your old sailor contented himself with honest pitch and tar. Your steam-boat is a personification of speculation ; your sailor of faith. Your steam-boat advertises itself ; your sailor prays. Your steamer depends on man’s protection ; your sailor on the aid of heaven.’ This striking antithesis meets you—is forced upon you every moment

on the Rhine. It is to be found, in fact, wherever we encounter the 'spirit of the age';—but, perhaps, nowhere has Giant Steam effected a more potent change than on the great and national river of Germany.

Before the opening of the continent, we, in England, might know something more of the Rhine than we did of the Orinoco, but certainly not so much as of the Ganges. Nor can the portion now constantly traversed each season, literally by myriads of travellers, be said to have been a navigable river; the rocks in one direction impeding the downward navigation: whilst upwards, there was no contending with the excessive swiftness of the stream.

Dr. Burney (we think) drifted down upon a timber raft, and the account of his sufferings and privations in his little den offers a whimsical contrast to the comforts of the *Dampfschiff*, with its sofas, its table-d'hôte, its pavilion for the ladies, and what not besides.

It is one of the traditions of Strasburg, that they hesitated to accept the alliance of Bâle on account of the distance between the cities. 'Nay,' said the Baseler burghers, 'we will bring you a kettle of soup warm from our Rath-haus;' and this they effected by means of an enormous iron cauldron, which retained its caloric, whilst the exertions of twelve able-bodied rowers brought it to the capital of Alsace, just in plight to fulfil their promise, before the setting of the sun.

No human foresight can calculate the effect which steam will produce by the conjunction of the continental states. The one most apparent, is the extinction of any remains of independence amongst the smaller powers. At this moment, the Belgians are exulting in the importance to be acquired by their country, as the connecting bond between the French and Prussian lines of railway. Belgium, as they boast, can make her terms with either suitor: as if France or Prussia, one or the other of them, whether in battle-field or congress, will not assuredly, for the very reason which gives such new consequence to Belgium, take all that the chances of preponderance may enable either of them to demand.

All the romance of the Rhine is fast departing. We can hardly take account of the rapid changes which the physiognomy of its shores is sustaining, year by year. Old walls fall; venerable gates and battlements are replaced by Bellevues and British Hotels; churches are whitened and renovated, and castles restored—as Stolzenfels and the Rheinstein—in such a manner as to make the antiquary groan and the artist shudder. Nothing can possibly be in worse tea-garden taste, particularly as exhibited at Stolzenfels: miserable pasteboard battlements and cast-iron staircases encrusted upon the old grey walls; mullions of the true carpenter's Gothic

inserted

inserted in the windows; and no apparent indication of the slightest feeling which may induce us to hope for a cessation of these vulgar barbarities.

We can only land occasionally with our pleasant tourist. Victor Hugo wisely made a stay at Andernach, a place which, as he justly observes, is far too much neglected; and the good-tempered Landlord of the *König von Preussen* now (1842) shows you, with much complacency, the comfortable room which Hugo occupied, and commanding an admirable view of the very picturesque watch-tower which forms so conspicuous an object from the banks of the Rhine.

‘J’aurais voulu monter dans la curieuse tour que je vois de ma croisée, et qui est, selon toute apparence, l’ancienne vedette de la ville, mais l’escalier en est rompu et les voûtes en sont effondrées. Il m’a fallu y renoncer. Du reste, la magnifique mesure a tant de fleurs, de si charmantes fleurs, des fleurs disposées avec tant de goût et entretenues avec tant de soin à toutes les fenêtres, qu’on la croirait habitée. Elle est habitée en effet, habitée par la plus coquette et la plus farouche à la fois des habitantes, par cette douce fée invisible qui se loge dans toutes les ruines, qui les prend pour elle seule, qui en défonce tous les étages, tous les plafonds, tous les escaliers, afin que le pas de l’homme n’y trouble pas les nids des oiseaux, et qui met à toutes les croisées et devant toutes les portes des pots de fleurs qu’elle sait faire, en fée qu’elle est, avec toute vieille pierre creusée par la pluie ou ébréchée par le temps.’—p. 190.

The great, gloomy, ghostly church, with its double towers, is perhaps amongst the latest specimens of the romanesque; and the exterior of the east end still retains some very original, and as yet, very perfect frescoes, deserving much more attention than they have received. The whole is thoroughly German, and, having escaped renovation, save and except the horrible white-wash of the interior, may be consulted as a landmark in the history of architecture. Nor should we, though they are of another age and character, neglect the Giants, the Roland and the Oliver, who guard the interior portal of the Rhein-gate, the direct progenitors of the worthies, who, frowning, because tantalized, at the spectacle of the annual festivities of London city, still hold their station in Guildhall.

From Andernach the traveller should also, without fail, proceed to Laach. Our friend Murray’s hint, that at ‘Brohl there is a good inn, where a basket stored with eatables should be provided, as nothing of the kind is to be had at the abbey of Laach,’ is already quite needless; for the neat *gast-haus* within the Abbey Close will furnish all you can desire. The noble abbey church, first discovered by the Master of Trinity, is now in a condition

which would make him wince. The purchase of the church by the Prussian government, for the purpose of preserving this very singular building from destruction, was a most praiseworthy act; and the fabric is so sound, that plumber's work on the roof and glass in the windows, and perhaps a few iron clamps in the walls, would have been all that it asked or required. The *Bau-inspektor*, Herr Nügler, unhappily thought otherwise, and glaring whitewash on the walls and coarse colouring on the capitals destroy the effect of the interior; and hammer and chisel, hicking and hacking the mouldings, inflict irreparable injury. Much here reminds us of Italy. The atrium is very like that of Sant' Ambrogio, and the tabernacle over the founder's tomb is, we should say, an evident adaptation of the plan of Nicolo Pisano; and how came it here, so far away?

Friend Murray's 'Handbook' hardly speaks with sufficient emphasis of the Marksburg; the only entire castle standing upon the banks of the Rhine, and which is now seen at the best possible era of its existence—neither petted nor neglected—neither vulgarized into a modern fortress, nor theatricalized, like the Stolzenfels, into the *litter-schloss* of a novel published at Leipzig fair, the worst of all transformations which any ancient building can assume. Welcome cart-lodge or cow-house—welcome stable or pigsty—nay, even welcome muck-midden or dunghill, in a ruin, rather than the deckings of pseudo-chivalry. Marksburg seems now, as nearly as possible, to exhibit the state of those buildings during the time of the Thirty years' war. Much is of timber, and both picturesque and curious: the Burg is now garrisoned by half-a-dozen honest invalids. The worthy old sentinel will not touch your *trink-geld*; no persuasion will avail; but you may leave your groschen in the embrasure, and you are not bound to look behind you as you go away. Marksburg is the state-prison of the Grand Duchy of Nassau; but has long been untenanted. The last person confined here was a gentleman bearing a very noble name, a Lieutenant von Metternich, who has decorated the ancient chapel, which he used as his bed-room, with various frescoes not entirely analogous to the object of the structure. Many vestiges of what must truly be admitted to be the barbarity of the middle ages yet remain in this castle: particularly the horrible pit in which prisoners were confined, and into which they were let down by a windlass as in the shaft of a mine. Such a place of confinement was, in old German jail language, technically called the *Hunde-loch*—Anglicè, the dog-hole. The rack, which Mrs. Trollope saw here, has been removed to the museum at Baden, as an illustration of the history of jurisprudence.

prudence. For the same reason it might be advisable to place in the British Museum a series of historical monuments relating to our own humane prison discipline at various periods, chronologically arranged :—*e.g.* *Scavenger's daughter* from the Tower, which, after racking Anne Askew, performed the same duty upon Campion and Guy Fawkes; the *Double-darbies* of London Newgate, inclosing the limbs of the living man like the gibbet-irons which bound together the swinging, rotting carcase; the *Mouth-joke* of the Newgate of Dublin; the *Screwed scull-cap* of the Fleet; the *Iron-mask* of the Richmond Penitentiary; the *Collar and bars, connecting neck and hands*, of Norwich Castle, kept in use till the remonstrance of Dr. Rigby caused it to be discontinued not forty years ago;*—and last, not least, the *Foul cat* of Sydney, so wired by gore, that each of its nine lashes, two hundred times repeated, cuts like the blade of a knife into the quivering flesh.

Lorch, the subject of the nineteenth letter, furnishes our author with a capital scene, which he introduces with the motto of 'Feuer!'

'J'écrivais dans ma chambre, lorsque tout à coup je m'aperçois que mon papier est devenu rouge sous ma plume. Je lève les yeux, je n'étais plus éclairé par ma lampe, mais par mes fenêtres. Mes deux fenêtres s'étaient changées en deux grandes tables d'opale rose à travers lesquelles se répandait autour de moi une réverbération étrange. Je les ouvre, je regarde. Une grosse voûte de flamme et de fumée se courbait à quelques toises au-dessus de ma tête avec un bruit effrayant. C'était tout simplement le gasthaus voisin du mien, qui avait pris feu et qui brûlait.

'En un instant l'auberge se réveille, tout le bourg est sur pied, le cri *Feuer! feu!* emplit le quai et les rues, le tocsin éclate. Moi, je ferme mes croisées et j'ouvre ma porte. Autre spectacle. Le grand escalier de bois de mon gasthaus, touchant presque à la maison incendiée et éclairé par de larges fenêtres, semblait lui-même tout en feu; et sur cet escalier, du haut en bas, se heurtait, se pressait et se foulait une cohue d'ombres surchargées de silhouettes bizarres.

'Un horrible flamboiement remplissait les intervalles de toutes les têtes.

'Quant à moi, car chacun pense à soi dans ces moments-là, j'ai fort peu de bagage, j'étais logé au premier, et je ne courais d'autre risque que d'être forcé de sortir de la maison par la fenêtre.

'Cependant un orage était survenu, il pleuvait à verse. Comme il arrive toujours lorsqu'on se hâte, l'hôtel se vidait lentement; et il y eut un instant d'affreuse confusion. Les uns voulaient entrer, les autres sortir; les gros meubles descendaient lourdement des fenêtres attachés

* This engine of torture was till very recently, and perhaps still is, in the entrance or ante-room of the jail. The chains, the fetters, the manacles which decorate its walls afford a humiliating exhibition.

à des cordes ; les matelas, les sacs de nuit et les paquets de linge tombaient du haut du toit sur le pavé ; les femmes s'épouvantaient, les enfans pleuraient ; les paysans, réveillés par le tocsin, accouraient de la montagne avec leurs grands chapeaux ruisselants d'eau et leurs seaux de cuir à la main.

‘ Bientôt les pompes sont arrivées, les chaines de travailleurs se sont formées, et je suis monté dans le grenier, énorme enchevêtrement, à plusieurs étages, de charpentes pittoresques comme en recouvrent tous ces grands toits d'ardoise des bords du Rhin. Toute la charpente de la maison voisine brûlait dans une seule flamme. Cette immense pyramide de brais, surmontée d'un vaste panache rouge que secouait le vent de l'orage, se penchait avec des craquements sourds sur notre toit, déjà allumé et pétillant çà et là.

‘ Des lucarnes du grenier je plongeais dans la fournaise et j'étais pour ainsi dire dans l'incendie même. C'est une effroyable et admirable chose qu'un incendie vu à brûle-pourpoint. Je n'avais jamais eu ce spectacle ; puisque j'y étais, je l'ai accepté.

‘ Au premier moment, quand on se voit comme enveloppé dans cette monstrueuse caverne de feu où tout flambe, reluit, pétille, crie, souffre, éclate et croule, on ne peut se défendre d'un mouvement d'anxiété, il semble que tout est perdu et que rien ne saura lutter contre cette force affreuse qu'on appelle le feu ; mais dès que les pompes arrivent, on reprend courage.

‘ On ne peut se figurer avec quelle rage l'eau attaque son ennemi. A peine la pompe, ce long serpent qu'on entend haleter en bas dans les ténèbres, a-t-elle passé au-dessus du mur sombre son cou effilé et fait étinceler dans la flamme sa fine tête de cuivre, qu'elle crache avec fureur un jet d'acier liquide sur l'épouvantable chimère à mille têtes. Le brasier, attaqué à l'improviste, hurle, se dresse, bondit effroyablement, ouvre d'horribles gueules pleines de rubis et lèche de ses innombrables langues toutes les portes et toutes les fenêtres à la fois. La vapeur se mêle à la fumée ; des tourbillons blancs et des tourbillons noirs s'en vont à tous les souffles du vent et se tordent et s'étreignent dans l'ombre sous les nuées. Le sifflement de l'eau répond au mugissement du feu. Rien n'est plus terrible et plus grand que cet ancien et éternel combat de l'hydre et du dragon.

‘ La force de la colonne d'eau lancée par la pompe est prodigieuse. Les ardoises et les briques qu'elle touche se brisent et s'éparpillent comme des écailles. Quand la charpente enfin s'est écroulée, magnifique moment où le panache écarlate de l'incendie a été remplacé au milieu d'un bruit terrible par une immense et haute aigrette d'étincelles, une cheminée est restée debout sur la maison comme une espèce de petite tour de pierre. Un jet de pompe l'a jetée dans le gouffre.

‘ Le Rhin, les villages, les montagnes, les ruines, tous le spectre sanglant du paysage reparaissant à cette lueur, se mêlaient à la fumée, aux flammes, au glat continu du tocsin, au fracas des pans du mur s'abattant tout entiers comme des ponts-levis, aux coups sourds de la hache, au tumulte de l'orage et à la rumeur de la ville. Vraiment c'était hideux, mais c'était beau.

‘ Si

‘ Si l’on regarde les détails de cette grande chose, rien de plus singulier. Dans l’intervalle d’un tourbillon de feu et d’un tourbillon de fumée, des têtes d’hommes surgissent au bout d’une échelle. On voit ces hommes inonder, en quelque sorte à bout portant, la flamme acharnée qui lutte et voltige et s’obstine sous le jet même de l’eau. Au milieu de cet affreux chaos, il y a des espèces de réduits silencieux où des petits incendies tranquilles pétillent doucement dans des coins comme un feu de veuve. Les croisées des chambres devenues inaccessibles s’ouvrent et se ferment au vent. De jolies flammes bleues frissonnent aux pointes des poutres. De lourdes charpentes se détachent du bord du toit et restent suspendues à un clou, balancées par l’ouragan au-dessus de la rue et enveloppées d’une longue flamme. D’autres tombent dans l’étroit entre-deux des maisons et établissent là un pont de braise.’—p. 264.

Mayence forms a prominent section. Most fully do we join with Hugo in deploring the exceeding devastation—the deterioration of picturesque and poetical character—which this once noble city has sustained, partly from war, but even more from the fever of demolition which appears epidemic throughout Europe. Certainly it is a great good fortune, that the gigantic *Dom* has been preserved. The massive vaulting resisted the tremendous bombardment of 1793; though it was rifted in parts, and the roofing entirely consumed. But afterwards, when the French took possession of the city, the commanding officer of the *Génie*, St. Far, used all his influence to cause the whole to be demolished. With the *Lieb-Frauen Kirche* he did as he chose. This was the Lady Chapel of the *Dom*, of the richest Gothic: the portal was sixty feet in height, the niches and mouldings filled with admirable sculptures. St. Far sold the materials for 1200 francs—the whole building was broken up as rubbish; and the same fate befell almost every other sacred edifice in the city. The *Dom* was only preserved because it happened to be useful as a storehouse for forage. During this period, however, the usual devastations were committed. Whatever was of metal was plucked up and sold, the graves opened for the purpose of rifling the leaden coffins, and the stone monuments battered, defaced, or destroyed out of mere wantonness. A small bounty was subsequently bestowed upon the cathedral by Napoleon, who allowed it a yearly grant, and even restored to the chapter a very small portion of the landed estates which anciently formed its endowment; but in 1813, after the battle of Leipzig, the cathedral was again occupied as a barrack, and again sustained profanation and devastation scarcely less in degree than before. Yet, in spite of all this mischief, the *Dom* is still one of the most impressive romanesque fabrics in Germany. The vast circular arches stand unshaken; and we may still contemplate the magnificent monumental

series

series of the tombs of the Archbishop-Electors, somewhat deteriorated by the necessary restorations which they have received, but which people, as it were, the sanctuary over which they once ruled.

These tombs usually exhibit the figure of the prelate in a most richly ornamented tabernacle, Gothic in the earlier specimens, passing on, through the style of the *renaissance*, to the gorgeous and corrupted Italian of the seventeenth century. The greater number are placed upright against the piers and pillars, and in a manner of which, we believe, no other example is found. We suspect that the earlier effigies were originally either inserted in the pavement or laid horizontally upon a tomb; and that, some individuals of the series having been removed into their present position, all the continuation was, as it were, made to match: hence originated this remarkable historical gallery. Let the stranger look at it attentively, for here he will read the progress and fall of the temporal grandeur of the German hierarchy; and lessons may be learned not entirely unprofitable. At the commencement of the series, you may look at such thorough out-and-out bishops as Siegfried III. (1249) or Adolph of Nassau (1390):—grave, stern, and thoughtful Priests—Priests to the very marrow of their bones—Priests full of their sacerdotal dignity—Priests entirely impressed with their pre-eminence, which the sculptor has, in the case of Siegfried, expressed by a species of symbolical allegory, resulting from the size of his figures. This tomb consists of a group of three: on the right is Henry, the Landgrave of Thuringia; on the left William, Count of Holland, upon whose head the archbishop places the imperial crown; and the figure of the churchman being about twice as large as those of the princes, (who, compared to him, look like good little boys,) it thus conveys to the beholder the opinion which the sculptor entertained of the prelate's importance. As you proceed, you find these ecclesiastics softening and fattening down into very comfortable temporal sovereigns; the point-lace ruffles and frills of the courtier protruding through the rich embroidered waistcoat, which seems ashamed of the cope dropping off from the back of the wearer: incipient mustachios are also seen. Towards the conclusion of the series, the effects of good cheer become victorious over any other expression. The fattest of fat cheeks and chins, double chins, treble chins, are represented by the diligent sculptor with the most provoking fidelity. This was the period when all traces of the real spiritual functions of the sovereign prelates of the empire were wholly lost. All episcopal functions were exercised by a coadjutor, hard worked and ill paid; and the circumstance (which, as is recorded, happened once)

of

of a Prince-archbishop having actually preached a sermon, was considered as much a marvel as if Sir Robert Peel were to discharge that duty in St. James's. The magnificence of the empire has passed away. The See of Boniface, the apostle of Germany, is now a poor bishopric—a suffragan, we believe, of Friburg in the Brisgau. The most modern of the prelatical monuments is erected to the memory of Bishop Humann, the brother of the late French minister of finance. - It humbly imitates the earlier style. In detail, these tombs offer very curious specimens of German art, the more recent possessing a peculiarly clumsy and stupid character. Strange it is, that the successors of Albert Durer, and the predecessors of Cornelius and Overbeke, should have been so completely lost to all sentiment of art! The armorial shields exhibit the full richness of Teutonic heraldry, which bears a most distinct national character. Of secular tombs, the most amusing is that of Count Lamberk, slain in the attack on Mayence, 1689. In complete armour, but decorated with a full-bottomed wig of most ample dimensions, exceeding even the famous curls of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he is doing his best to scramble out of his coffin, and has stretched out his hand, holding the marshal's staff. Death tries to prevent the escape, by squeezing down the coffin-lid with all the might and main of his nerveless bones, just as you try to pack a full trunk; whilst a dear female angel, in capital *embonpoint*, smilingly beckons to the General, encouraging him to persevere.

Before we quit Mayence, we must notice the very beautiful cloister, which is undergoing a complete and, what is more, a very judicious restoration, at the expense of the present Dean; the government of Hesse, to which the city now belongs, having refused, as we were informed upon the spot, to contribute a single *heller* towards the charge.

Victor Hugo's concluding remarks upon the extinction of the power of the electors are striking, though not expressed in such terms as we should altogether have wished to employ.

‘ Chose remarquable et qui prouve jusqu'à quel point la révolution française était un fait providentiel et comme la résultante nécessaire, et pour ainsi dire algébrique, de tout l'antique ensemble européen, c'est que tout ce qu'elle a détruit a été détruit pour jamais. Elle est venue à l'heure dite, comme un bûcheron pressé de finir sa besogne, abattre en hâte et pêle-mêle tous les vieux arbres mystérieusement marqués par le Seigneur. On sent qu'elle avait en elle le *quid divinum*. Rien de ce qu'elle a jeté bas ne s'est relevé, rien de ce qu'elle a condamné n'a survécu, rien de ce qu'elle a défilé ne s'est recomposé. Et observons ici que la vie des états n'est pas suspendue au même fil que celle des individus; il ne suffit pas de frapper un empire pour le tuer; on ne tue les villes et les royaumes que lorsqu'ils doivent mourir. La révolution française

française a touché Venise, et Venise est tombée; elle a touché l'empire d'Allemagne, et l'empire d'Allemagne est tombé; elle a touché les électeurs, et les électeurs se sont évanouis. La même année, la grande année-abîme, a vu s'engloutir le roi de France, cet homme presque dieu, et l'archevêque de Mayence, ce prêtre presque roi.

'La révolution n'a pas extirpé ni détruit Rome, parce que Rome n'a point de fondements, mais des racines; racines qui vont sans cesse croissant dans l'ombre sous Rome et sous toutes les nations, qui traversent et pénètrent le globe entier de part en part, et qu'on voit reparaître à l'heure qu'il est en Chine et au Japon, de l'autre côté de la terre.'—p. 133.

Are we to believe in astrology? In 1243, Archbishop Siegfried, he whose tomb stands so sternly in the cathedral, condemned the old astrologer, Mabusius, to die: he was a wizard and a diviner; and, when brought to the gallows, which until the revolution stood upon the frontier dividing the electoral territory from that of the Palatinate, he rejected the crucifix offered to him by the priest, and again asserted his own prophetic powers. Giving way to a vain curiosity, the monk, whom he would not allow to act as his confessor, inquired, 'Say when will the archbishops of Mayence come to an end?' 'Let my right hand be unbound,' replies Mabusius: the limb is released from its bonds: he pauses for a moment, takes up a rusty nail which had fallen from the fatal tree, and upon the stone plinth engraves three monograms, which, devised according to the plan of the ancient merchant's marks, severally designate IV. XX. and XIII.; and then surrendered himself to the executioner. These ciphers, added together, make *fourscore and thirteen*; and century after century they remained, becoming fainter and fainter as the stone was covered with lichens, or crumbled under the hand of time; until, in 1793, the prophecy received its accomplishment, and all was swept away.

At Cologne, Victor Hugo confines his visits to the Hôtel de Ville and the *Dom*, or Cathedral. With respect to the first, travellers owe him thanks for inviting them to a building, which, though daily more and more vulgarised by the white-washings and *domestications* which it receives, still possesses great interest. We wish that our architectural societies would authoritatively settle an architectural nomenclature; for, with respect to this building, we feel ourselves entirely at a loss how to designate its style—Roman, we must call it, such as Rome appeared to the imaginations of the *savans en us* of the sixteenth century, and which Wren even, at one period, imbibed. Take, as an example, the theatre at Oxford, with its mullioned windows, its lucarns and lantern, in which he attempted to retrace the models of antiquity. Both Goths and Greeks will rail at us for
delighting

delighting in this style. It is pliable, rich, harmonious. It is *obedient*—that is to say, the architect never needs make use give way to form, or form to use. He can give the building a complete adaptation to its intent, and it is *singularly* applicable for all purposes of modern convenience and beauty. It may be as well to notice that the inscriptions in the Rath-Haus in honour of Cæsar Augustus and Agrippa are all coeval with that addressed to Maximilian, though they have been strangely quoted as genuine relics.

The *Dom* derives great interest from the resumption of the long discontinued fabric. The following may be taken as a good specimen of Hugo's descriptive powers:—

‘ La place était toujours silencieuse. Personne n’y passait. Je m’étais approché du portail aussi près que me le permettait une riche grille de fer du quinzième siècle qui le protége, et j’entendais murmurer paisiblement au vent de nuit ces innombrables petites forêts qui s’installent et prospèrent sur toutes les saillies des vieilles masures. Une lumière qui a paru à une fenêtre voisine a éclairé un moment sous les voussures une foule d’exquises statuettes assises, anges et saints qui lisent dans un grand livre ouvert sur leurs genoux, ou qui parlent et prêchent, le doigt levé. Ainsi, les uns étudient, les autres enseignent. Admirable prologue pour une église, qui n’est autre chose que le Verbe fait marbre, bronze et pierre ! La douce maçonnerie des nids d’hirondelles se mêle de toutes parts comme un correctif charmant à cette sévère architecture.

‘ Puis la lumière s’est éteinte, et je n’ai plus rien vu que le vaste ogive de quatre-vingts pieds toute grande ouverte, sans châssis et sans abat-vent, éventant la tour du haut en bas et laissant pénétrer mon regard dans les ténébreuses entrailles du clocher. Dans cette fenêtre s’inscrivait, amoindrie par la perspective, la fenêtre opposée, toute grande ouverte également, et dont la rosace et les meneaux, comme tracés à l’encre, se découpaient avec une pureté inexprimable sur le ciel clair et métallique du crépuscule. Rien de plus mélancolique et de plus singulier que cette élégante petite ogive blanche dans cette grande ogive noire.

‘ Voilà quelle a été ma première visite à la cathédrale de Cologne.’—
p. 135.

The first stone of this, the purest specimen of the purest Gothic, was laid in 1248, in the very year when the masons closed the vaulting of St. Cunibert, a stern, regular, and consistent romanesque building. There is in Cologne absolutely no kind of trace of the style called *transition*, so common in France and England ; and therefore, now that we are standing upon German ground, we must admit, even against our wills, that any theory deduced from the appearance of that style of architecture does not here apply.

As

As is well known, some of the working drawings of Cologne still exist: they were dispersed when the French plundered the archives; and the most valuable was found at Darmstadt, nailed upon the door of a barn. The exact date also of the foundation is certain; but there has been much contest about the individuality of the architect, who is now supposed by some to have been a *Gérard* of *St. Trond*, in Flanders, which would give the glory to Belgium. The Germans warmly contest for the honour. Yet, at all events, the very buildings tell you that in Germany the *Gothic* was of sudden introduction or creation. It starts up in the fullest maturity; and it is difficult to understand, how the workmen, who had hitherto been accustomed only to such vaulting and sculpture as that of *St. Cunibert*, could immediately turn their hands to the mathematical groining and lace-like delicacy of the Gothic style. To increase our perplexity, other recent German inquirers have maintained that the Gothic was the invention of *Albertus Magnus*. A fierce battle rages; but may there not be peace? Professor Kugler, we believe, mediates between the contending disputants, by assuming a species of partnership between a *Gérard*, whoever he might be, and *Albertus de Groot*; so that the cathedral would be a joint concern. We must not, however, allow ourselves to wander further in these speculations, but simply express our belief that the origin of Gothic architecture is not to be found in mortar or stone, or in line or rule, but that it was the expression, as it were, of what, in Exeter Hall phraseology, would be called the 'religious mind' of the thirteenth century.

Hugo, who dates his letters in 1839, complains—and then he might do so with justice—of the neglected and ruined appearance of the choir. By the extensive repairs in progress, and which, though not commenced by, have received the most effective impulse from the present King of Prussia, its aspect is now entirely changed, and we may begin to appreciate the wonderful talent with which the Master who planned the work was endued. It is all cast at one jet. You see one pervading idea, worked out in every portion; no one thing appearing as an after thought, though perhaps not introduced till a period long subsequent to the first foundation. The true spirit of Gothic architecture is that of living vegetation: it is the expansion of the vitality of the germ; and, where this vitality exists, each addition harmonizes as naturally with the portion upon which it is based, as the leaf does when it springs out of the branch; and as the flower does when it blooms amongst the verdure. However the building may spread and fructify, it is still one organic whole; and this is truly a transcendent excellence, which no other production of human art ever acquired.

acquired. The vast windows of the choir have been thoroughly cleaned and repaired. They now shine like gems; and the architectural lines delineated in the stained glass, the tabernacles and borders, bright as they are, still carry on the perfect unity of the stone flagree of the vast shrine: for the whole cathedral is one glorious shrine of holiness. The late repairs have brought to light many hitherto concealed frescoes on the walls, the character of which is beautifully in unison both with the painted glass and the architectural ornaments. They are, however, much damaged, and need entire restoration, which, if funds can be found, will be effected by some of the best artists of the Dusseldorf school. The statues of saints affixed to the columns have been restored, and coloured with great ability. Colour is as essential an element in Gothic architecture—nay, in all architecture—as form.

The completion of the cathedral is partly effected, or rather will be effected, by government grants—not so large as might be desired, considering the importance of the object and the equitable claims which the cathedral has upon the State—since, in truth, *all* the dominions of Prussia on the Rhine were Church property—and partly, as we hope and trust, by the more efficient means of the *Dom-bau verein* of Cologne, or ‘Cathedral Association,’—a voluntary society, as its name imports; and which, confirmed by the ‘*aller höchste*’ cabinet order of the 8th of December, 1841, has its branches in most parts of Northern Germany, including also some in Swabia and Bavaria, who transmit their collections to the parent society. One of these affiliated associations has been formed at Paris; and we hope that a *Londner-verein* will soon also arise, lending what assistance it can to the restoration and completion of one of the noblest monuments of Christian architecture. The sum needed, though large, is not enormous. The ‘*Regierungs baurath*,’ or head architect, Zwirner, who, we believe, is now on his way to this country, calculates the transepts and nave at 1,200,000 *thalers*; but we are surprised, and, we may add, grieved, to find that he proposes to omit, in the completion of the nave, the pinnacles and flying buttresses, which really form the chief beauty of the choir. This mutilation is suggested, in order to save 800,000 *thalers*, which they would cost. We earnestly hope that this pitiful economy will not be allowed to inflict a permanent *maim* upon the building. The façade and towers are calculated at 3,000,000 *thalers*. Thus the sum of 5,000,000 *thalers* (to cover all expenses of stained glass, paintings, and ornaments, say 1,000,000% sterling) would enable us to behold the temple in its full magnificence.

The

The foundations for the whole were well laid by the original architect: they have been examined, and found quite sound. Within ten years the whole gigantic structure could easily be completed. It is in the nature of things that against every good work there is raised up an enemy. Many objections are openly started against the plan, more are whispered, and endeavours made to freeze the liberality of the people. The ultra-Protestant shakes his head at the bounty which assists a Roman-Catholic temple; and the ultra-Romanist looks grim, and suspects that orthodoxy will flee from the edifice raised under the auspices of a Protestant king. Politicians will tell you that the national monument is a symptom of the deeply-laid scheme, by which all northern Germany is to be rendered a Prussian empire; and the French sneer and gibe, and are the willing prophets of the undertaking's utter failure. To every doubt, to every objection, no other answer is required than the unfinished walls, and the character of the honest and pious Sovereign.

It is very instructive, with respect to this building, to trace the progress of opinion. In 1509 the works entirely ceased. It is hardly necessary to mention that this was the era of the greatest corruption of the members of the Western Church, when the Prelates had in fact secularised themselves; and the funds destined to the honour and glory of God were employed in pampering their vile vices or in aiding their ambition. Look on the unfinished tower, crowned by the crane projecting idly in the air. The axle of the wheel is rusted, the timber decays, rooks nestle unmolested amongst the beams;—who could anticipate that it ever would be set to work again, still less that the order would be given by a Protestant prince? Thenceforward, so long as the electorate subsisted, the very little which the archbishop and chapter did was nothing but mischief. They whitewashed the walls, removed the stained glass in order to give more light to the building, demolished the *baldacchino* and the high altar, a masterpiece of ancient German art, and introduced decorations in the vilest and most corrupted French Pompadour style, the outward tokens of the total loss of the ancient religious and ecclesiastical feeling. Matters thus continued till the Revolution. Elector, Dean and Chapter, are scared away by the tricolor. Horses are stabled in the aisle; heaps of forage stored in the choir. At this disastrous period the cathedral sustained so much of the damage which Victor Hugo laments; and, upon the accession of Napoleon, it was reported by its then bishop, Berdolet, as fast approaching to ruin. Napoleon refused the small sum of 40,000 francs, asked for the purpose of keeping the building up, and there

there seemed no means of averting its destruction. At this juncture, Sulpice Boissérée, the artist, supported by Goethe, the Schlegels, and other men of letters, determined to endeavour to preserve at least a memorial of the building. He began his now well-known architectural work, which, for the first time, taught the German public to admire what they had hitherto neglected, contemned, or despised; and in 1816 the late King of Prussia directed surveys to be made of the structure, for the purpose of preserving the fragment by needful repairs. The first grant was made in 1824, and from that period up to 1841 the sum of 215,084 *thalers* has been issued from the Prussian treasury, showing how much remains to be supplied. This first impulse resulted from mere love of art and of antiquity. It was entirely secular and unsanctified; and the same spirit would have induced the elegant individuals who were the instruments to have craved aid for the temple of Theseus or the Parthenon. To this has succeeded the high and holy feeling which now actuates King and people; and, in the emphatic words by which the address of the association concludes, '*Der ALLMAECHTIGER GOTT, zu dessen Preis und Ehre das Werk gerreichen soll, möge demselben seinen Segen verleihen! Unser Wahlspruch aber sei, Eintracht, Ausdauer.*'

It is an old jest, that the pith of a lady's letter always lies in the postscript; and when you arrive at the 'conclusion' of Victor Hugo's work, consisting of a spirited essay of 150 pages upon the political state of Europe from the seventeenth century to the present time, you find that the whole intent of his correspondence is to show that the very stones on the left bank cry out '*Il faut que la France reprenne le Rhin.*' It is the creed of all the generation, that the loss of that same left bank was to France the loss of the right arm.

Hugo, who, as the newspapers say, is about to be created a peer of France, bestows his most unwilling praise upon the wisdom of the Congress of Vienna. He acknowledges that the Anti-Gallic diplomatists effected a *chef-d'œuvre* of policy in bestowing the Rhenish provinces upon Prussia. By so doing, they placed, as he truly says, the advanced guard of the enemy within five days' march of Paris, and, as he forcibly expresses it, formed a perpetual ulcer in what had hitherto been the empire of Napoleon. Let Hugo speak out and speak on:—

'Austria is on the decline; Prussia, on the advance: a nation scarcely of yesterday, but which looks forward to the morrow for her future glories: her eagle, young and vigorous, will never abandon, if she can help it, what she has once seized within her grasp. Moreover, by this policy, wily England has separated the two nations who are to each other

other the most congenial in their feelings. France is a nation of the *mouvement*; Prussia is a nation of the *mouvement*. Both should be tending to the same end, both would work in the common cause of *regeneration*, Prussia in Germany, France in Europe, were it not for the antipathy raised by placing under the power of Prussia a territory which France must always covet, Prussia always jealously defend.—Le partage du Rhin, crée une haine. Brouiller la France avec l'Allemagne c'était quelque chose: brouiller la France avec la Prusse, c'était tout: donner la rive gauche du Rhin à l'Allemagne, c'était une idée; l'avoir donné à la Prusse, c'est un chef-d'œuvre de haine, de ruse, de discorde et de calamité.'

Yet, in rapid perspective, his imagination discovers an easy remedy. He will hold out a morsel to the black eagle, which shall tempt her to relax the grip of her talons:—

'Hanover is separated from the British crown, and her speedy moral and physical extinction predicted. The house of Brunswick is struck with moral and physical imbecility. Let Prussia seize Hanover, and something more, such as Hamburg, Oldenburgh, and other convenient *arrondissements*, so as to render the whole Baltic a Prussian shore; and she may then cheerfully surrender the Rhine to France!'

And so he runs on. That the lowest prejudices of the lowest of English factions against the King of Hanover, and his afflicted but admirable son, should be taken up by French rhapsodists—all this was to be expected!

Hugo nevertheless says some disagreeable truths. He stigmatises not too hardly—perhaps not hardly enough—the utter disregard with which the Congress of Vienna treated equally the rights of the smaller states and the feelings of the people. Instead of the natural divisions, which not unfrequently were continuous with political boundaries, and the still more important lines traced out by habits, customs, opinions, races, and, above all, by religion, you have now nothing but purely artificial demarcations. Here a black and white striped post shows you that you enter Prussia; there a yellow and red striped post, Hesse; here a green and white striped post, Nassau; there a yellow and black post, Austria; but no sense or reason in the formation of the frontier, except the arbitrary will and pleasure of a certain number of diplomatists, dividing amongst themselves, with a map of Europe outspread on the green-cloth table, the property which did not belong to them—a very convenient and pleasant employment; but when such a transaction is not diplomatical, folks, if the act concerns a sheep, or a horse, or a pig, or a purse, give it quite another name. Certainly, with all its weaknesses, errors, and incongruities, the constitution of the departed Roman Empire, the last phase of the Fourth Monarchy which we have seen come to
an

an end, did at least effect what regenerated Europe does not afford,—the protection of the weak against the strong. The flag of the Count of Bentheim Steinfurth was as respected as the union jack of Great Britain. The abbot of St. Emmeran, with no more land than might have been covered by the copes in his sacristy, was as sure of his possessions as the Prince-Archbishop of Mainz. Hamburg and Bremen were not more inviolate than Kempten or Lindau; and the Margrave of Anspach, whose sovereignty might have been included in Hammersmith parish, held his dominion by as good a title as the houses of Brandenburg or Hapsburgh.

That the seeds of great political changes, and of changes more than political, are now germinating in northern Germany, is highly probable. Germany, the father-land of gunpowder, printing, and Luther, may again convulse the world. But of one thing we are sure, and of one thing the French may be sure, that, whatever changes take place, there will be but one heart and mind in defending every hill or dale, every town or tower which bears the impress of German nationality. Dynasties may be raised or overturned; you may have a German commonwealth or a German empire; but on German ground the power of France is gone, and for ever. Let the standard of Arminius be unfurled, and every jealousy, every rivalry between king and king, state and state, people and people, will be appeased. The National Confederation will be cemented by the blood of the enemy; and whenever the *Welschen* may be emboldened to the assault, all Germany will, with one voice, join in the chorus:

No—*they* shall never win it,
Our free, our German stream;
No—though like starving ravens,
They Rhine-ward, Rhine-ward scream.

‘*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den deutschen freien Rhein;
Ob sie wie gierige Raaben
Sich heiser darnach schrei’n.*’

- ART. II.—1. *The Catechetical Lectures of St. Cyril, Archbishop of Jerusalem.* Translated, with Notes and Indices. (Library of the Fathers, vol. ii.) Oxford. 1838.
2. *A Help to Catechising.* By James Beaven, M.A. London. 1842.
3. *A Catechism for the Use of St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh.* By the Rev. E. B. Ramsay, M.A. London. 1841. (Third Edition.)
4. *Hints on Scriptural Education and on Catechising :* a Charge, by E. Bather, M.A., Archdeacon of Salop. London. 1842. (Second Edition.)
5. *Documents and Authorities on Public Catechising.* By the Rev. J. Ley, M.A. London. 1840.

THE great model of the Christian *Catechesis* is to be found in the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel; where we are told that the child Jesus was 'found in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions; and they were astonished at his understanding and answers.' These words of our version describe the process with sufficient clearness; but it may be noticed that, in the original, the same word (*ἐπερωτᾶν, ἐπερωτήματα*) is here interpreted of *questions*, which, in St. Peter's 1st Epistle (iii. 21, speaking of the promises made in baptism*), is translated *answer*; comprehending, as in fact it does, the mutual questions and answers which make up the teaching in the one case, and the stipulation in the other.

Of course this part of the teaching, from its humble character and its necessary variety, is the part least likely to be preserved to after ages; so that we need not wonder if, in point of form, the Catechetical Lectures of St. Cyril differ but little from ordinary homilies. They rather *accompanied* the catechising than comprised it; their peculiarity being in the character of those to whom they were addressed, and the consequent choice of their subjects. They were delivered to those catechumens who, though still unbaptised, were to receive the sacrament of baptism immediately afterwards; and their subjects, consequently, lie between the ordinary instructions of the catechumen, and those which were *reserved* † for the edification of the baptised. The peculiar

* Compare St. Luke, iii. 10, 14. It was a legal term in stipulations.

† In the controversy in which this word has become technical, much confusion on both sides would have been avoided, had the broad distinction been made clear between the absolute reserve used towards unbaptised catechumens, and the discretion with which the milk and strong meats of the Gospel were imparted to the *Illuminated*. The former part of the system has no parallel among us: the latter is what every clergyman must use; and the only question is, whether he does so consciously or unconsciously, systematically or empirically, well or ill.

position of these catechumens, at a time while the members of the Church were principally, or in great part, recruited from among the heathen, instead of growing up a seed of 'holy children' (1 Cor. vii. 14) under her fostering care, involved the need of peculiar details in their training, such as are not applicable to later times. And, for this reason, it is needless to plunge into a discussion of the various catechetic schools, at Alexandria (chiefly famous, indeed, for the Senior Theological Institute which was engrafted upon it, and appropriated its name), at Antioch, and elsewhere. Our purpose being chiefly practical, we will take leave to pass over the details of ecclesiastical antiquity; content to have indicated the foundation of the apostles and prophets on which the institution rests, and the essential oneness of its principle, whether the catechumens be a class of adults converted, but as yet unbaptised, or whether they be youths who, having received baptism in infancy, are now to be trained and instructed in the rudiments of their religion, according to the stipulation of the initiatory sacrament.*

It will be more interesting, and perhaps useful, to consider the subject of catechetic teaching practically, as one of our own Church's institutions in her prophetic character. Indeed, even thus, there is still some risk of seeming to fall into vague generalities in trying to investigate principles. The subject may, therefore, be limited yet more to the case of our rural population and parishes. It is probable, indeed, that much which may be said will be applicable to all alike: the main principles, if true at all, will be true everywhere: but there is no need to embarrass or complicate the question by taking into account the special necessities and difficulties arising from the confessedly peculiar character of a town-population. We leave such parishes out of the question, reserving our opinion as to what, in *their* case, is really impossible, or hazardous, or only difficult—that is, what should be unattempted, what should be carefully considered, and what should be energetically done.

The first thing to be ascertained is the rule of our own Reformed Church on the subject; and we are abundantly furnished with this, text and comment, by Mr. Ley in his *Documents and Authorities*.

The following are some, out of many, of his quotations:—

The Rubric. 'The curate of every parish shall diligently, on Sundays and holidays, after the second lesson at Evening Prayer, openly in

* It is to be hoped, in further illustration of this point, that St. Augustine's *Treatise de Catechizandis Rudibus* will be included among the translations in the 'Library of the Fathers.'

the church, instruct and examine so many children of his parish, sent unto him, as he thinks convenient, in some parts of the Catechism.*

Abp. Whitgift to the Bishops of his province, 1591.—‘This mischief (that the youth, being as it were the frie and seminarie of the Commonwealth, are not trained up in the chief and necessary principles of the Christian religion) might wel in mine opinion be redressed by catechising and instructing in churches the youth of both sexes on the Sabbath dayes in the afternoon—and that (if it may be conveniently) before their parents and others, who thereby may take comfort and instruction also . . . Give strait charge unto parents to come themselves, or at least to send their children, to the church at such times; and especially unto ministers, to expound unto them, and to examine the child in that little Catechism which is allowed by authority.’

King James I. to Abp. Abbot, 1622.—‘That no parson, etc., shall preach any sermon hereafter in the afternoon but upon the Catechism, or some text taken out of the Creed, Ten Commandments, or Lord’s Prayer, and that those preachers be most encouraged and approved of who spend the afternoon’s exercise in the examining of children in their Catechism, and in expounding of the several points and heads of it.’

King Charles I. to Abp. Laud, 1633.—‘That in all parishes the afternoon’s sermons be turned into catechising by questions and answers, where and whensoever there is not some great cause apparent to break this ancient and laudable order.’

King Charles II. to Abp. Juxon, 1662.—‘That where there is an afternoon’s exercise it be especially spent in explaining some part of the Church Catechism, or in preaching on some such text of Scripture as will probably and naturally lead to the handling of something contained in it, or may conduce to the exposition of the liturgy and prayers of the Church.’

Such is the state of things amongst us at present that the citation of these documents will by many be looked upon as equivalent to an attack upon *preaching*; and this because preaching has built itself a throne upon the ruins not only of catechising, but also of prayer and the sacraments. This is emphatically an age of preaching, in the most invidious sense of the word—the only sense in which catechising is opposed to it. And this has cut both ways: on the one hand, a belief in the pulpit has become the *articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ*; and, on the other, those who have been moved to resist this monopoly have yielded to the temptation to decry that which has been overrated; to choose an offensive instead of a defensive position; and, through fear of the disparagement of sacraments, almost to deprive the

* The 59th Canon (1803) may seem to transfer this duty to the half hour before Evening Prayer. But the Canon cannot repeal the Rubric; and indeed the latter has, since that date, been as it were re-enacted as a law of the land. But both will be obeyed by clergymen who attend the Sunday school before the evening service, and during it catechise the children.

Christian flock of this portion of their instruction, as if it were not written that 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' The sober Churchman will scarcely agree with either.

'I am not ignorant,' says the Bishop of Exeter in his Charge delivered last summer, 'that many good men have thought that the most valuable portion of public worship is the ordinance of preaching; and we are sometimes told, in a tone of seeming triumph, that the great work for which our holy office was appointed is "to preach the gospel." From the earliest days of the Reformation there have been two parties in our Church—each of them including many sincere and excellent men—who are and have been more strongly distinguished by their feeling, if not their language, on this particular, than by almost any other differences whatever.

'On which side the voice of the Church has spoken I need not say. But let me ask, has not experience also spoken? and is not its testimony with the Church? What are the results, *the enduring results*, of the most eloquent, the most fervent, the most successful preaching, if it be not kept in due subordination to the immediate and proper purpose for which the congregation is assembled in God's house—emphatically called by God himself "the House of Prayer"—humbly to acknowledge our sins before God—to render thanks to Him—to set forth His praise—to hear His Holy Word—to ask those things which He knows to be necessary as well for the body as the soul—above all, to feed together spiritually on the body and blood of our Blessed Redeemer? . . .

'And, after all, what is it to preach the Gospel? Is it merely the delivery of oral discourses? In proclaiming the Gospel to the heathen this may indeed be the best and only way; but in the instruction of those who have been already brought, by God's mercy, into the fold of Christ, can the same be truly said? What is *catechising*? What the reading publicly in the congregation the written word of God? What the intelligent and devout use of our own admirable Liturgy?' &c.—pp. 8, 9.

It may then, *incolumi sobrietate*, be inquired (and this concerns the present subject most nearly) *what is preaching*? For undoubtedly many things are contained in the scriptural meaning of this word besides the delivery of sermons from the pulpit. Not to expatiate on all the manifold preachings of the press, through which it has come to pass that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, we *read* where the ancients *listened*—and not to distinguish the various senses which manifestly belong to 'the Word' in very many passages of Holy Writ, which are continually brought forward, one thing may be plainly laid down—that *catechising is preaching, in every sense in which preaching is scriptural*. The contrast, if a contrast must be drawn, is between one sort of preaching and another. The question is, whether one style is to swallow

swallow up all the rest? We would only plead, and plead humbly, that the preacher of sermons may not be allowed to claim a prescriptive right to the whole of that territory in which the Catechesis had an original and legitimate share. Let him look at the state of things under Archbishop Whitgift,* (remembering that, at that date, catechising on *every* Sunday and holiday was enforced,) and be content with the modern pulpit's prosperous estate.

Nor would we be understood to imply that, in modern times, this had been unfairly acquired; though it was clearly an irregularity and encroachment (carried on chiefly by the Puritan engine of afternoon lectureships) during the times to which our quotations carry us back. Unhappily, as the zeal for *preaching* grew, that of those who ought to have maintained catechising *pari passu* with it seems to have decayed. The ground was in a great measure abandoned and empty, and it was engrossed by sermons.

Evelyn (quoted by Mr. Ley, p. 17) says,—

‘On Sunday afternoon I frequently stayed at home to catechise and instruct my family; those exercises universally ceasing in the parish-churches: so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity; all devotion being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and notional things.’

And the transition is indicated in two anecdotes of Bishop Ken's life (to be found in Mr. Round's excellent edition of his prose works, pp. 8, 208); one of which proves that the itching ear had already taken to itself a congenial partner in the irreverent spirit.

But, by whatever means effected, the result is clear. Catechising has been generally, if not universally, abandoned; for can language less strong be used, even though it be true that there is a periodical resuscitation of it for perhaps one Sunday in the year, when the children of a parish appear in their gayest attire, and those who seldom enter the church at other times go to hear them repeat—merely repeat—the Church Catechism? This is not catechising, but *the mummy* of it: the same sort of memorial of what *has been* and *is not*, which is furnished in some of our colleges by the appearance of an old wooden trencher, to give the signal for grace after meat. And yet it is more than a mummy. As in all the old forms, which seem so lifeless in the eyes of the children of this generation, there is a providence in its

* * *Item.* Every licensed preacher shall yearly, *in propria persona*, preach twelve sermons at the least, within every diocese where his benefice doth ly. Of the which twelve, eight at the least shal be in his own cure. But if the said licensed preacher have two benefices, then he shal preach eight sermons at each of his benefices every year at least.—*Strype's Whitgift, Appendix of Records*, B. iii. § 32.

preservation. It is not dead, but sleepeth; and it may encourage us to hope that a day will come when our hearts shall wake from their slumber, to realise the waking spirit of the forms which we have retained. But in the mean season we must confess and deplore that catechising, as an engine of the Church, has been tacitly abandoned.

And what sort of a time was it which beheld this abandonment without interfering? It was the time of the dead palsy—an age whose soberness was latitudinarian, and whose zeal was schismatical. Who can wonder at the success of those who possessed life and energy in an age of death, though it were but a spasmodic life—a jerking, paralytic energy? And thus not only were souls lost to the Church, in the generation that then was, but the seed was sown everywhere of that anomaly, *hereditary schism*, by which the very first principles of Church feeling were enlisted against the Church herself. Does she now appeal to the simple evidence of that which has been transmitted to us?—She is met by the allegation of a contrary *tradition*! Does she demand submission to authority?—Alas! to uneducated minds, an authority of a century's standing seems as awfully primitive as that of her eighteen hundred years. And further, unless extreme caution and wisdom be shown, there is danger even in the recovery of such schismatics to the Church. For if the pastor begins by shaking the deepest natural foundations of their faith—faith in the religion of parents, in the instructions of infancy, in all the associations of youth and nurture—what manner of Churchmen are his neophytes likely to become? The roots of the tree will have been cut in transplanting it. The converts, having yielded up all this to one man's argument or persuasion, must, upon principle, be the readier to listen to another's.

Such is the disadvantage at which the ministers of the Church are placed, in contending with enemies who have, as it were, stolen the defensive armour of Church feeling, while wielding all the offensive weapons of schism. And it is not unadvisedly that we ascribe all this, originally, to the decay of the catechetical discipline. Proximately, the undoubted cause is the general ignorance; which, in spite of all the efforts which have been and are made to remedy it, is as deplorable in itself as it is likely to be fearful in its consequences. The indications of an impending *Jacquerie* are, alas! not obscure. This is a melancholy admission; but one which brings no shame, for themselves at least, to the present generation of churchmen, whose glorious reproach it is that they claim to interfere too much instead of too little in education. And the truth is plain, that if, through the hostility
of

of many and the coldness of more, the efforts of the Church are inadequate, all others are futile. If she can do but little—thanks to those who would have her do less—others can do nothing, either to remove the present evil or to avert that which threatens us. Nay, if ever so much were done otherwise than in her paths, the evil would be increased, not lessened. For what is teaching without a rule of life?—what is the communication of knowledge without the inculcation of duty? It is but to light a candle and put it into the child's hand before you turn him loose in a powder-magazine. Let politicians look to it; for theirs are the combustibles which are in danger. And if they *will* educate people without precautions against their turning out anarchists and infidels, they will have furnished Chartism and Socialism with able leaders. It is not knowledge, but principles, which are to be imparted—not the intellect, but the character, which must be formed—whether we look to men as good citizens on earth, or as partakers of a heavenly *citizenship*.^{*} This the latitudinarian scheme cannot effect—scarcely, indeed, professes to attempt or to wish. The Church attempts it, and in the most thorough way, by teaching the duty of the Christian, as such; knowing that in this the *citizen's* training is included.

It is true that the members of the Church, lay and clerical, have in time past been supine; and the clergy, who as a body *are not* supine, have to bear the taunts, and struggle against the evil of it all. They find continually the labouring classes unable to send their children to school after eight or nine years of age. They have to struggle, very often with little effect, to make those who are themselves uneducated appreciate the importance of education. So that, in a great number of instances, the Sunday school, which perhaps is rather better attended, cannot be devoted to the purposes of the holy day, to religious instruction and study under the pastor's eye, as a relief from the work of the daily school, but must be much occupied with the preparatory process of reading and spelling. Again, country farmers ('O dura messorum ilia!') are frequently unwilling that their apprentices, &c., should attend regularly; or at least, which comes to the same thing, they let it be seen that they care nothing about it. They think it much to make them come to church: the school's claim seems utterly unreasonable. On the ignorance which results from this state of things the reckless schismatic builds his structure, with all the instinctive confidence of his own congenial ignorance.

The knowledge of the truth will not be sufficient to secure men from error: for we know that there must be heresies, like

^{*} Philipp. iii. 20, where our version has *conversation*.

other evils, in the world, for the trial of mankind. But is it possible that *such* teaching as many of our sectarians deal in could have been listened to, had the catechetical discipline been systematically maintained; had the flock had the Scriptural doctrines of the Church Catechism, *e. g.*, repentance, faith, obedience, prayer, and the sacraments, inculcated, expounded, fixed in the memory and engrafted on the understanding by the process of such teaching? Could they have been led to believe, for instance, that schism was a nullity, and the one Catholic and Apostolic Church a phantom, if they had been instructed in *all* the articles of the Creed in their due order and proportions? We cannot resist the temptation to quote, from Dr. Pusey's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the remarkable words of the late Mr. Sikes of Guilsborough:—

‘ I seem to think I can tell you something which you, who are young, may probably live to see, but which I, who shall soon be called away, shall not. Wherever I go, I see amongst the clergy a number of very amiable and estimable men, many of them much in earnest, and wishing to do good. But I have observed one universal want in their teaching; the uniform suppression of one great truth. There is no account given anywhere, so far as I see, of the one Holy Catholic Church. I think that the causes of this have been mainly two:—the Church has been kept out of sight, partly in consequence of the civil establishment of the branch of it which is in this country, and partly out of false charity to dissent. Now, this great truth is an article of the Creed; and if so, to teach the rest of the Creed to its exclusion, must be to destroy “the analogy” or proportion of the faith. This cannot be done without the most serious consequences. The doctrine is of the last importance, and the principle it involves of immense power; and some day, not far distant, it will judiciously have its reprisals; and whereas the other articles of the Creed seem now to have thrown it into the shade, it will then seem to swallow up the rest. We now hear not a breath about the Church: by and by, those who live to see it will hear of nothing else; and just in proportion, perhaps, to its present suppression will be its future development. Our confusion now-a-days is chiefly owing to the want of it: but there will be yet more confusion attending its revival. The effects of it I even dread to contemplate, especially if it come suddenly; and woe betide those, whoever they are, who shall have, in the course of Providence, to bring it forward! It ought, especially of all others, to be matter of catechetical teaching and training. The doctrine of the Church Catholic and the privileges of Church membership cannot be explained from pulpits; and those who will have to explain it will hardly know where they are, or which way they are to turn themselves. They will be endlessly misunderstood and misinterpreted. There will be one great outcry of Popery from one end of the country to the other; it will be thrust upon minds unprepared, and upon an uncatechized Church: some will take it up and admire it as a beautiful picture;

ture ; others will be frightened and run away and reject it ; and all will want a guidance which one hardly knows where they shall find. How the doctrine may be first thrown forward we know not, but the powers of the world may any day turn their backs upon us, and this will probably lead to those effects I have described.'—pp. 33, 34.

But it may be said that these doctrines (*that of the Church*, however, *excepted*) have been continually handled, if not in catechising, at least in the pulpit : so that only the vehicle has been changed. Again let it be acknowledged, that where catechising had fallen into disuse, those who supplied its place with sermons did the best that they knew how to do, under the circumstances. We blame no one—God forbid !—for being zealous to preach the Word in sermons : ' these things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone : ' the blame rests on their *exclusive* devotion to one style of preaching it, and that not the one of primary necessity. Men should have observed the order of the exhortation at the end of the Baptismal Service :—' Ye shall call on the child to hear sermons ; and chiefly ye shall provide that he may learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments,' &c. Sermons are to be heard ; but, *chiefly*, the Catechism is to be taught. Nor was this change of views brought about without many solemn warnings. The distinction of style between sermons and catechising, their separate objects, their comparative utility, were continually set forth, long before the evil came to a head. To illustrate this, we had marked several passages from Mr. Ley's tract : but time and space can as little be extended as they can be annihilated ; and it must suffice to refer especially to the citations from Abbot, Ussher, Wren, Hall, Fuller, and More.

And, as the Bishop of Exeter says, has not experience also spoken ; and is not its testimony on the same side ? And does not common sense speak in like manner ? Is a boy taught to write, or to mend shoes, or any other accomplishment, by a course of lectures only ? Such attempts have indeed been heard of ; but we need not dwell on the results. It is ' *the preaching conference*,' to use the happy designation of Bishop Hall, which gives the due degree of variety to keep up attention, and familiarity to create an interest ; which enlists the catechumens themselves in the business in hand. The very tone of the clergyman's voice and his colloquial manner—so different from that of the pulpit—have their important results. *He is not shooting over their heads*. It is a difference similar in kind to that which is observable when one sits by a person who is *reading* or *talking*. In the former case it has often been remarked that it is difficult to keep the attention from wandering : in the latter, not less difficult to abstract it.

The

The faculty of attention varies (more than any other) in direct proportion to the intellectual cultivation. With the young, and those who are children in education, it is at the minimum. They are like those little birds which must rise and fall on the wing, instead of sailing along in a sustained and steady flight. The attention, which cannot be kept fixed, must be continually roused and excited to a series of exertions. It is very true that the teacher may not be able to go on so fast in his course as if he were merely to lecture; but surely the general cannot be said to be throwing away time, who only waits till his troops may come up. *He* might advance, perhaps, much faster; but it would be *alone*. As Archdeacon Bather, with his strong sense and quaint language, remarks: 'The little matter which the child *has told you* he will remember; *which is better than having a wise saying of yours to forget*' (p. 25). It would, in fact, be a waste of words to expatiate on so trite a theme as the excellence, the necessity, of adopting the Socratic scheme for teaching; in which (to use the archdeacon's words again) the catechist 'first *instructs* his pupils by questioning the meaning into them; and then *examines* them by questioning it out of them' (p. 18). But there are various collateral advantages besides, making it supply a place for which the more elaborate style of preaching, by sermons, is insufficient. Not, be it remembered, as superseding this, but as paving the way for it, and going hand in hand with it, lest the seed, however good, be sown at random or in vain.

For instance, how great are the facilities which it offers for handling trifles or incidental circumstances, or anything which may be casually suggested, such as might be a less desirable subject for a sermon; or such as, if preached upon once or twice, could not be treated over and over again, and brought back, and impressed on the mind so well by any other means. The value of this, in reference to children, is clear. Nor is it less, if the case of uneducated adults be considered. For its value, in reference to children, is not derived from any occult sympathy with the *age* of childhood, but from its suitableness to the weakness and ignorance of the unformed mind. Every one, therefore, who 'occupieth the room of the unlearned,' is in so far in the condition of childhood, and to be dealt with accordingly. And is not this the case with the majority of 'hearers' in country places? What are they but children of a larger growth in understanding, though without, alas! some of the most precious parts of childish character? For those who can benefit by it, the sermon ought, indeed, to be retained. But does the majority in a rural congregation consist of the advanced, the full-grown men, who, by doing the will of God,

God, have come to understand the doctrine; or of babes, as yet unfit for strong meat?* Have they advanced, morally, beyond the need of continued instruction in the first principles of their religion; or, intellectually, so as to appreciate or understand the characteristic excellencies of a sermon? Rather these very characteristics, the points which to the educated (*i. e.* those for whom it is calculated) are its excellencies, prove stumbling-blocks to the unlearned. Harmony of parts—close concatenation of argument—all that pertains to unity of composition, requires from the hearers the power of following from beginning to end, and of retaining all, from first to last. This is only for the educated, or at least for persons of disciplined mind, to do. The many bear off only disjointed bits, here a little and there a little, which either, like ‘that sweet word Mesopotamia,’ mean nothing, or from their isolation assume a meaning not their own. Perhaps, indeed, the secret of such success as some ranting preachers have, who go on for hours together merely enunciating one and the same proposition with every possible variety of tone, language, and action, is simply this, that whatever is carried off from their sermon is worth as much by itself as it was there—is, in fact, very often *the whole sermon*. Whereas, in a well-digested discourse, this would be to pick a piece of glass out of a mosaic—a link out of a chain—a letter out of a word. Such a hint might be taken without loss of dignity even from ranting preachers; for there is little of evil out of which no good can be drawn; and it is an effort worth the hazard of some portion of dignity to open to the uneducated their share of the Church’s instructions in a form in which it will come more fully home to them. There is nothing, provided it be applicable to the hearers, which may not be interwoven with the catechising. If the children have betrayed thoughtlessness, or passion, or stubbornness, this will be in the catechist’s mind, and his teaching will take the appropriate turn; if the rest of the congregation are unpunctual in coming to church, or inattentive while there, there can be no difficulty in gliding to the consideration of those particular matters, and eliciting from the Catechumens (without a knowledge on their part, which might do mischief) the fitting admonition or rebuke. And all sorts of allusions to neighbouring places, recent occurrences, matters of local history or tradition, can be used and worked into the catechetical teaching in a manner which would be inappropriate and ridiculous in a sermon. But, above all, the series of our Lord’s discourses and miracles, which are known to

* Old Fuller says, ‘Sermons are like whole joints for men to manage; but catechising is mince-meat, shred into questions and answers, fit for children to eat, and easy for them to digest.’

every child who knows anything, form an inexhaustible fund of materials for illustration and comment. And if the meaning of what has been written above is at all indistinct, nothing more can be requisite than to meditate on the contrast in style between these discourses of our Lord and any description of *pulpit* discourses, to explain what is meant, and enable one to realise that particular system of instruction which the practice of catechising would encourage.

And the evidence of facts seems to establish the insufficiency of that adverse system which has wrought so determinedly, and, unhappily, so effectually, to the destruction of our catechetical discipline. The assailants have pursued their plan with a courage and perseverance worthy of a good cause; and their success is a good lesson of what may be effected by these qualities: for, looking at the subject historically, it will be found to divide itself into several periods, in which *the afternoon preaching* was successively forbidden—rebuked—complained of—connived at—*sanctioned*—RECOMMENDED;—until at the present time, when we are rubbing our eyes, and beginning to see a little more clearly the real value of the *original* scheme,—when we would seek for help in the restitution of such a precious portion of our system,—we find that the legislature has *all but* peremptorily forbidden* the ministers of the Church to do that which the Prayer-book *quite peremptorily* commands them to do. And yet the Act of Uniformity remains nominally unrepealed!

From the beginning it was foretold by wise men that certain results would follow from the substitution of sermons for catechising: notwithstanding this, the substitution was made; and *the predicted state of things has come to pass*. Is it not reasonable, then—is it not our practical duty, to return to the humbler instrument originally provided?—an instrument rejected, not because it had failed, but simply because it was too humble, too laborious, too churchlike, for persons whose besetting temptation was always to slight the body of Christ, and glorify individual members; as the Church of Rome loses sight of the communion of saints in an idolatrous veneration for their relics. Be it remembered that these are the old paths—the paths in which we are *commanded* to walk—the paths in which wise men of old found it their wisdom to walk—the paths which were systematically followed in the purest ages, and gradually neglected as ignorance or corruption prevailed, until the Reformers came, and made it one of their proudest boasts that they had restored the old way of catechising.†

* Where shall the example stop? We know an instance where a parish priest has expelled the *Church Catechism* from his very Sunday-schools!

† Luther's Works, xvi. p. 320, &c., as quoted in the Church-histories.

There are two antagonist principles in our nature, by which men admire most the most opposite things—those of which they best understand the good, and those which they do not understand at all. And so it is with sermons. There are two descriptions of them which are eminently popular with the mass (*i. e.* the unlearned) of mankind. One, eloquent and redundant, with fine words and rhythmical sentences; now lulling the hearers with its measured cadences, like the majestic flow of a brimming river—now tearing up trees and rocks, and sweeping all before it in one overwhelming flood of irresistible superlatives: but to the unlearned, in either case unintelligible; or if, by chance, intelligible, still unedifying, because identified with the thought of the abilities displayed. It was characterised, better than we could characterise it, by the enraptured old woman's meek reply to the question, 'Could you understand the preacher you admire?' 'Would I presume? blessed man!' The other is quite the opposite of what has been described. It makes no attempt at oratory; is independent of rhythmical sentences or musical delivery; is homely, though rich and metaphorical in language; abrupt and irregular in style; profuse in illustration; in manner almost colloquial; abounding in short sentences, with frequent questions interspersed; and continually full of suggestions, which it moves the hearer to follow up for himself. The characteristic of this, too, we will borrow, from one who said, 'It was nothing fine; *but one's conscience does not talk fine.*' The reader will have recognised in these descriptions the preacher who (making due allowance for the difference between the pulpit and the desk) comes nearest to the catechist, and the one who is most remote from him. Both are, unquestionably, favourites with the unlearned, far beyond any intermediate class. But are both legitimate? Are both likely to do good?

If this praise must be withheld from the high-flown preacher, it will be no slight incidental recommendation to the catechetic system, that it is calculated, beyond anything else, to train and accomplish the clergy in pointing their more elaborate discourses also, right at the consciences of their hearers. We believe that few of them, after a little parochial experience, will hesitate to confess that one of the difficulties which have been most forcibly presented to them has been that of adapting the matter and style of their sermons to a country congregation. To such as are fond of speculation, it is by no means an unusual or uninteresting study to contrast their first with their latest compositions of the kind; and we believe that it is by no means without practical utility. We have ourselves seen an instance
of

of this sort, in which a sermon, written when the author was fresh from the university, had been revised and corrected some years afterwards. Alas for the calligraphy of the MS. ! It had once been elaborately neat : but it was now more like a blotting-book than a sermon ! Every tenth verb and noun (on a moderate computation) had been scored out to make way for shorter, simpler, and more idiomatic phraseology. But all would not do. Our friend had, it is true, got rid of his

‘long-tail’d words in *osity* and *ation* ;’

but ‘the full-resounding march, the long majestic line,’ was only halting, not destroyed : Cicero was still there, though it was Cicero on crutches ; and the rhythm which remained was, by the effect of contrast, more striking than ever ; as a party of deserters are detected, in plain clothes, by the sound of their footsteps.

Some may perhaps think that the ground is too narrow and limited for real advantage, inasmuch as the Rubric confines it to the exposition of some part of the Catechism. But, simple as that little manual seems, every page of it teems with never-failing matter for edification. Let those who doubt the sufficiency of the materials look at the little ‘Scheme of Christian Theology, according to the arrangement of the Church Catechism,’ which Dean Ramsay gives in p. 3. Let them consider even the Lord’s Prayer *alone*, which we are almost tempted to analyse, sentence by sentence, by way of indicating the scope which each offers to the most excursive treatment. But this is not necessary. There are various works sufficient to furnish any one who is willing to try—even if it be but as an experiment—how far obedience to the Prayer-Book will make his ministry effectual. Bishop Nicolson’s exposition is now republished : those of Ken, and Beveridge, and Wilson, and Hammond, and Wake may easily be procured. And, for further illustration, there are Andrewes,* Hooker, Jackson, Barrow, Pearson, Kettlewell, and a host of other giants of our Church.

But we do not ask for over-precision ; and the Rubric will be sufficiently obeyed, even though the actual Catechism be from time to time departed from, in favour of portions of the Gospel history, discourses, parables, or miracles of our Lord. These may be read or repeated, and expounded by questioning, provided that the pastor leads his lambs continually back again to the Catechism, eliciting illustrations of it from the Scripture lesson, and commentaries on the Scripture in its familiar words. To catechise well is indeed, with all the helps, that can be fur-

* We would recommend a glance at Bishop Andrewes on the Ten Commandments to any one who fears that there might be a lack of matter†

nished, no easy task. It requires not only a great deal of closet preparation and of natural talent, but other qualifications too, which nothing but time, observation, and labour can bestow. Yet '*helps*' may be used with good effect: with beginners, Mr. Beaven's will be of service, while Mr. Ramsay's Catechism seems equally valuable for those who are a little less ignorant; and the introductory remarks to each volume will well repay a diligent perusal. Archdeacon Bather's charge is invaluable—stamped with thought and experience in every line. While the catechist is a novice, he would do well to read it over before every meeting with his catechumens. But all these helps are little in comparison with the lessons of his own practice, which his weekly visiting, and the school, especially the Sunday-school, will furnish. Here he must educate himself that he may edify others; learning how to put his questions so as to be understood, and to *lead* (for this is his legitimate object) to the right answer; observing how the laws of association vary in the minds of different individuals and classes, and how, therefore, his questions are to be arranged to make the chain easy; studying their characters, moreover, that to all he may give their meat in due season. And thankful may he be, if, as generation after generation pass away from the school, he finds his power of communicating and eliciting knowledge increase—yea, but a little! Most thankful, if he sees the young men and women, whom he has known as boys and girls, regularly bringing their well-kept Prayer-books and Bibles (memorials of their good conduct at school) to church, Sunday after Sunday; retaining their relish for the evening's catechising, while they have attained the capacity for profiting by the morning's sermon.

But though the Catechesis must thus begin in the school, it must not be remanded altogether thither from the Church. If it were, it would fail of much of its effect even upon the children; and, besides, they were not the only persons for whose advantage it was designed.* To those who occupy the place of the unlearned in the congregation, it is as necessary as it can be to the children; and these, to be instructed in that which children ought to know, must be got at *through* the children. Frequently, they are untaught as children, without their teachableness; way-

* George Herbert says of the country parson,—‘He requires all to be present at catechising; first, for the authority of the work; secondly, that parents and masters, as they hear the answers prove, may, when they come home, either commend or reprove, either reward or punish; thirdly, that those of the elder sort, who are not well grounded, may then by an honourable way take occasion to be better instructed; fourthly, that those who are well grown in the knowledge of religion may examine their grounds, renew their vows, and by occasion of both enlarge their meditations.’ But we must stop, or we shall be tempted to transcribe the whole chapter.

ward as childhood, without its humility. They cannot be brought to school, and therefore their teaching must be in the church. Too often they will not submit themselves to teaching of any kind, and so the lesson must be *reflected upon them from the catechumens*: they must be taught as by a parable, as if they were listeners and lookers-on, judges and not doers. To this end the catechetical system of the Church, if carefully followed, will afford the surest means in laying down the plain doctrines and enforcing the practical principles of Christianity. They will thus reach many who would have stopped their ears and hardened their hearts against any 'exhortation which spake unto them as unto children;' and if at last the thought arises in their minds that the catechist 'spake of them,' this will itself be a proof that the lesson has been laid to heart.

ART. III.—*Edwin the Fair; an Historical Drama.* By Henry Taylor, author of 'Philip van Artevelde.' London. 12mo. 1842.

THIS has been a money-making age. We are bringing no charge against it: we are only stating a fact, the boast of many and admitted by all. But, whatever other advantages may belong to the extreme of industrialism, it certainly does not seem peculiarly likely either to cherish the dramatic instinct in the mass, or to furnish the poet with the best materials for the drama. The pursuit of wealth, however honourable it may be in particular cases, is not calculated, when it becomes a characteristic of the nation at large, to develop the more heroic portion of our nature, or to present us with the humorous side of things, or to familiarise us with those purifying agonies, unselfish struggles, and dauntless encounters which form the subject matter of the drama. It is not in a golden mirror that society can see its own face reflected with clearness.

It will not be denied that another prevailing characteristic of our time, as far as the highly-educated classes are concerned, is its morbidness. From whatever source this morbidness may proceed, whether from an excessive indulgence in private judgment and individual caprice, from vanity, from repletion and satiety; or from a critical habit indulged as if we were the end of all things, and had nothing to do except judge those that went before us—from whatever cause or combination of causes it may have arisen, this morbidness undoubtedly exists, and exists to a degree which in many cases makes our bodies an hospital for diseases, our

religion a spiritual nightmare, and society a continual sore. We feel our own pulse in hand and foot, and record the progress of our digestion ; we know how our affections have been secreted, and do not much object to turn our moral being with the whole of our experiences inside out to gratify the philosophical curiosity of the passer-by. Such a tendency is fatal to the interests of the drama. It is not so injurious to that species of poetry whose interest is merely individual and personal ; and, on the other hand, it may be so entirely thrown off for a time (abstinence being more easy than temperance) as to allow of the composition of works whose character is wholly external. But the drama is the exact balance of the subjective and the objective : it requires the mingled strength of intuition and of observation—the ‘*prudens interrogatio*’ of the philosopher inspiring that eye which yet can see objects as they are—and therefore the dramatic art can never be healthfully exercised except where there exists a certain equipoise between the faculties which converse with outward things and those which acquaint us with our own souls. This morbidness also, be it remembered, engenders egotism, and egotism with the mass degenerates soon into selfishness, and selfishness is destructive of sympathy ; and one main attraction of the theatre is that noble sympathetic vibration by which a single feeling is communicated at the same moment to a multitude of brother-men held thus in union.

An analogous obstacle to the drama will be found in the extreme metaphysical tendencies of the present day. To pore over the psychological tablet of man, half map, half picture, to watch the growth of nascent instincts, to listen for the inorganic voice of objectless appetites, to wait for the breezelike movement of emotions newly awakened and slowly advancing from the shores of Lethe, to combine these semi-torpid elements of humanity with what art we may, and at last to look through the mists of our metaphysical dream till we behold the phantom forms of men—our own reflection—all this may be most excellent in another walk of poetry, but it is not dramatic.

It is not, however, from its intellectual bias only that we think the spirit of the age (as distinguished from the accidents of the time) wanting in dramatic aptitudes. Its moral qualifications also appear not exactly of the right sort. It is deficient in simplicity, in earnestness, in robustness—in that intrepid and impassioned adventurousness which desires and dares to watch the great battle of the passions on the broad platform of common life ; and in that elasticity of soul which makes renewed vigour the natural recoil from suffering, and a deeper self-knowledge with a firmer self-government the chief permanent results of calamity. These are
the

the heroic virtues of our nature; and the Drama is the heroic walk of Poetry. Without these qualities it is an impossible heartily and practically to value a great dramatic literature as it is to produce it. We may be drawn to the theatre by the fame of a successful actor, or the splendour of scenic decoration; we may go there from idleness or caprice: but all that is deepest and best in the drama will be thrown away upon us. Everything else we may have, things better or things worse, but not this. We may write ornamental poetry as we may paint furniture-pictures, or descriptive poetry, or the noblest lyrics, or the most profound philosophical pieces. We may descend into the depths of meditative pathos, or ascend into the regions of the mystic and the spiritual: but dramatic poetry we shall aim at in vain, unless we sincerely appreciate those manly qualities which are the firm foundation of real life, and therefore of imitative art. This is the reason that the time at which the drama rises up is the heroic period of a nation—the heroic period not yet extinct, though passing into the intellectual, and therefore at once present in power and beginning to be associated with the records of a sacred and legendary past. We put off our coat-of-mail to assume the iron buskin and the tragic robe; and the first sound from the stage is the note of self-gratulating strength,—

‘Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths.’

It is while we still thirst for the great enterprises of active life that we desire to see them represented, while the game of society retains yet some of the warlike graces of a tournament, and before our youth has relinquished its reckless humours or its ideal and half-fantastic elevation. It is before the social principle has become merged in the selfish instinct that the popular feeling so necessary for all true art, and so useful both by exhibiting the average and spontaneous judgment of men under very various circumstances of life, and by enkindling through sympathy the deepest powers of the artist, retains its unity and its collective force. This social and sympathetic principle has been materially impaired by the exclusive character of modern intercourse, and by those arbitrary distinctions which break up society into cliques and sets. It is before the principle of division and mechanical arrangement has supplanted the essential ties by the conventional modes of life, and weakened the tone of the individual mind even while increasing its stores and multiplying its implements, that the poet possesses that many-handed versatility of resource combined with that fiery and yet majestic intensity of mind, which is necessary to awaken his creative faculty and endow its creations with life and reality.

We have stated a very few of the many reasons which incline us to believe that the age in which we live is undramatic. Life, however, is life in every age, and there can never be a time in which dramatic art will not find its resources if the impulse of the poet be strong enough to bear him up against circumstances. Of this we had one proof eight years ago in the publication of 'Philip van Artevelde;' and we have now another, to our minds not less conclusive, in that of 'Edwin the Fair.'

The story of the drama may be summed up as follows:—At the accession of Edwin, the kingdom was divided into two parties, the adherents of the monks on the one hand, and those of the secular clergy on the other. Edwin, taking part against the monks, proceeded, before he had been formally crowned or firmly established on the throne, to eject the regulars from the benefices which they had usurped in the previous reign. He betrayed, moreover, an inclination to ally himself with his cousin Elgiva, whose family, and especially her brother Earl Athulf, were the chief support of the secular cause. Edwin's first struggle is to bring about his coronation, notwithstanding the resistance of the monks, headed by Dunstan, and Odo the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this he is successful; but he rashly proceeds to solemnize his marriage on the very day of his coronation, and he neglects the military precautions requisite to protect such a proceeding. The wisest of his councillors, Earl Leolf, whose presence might have guarded him against this indiscretion, had been a lover of Elgiva's, and had retired from the Court when the king became his rival.

The instant that Dunstan discovers the nuptials to have been solemnized, he causes the new queen to be seized and sent to Chester, there to be imprisoned until a synod should have been convened to decide as to the validity of the marriage—the king being also put under restraint.

The chiefs of the defeated party, Athulf, who had escaped from Dunstan's hands, and Leolf, who had remained aloof, faithful as a subject though supplanted as a lover, rejoin each other in force at Tunbridge, whence they send proposals of peace to the synod assembled in London. A stormy debate ensues; but at last the terms offered by the royal party are rejected through the art of Dunstan. The marriage is declared void; the chiefs on the king's side, as well as Elgiva, are excommunicated; and here ends the third Act.

In the fourth Act we find Dunstan practising on the king, first by promises and then by threats, with a view to procure his abdication. At the critical moment, however, the Tower is stormed by Earl Athulf, and the king released, Dunstan escaping by flight.

In the fifth Act the flight of Dunstan is arrested by the rising
of

of the populace in his favour; and he makes his way to Malpas, where the chiefs of his party had assembled to consider the expediency of making peace. Dunstan scatters the Assembly to the winds, and prepares for hostilities. At this moment, however, the natural result of the divisions produced by Dunstan takes place in the Danish invasion. For Dunstan this calamity is aggravated by the greatest affliction that could befall him, in the death of his mother, who lay sick at Glastonbury when the Danes assaulted that place, and expires from the terror and fatigue of her flight. To her son she sends her last injunction that he should heal his country's wounds and turn his arms against the Danes. The spirit of the monk yields at last to necessity, calamity, and filial piety, and he sends an overture to Edwin; but it comes too late. Elgiva, impatient of her confinement, had induced Leolf to aid her in a premature escape from Chester Castle. They are surprised and slain by Dunstan's adherents; and Edwin, infuriated at the loss of his wife, rushes into battle, is defeated, and receives a mortal wound. Dunstan's party, however, in the very act of thanksgiving for victory, are overwhelmed by the terrible onslaught of the Dane.

It will be seen, if not from this sketch of the story, from the elucidation for which this sketch will prepare the way, that the subject of 'Edwin the Fair' is not wanting in variety of interests, political, ecclesiastical, personal, and romantic; and not less various are the modes of treatment. It is the privilege of the mixed drama to include and reconcile many different styles, the lyric and the comic as well as the tragic. Our first quotation shall be from a part in which the lyrical element has a large share—the scene preceding the coronation banquet. The songs of the two fortune-tellers foreshow the fortunes of the Earls Athulf and Leolf:—

A Thane. Hark ye! are we blind?
The Princess was led in by brave Earl Athulf;
And didst thou mark the manner of it, ha?

Scholar. Methought she leaned upon him and toward him,
With a most graceful timid earnestness;
A leaning more of instinct than of purpose,
And yet not undesigned. But think you then . . . [They pass.

Heida (sings to a harp).

She was fresh and she was fair,
Glossy was her golden hair;
Like a blue spot in the sky
Was her clear and loving eye.

He was true and he was bold,
Full of mirth as he could hold;

Through

Through the world he broke his way
With jest, and laugh, and lightsome lay.

Love ye wisely, love ye well;
Challenge open the gates of Hell.
Love and truth can ride it out,
Come bridal song or battle shout.

First Priest. Our gallant Heretoch, the good Earl Leolf,
Should have been there methought.

Second Priest. He should have been;
But there are reasons, look ye,—reasons—mum—
Most excellent reasons—softly—in your ear— [*They pass.*]

Thiorbiorga (sings). He stood on the rock, and he looked on the sea,
And he said of his false Love, "Ally Love, where is she?
Have they bought her with bracelets, and lured her with gold?
Is her love for her lover a tale that is told?"
From the crest of the wave, in the deep of the gulf,
Came a voice that cried, "Save! for behold the sea-wolf!"
He stood on the rock, and he looked at the wave,
And he said, "Oh, St. Ulfrid! Who's this that cries Save!"
Then arose from the billow a head with a crown,
And two hands that divided the hair falling down.
As the foam in the moonlight the two hands were fair,
And they put by the tangles of seaweed and hair.
He knew the pale forehead—a spell to his ear
Was the voice that repeated, "The sea-wolf is here!"
"I come, Love," he answered. At sunrise next day
A fisherman wakened the Priest in the Bay:
"For the soul of a sinner let masses be said—
The sin shall be nameless, and nameless the dead."—pp. 87-91.

These are good songs, and there are few things which it is so difficult to write. The moment we endeavour to give completeness or wholeness to a song the true lyrical spirit is lost. It is a vain labour to balance part against part; to elaborate some central thought, and illustrate it with metaphors which have already done service elsewhere and are now served up cold. A song is essentially fragmentary. It is a mass of closely charged feeling suddenly finding vent, catching in its passage a stream of imaginative thought—melting into it, and scattering itself abroad in harmonious words. One characteristic of a good song, and a reason why in modern poetry we have so few, is its objectivity. The passion expressed is unconscious of itself: it is borne by a happy instinct at once to its object: it sinks into that object and loses itself. There exists a remarkable analogy between the lyrical and the dramatic faculties. The mind of a dramatic poet must, like the island of Prospero, be

'full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delights and hurt not.'

The

The ground should be firm and strong, but the air which hangs above it must swell and undulate with music ever ready to shoot a sweet note through the discords of the world below, to put a kind interpretation on every chance, and to promise better things for the future. The characters of a drama are not mere individual men: they belong at least to a generic, if not to a moral ideal, from which they have in fact been subtracted. Nor is nature in poetry mere nature: it borders more closely than common life on an archetypal region of justice and of glory. Throughout the whole drama there must thus be infused a certain lyrical spirit, that is, a spirit of elevation, buoyancy, and vitality. Songs are this spirit condensed and made visible: they are the sudden and electric flashes of this poetical element concentrated, mating itself to new forms, and restoring the equilibrium of imagination and passion. By no other attribute of Mr. Taylor's poetry are we more convinced of its naturally dramatic character than by the freedom and grace of his songs.

The Greek Tragedy, as is well known, originated in the choral ode, and retained to the end of its nobler period a predominance of the lyrical character.* This circumstance is alone sufficient to account for the ideal structure of that drama, as well as its elevated spirit, and in part for the impassioned rapidity of its action, in which event followed event with a turbulent precipitance like the successive notes of a triumphal song. In England the species of poetry which, before the period of the drama, had most found its way to the hearts of the people was the narrative ballad; and if we imagine the ballad to have had something of the same influence in suggesting our historical drama as was exerted by the Ode on the Greek Tragedy, the conception will facilitate our understanding the great difference between those two species of composition. We shall thus observe the necessary superiority of the classic Tragedy in poetic loftiness, and its inferiority in variety, in detail, in familiar pathos, in local associations, and in picturesque effect. In some of these latter qualities the Historic Drama would seem to have an advantage over our own Tragedy also. There is one remarkable difference between our romantic Tragedy and Historic Drama, which is forcibly recalled to our recollection by the work before us. In pure Tragedy there is, or there ought to be, more of intensity, of compact energy, and consequently of elevation, than in the Historic; but in the latter species of composition the deficiency may be atoned for by a greater breadth of effect and more of philosophical equability. Hence too the historic drama presents us with a calmer and more widely instructive picture of human life. In

* See an article on the '*Oresteia* of *Æschylus*' in our last Volume.

Tragedy the problem of life is pressed upon our attention: in the historic play it is solved. The former, from its very superiority in compactness, does not leave, as it were, room for light: the different characters stand so close together as to overshadow each other; the struggle of the action is, to a certain extent, a battle in the dark; and the reader's interest partakes, therefore, of a certain breathless and supernatural awe. It is not, however, when the nerves of feeling are strung to a degree of extraordinary tenseness that we can appreciate the average motives of men—or trace out the threads of the web woven by human beings, as they move by a natural instinct through the concentric circles of domestic, social, and political life. To learn this lesson we must observe the course of action and of passion developing themselves, by a process more leisurely and relaxed. It is thus that we shall recognise in man a being who, as an individual indeed, is invested with a mysterious Freedom which renders his desires and designs inscrutable, but who at the same time, as a social being, is subject to a Law that moves in him without his consciousness, and by virtue of which Society becomes capable of possessing a natural history of its own. In Tragedy the general law is often lost in that disproportionate development of individual Will which is necessary for the resistance of overwhelming circumstance: in the wider and less tempestuous expanse of the Historic Drama, we have opportunity and patience to follow out the working of the general law as it influences the actions even of men whose motives appear most different; and, pursuing the social instinct thus along its devious course, we are gradually initiated into that 'philosophia prima' of man which gives us a clue to the true nature of society, supplying a principle of unity where confusion seems to reign, and striking the key-note to the harmonies of human life. The great idea of Tragedy is, as has been a hundred times observed, that of Fate: what then is that of the Historic Drama? It appears to us to be a very different idea—that namely of Providence: we trace the circle all round, and, observing the converging lines to point to one spot, we find the solution of the complex system of actions and reactions in the words *Πίος δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή*. We acknowledge an Olympian power, not a hand from the shades—a providence, not oppressing and subduing man, but working with his strivings while it works beyond them; and thus, while it vindicates the ways of God, the Historic Drama instructs us likewise in the philosophic lore of nature and of man.

It is obvious that, to fulfil this its peculiar office, the Historical Drama ought to embrace a wider sphere and compass of interest than Tragedy. Such appears to us the character of the work
before

before us in a remarkable degree. Indeed in its comprehensiveness and in its amount of detail it differs from most historic dramas as they do from Tragedy.

Dunstan, Wulfstan, Leolf, and Athulf, are all characters of primary importance : each of them commands our interest in its own way ; while the different sources of interest are so balanced as to prevent the historico-dramatic and the poetical effects from being lost in mere intense anxieties for individuals. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, though age has deprived him of the keener part of his intellect, and Dunstan's craft of that weight which would otherwise belong to his vehement and uncompromising temper, remains on the whole a considerable person from his past energies and present station. Clarenbald, the chancellor, may be described in a few words :—orderly, upright, versed in affairs, and efficient. The young King, though, from youthful precipitance as well as carelessness, hardly equal to the needs of the time, is worthy of his throne, brave as well as gentle, single-hearted and royal-minded, and exciting a deeper interest as we become acquainted with his strength through his trials. The Queen-mother is the darkest of all the figures introduced, and has least to redeem her : malignant, wrong-headed, and narrow-hearted ; blundering on with a paralytic obliquity of mind ; her religion a fear ; her maternal love an animal instinct. Of a very different order is Wulfstan the Wise,—a recluse and a philosopher ; subtle of intellect, yet simple as a child ; a mind rather than a man ; searching all things for their inner laws, and scarcely noticing their outward effects, seeing *through* all objects, and therefore seeing them not ; drawing his manifold wisdom from the springs of intuitive and discursive reason, and yet, with amusing and not unnatural perverseness, fancying his especial gifts to be knowledge of the world, and skill in the conduct of business. By the very largeness of his being, exempted from the agitations of life, like a ship which lies along too great an expanse of waves to feel their shocks ; yet prompt in sympathy as well as daring where need is, and at a word of kindness moistening his visionary eyes with dews that rise from no philosophic fountain or Olympian spring. We are much pleased also with the character of the Princess Ethilda, though it may be too slightly drawn to be generally appreciated. She is one of those beings whom in real life we love without exactly knowing why, or caring to know—innocent, devout, solicitous, yet trusting, and adding the gracefulness of her illustrious descent to that of her youth and sex. She has in a singular degree that womanly charm of blamelessness which consists mainly in the absence of salient points or disproportionate qualities ; and for this reason we think

it was well contrived that we should not see much of her, but grow in part to understand her through the impression she makes on others. The scholar, the minstrel, the soldier, all love her; and even the queen-mother does not hate her. The character of Elgiva does not much interest us; nor has that of Sidroc left a strong impression on our mind. For Earl Athulf we shall quote the account of him given by Wulfstan in his programme, of a speech carefully constructed in his study for the benefit of a public assembly, but, like many such orations, not destined to find a seasonable utterance:—

‘As one whose courage high and humour gay
 Cover a vein of caution: his true heart,
 Intrepid though it be, not blind to danger,
 But through imagination’s optic glass
 Discerning, yea, and magnifying it may be,
 What still he dares.
 prompt for enterprise
 By reason of his boldness, and yet apt
 For composition, owing to that vein
 Of fancy which enhances, prudence which wards
 Contingencies of peril.’—p. 137.

This character, Athulf, strikes us as drawn mostly from observation,—that of Dunstan from reflection and imaginative induction. Leolf, more than all the rest, bears the impress of that poetic sympathy on the part of the author which is so essential to the vividness of the picture as well as to its accuracy. He is, on the whole, our favourite; but as a character so simple and majestic would be rather confused than explained by criticism, we shall make our readers acquainted with him through the following soliloquy. He has quitted the court, and is pacing the sea-shore near his own castle at Hastings.—

‘*Leolf.* Here again I stand,
 Again and on the solitary shore
 Old ocean plays as on an instrument,
 Making that ancient music, when not known?
 That ancient music; only not so old
 As He who parted ocean from dry land,
 And saw that it was good. Upon mine ear,
 As in the season of susceptible youth,
 The mellow murmur falls—but finds the sense
 Dulled by distemper; shall I say—by time?
 Enough inaction has my life been spent
 Through the past decade, to rebate the edge
 Of early sensibility. The sun
 Rides high, and on the thoroughfares of life
 I find myself a man in middle age,

Busy and hard to please. The sun shall soon
Dip westerly,—but oh! how little like
Are life's two twilights! Would the last were first,
And the first last! that so we might be soothed
Upon the thoroughfares of busy life,
Beneath the noon-day sun, with hope of joy,
Fresh as the morn,—with hope of breaking fights,
Illuminated mists and spangled lawns,
And woodland orisons and unfolding flowers,
As things in expectation.—Weak of faith!
Is not the course of earthly outlook, thus
Reversed from Hope, an argument to Hope—
That she was licensed to the heart of man
For other than for earthly contemplations,
In that observatory domiciled . . .
For survey of the stars? The night descends,
They sparkle out,—Who comes! 'Tis Wulfstan's daughter.

Emma (to Ernway, in the side-scene).

Go now and bring my father—Good my Lord,
I fear you've fallen in love with solitude.

Leolf. A growing weakness—not so tyrannous yet
But that I still can welcome from my heart
My pretty friend.

Emma. I thank you, my good Lord.

Leolf. You find me here discoursing to the sea
Of ebbs and flows; explaining to the rocks
How from the excavating tide they win
A voice poetic, solacing though sad,
Which, when the passionate winds revisit them,
Gives utterance to the injuries of time.
Poets, I told them, are thus made.

Emma. My Lord,

It is not thus through injury, I would hope,
That you are made poetical?—p. 73.

The soliloquy above quoted appears to us very beautiful; and not less observable is Emma's womanly impatience of abstractions, and her immediate reference of Leolf's deep sayings to the personal well-being of him she loves. We regret that our limits permit us only to refer our readers to the continuation of this scene, which is rendered to us not more interesting by the philosophical disquisitions of Wulfstan than by a profound moral pathos which pervades the whole, and harmonises it. Characters more unlike in many respects than Wulfstan, Leolf, and Emma it would be hard to find; yet circumstances draw out in them that common element which exists in souls the most dissimilar. If Leolf resolves the woes of life, not less deeply (though he knows it not, and she but half) has the inevitable shaft of sorrow pierced the bosom of his young companion. If Wulfstan can moralise the
fortunes

fortunes of others, he is not himself secure: it is announced to him that his daughter has made a clandestine marriage, and his metaphysical dissertations are suddenly reduced to the brief summary, 'I have lost my child.' It is in vain that his friend would console him:—

Leolf. Nay, nay, my worthy friend,—
Wulfstan. My lord, 'tis so.
 She is my daughter, but no more my child;
 And therein is a loss to parents' hearts
 Exceeding great.'

Yet, as Wulfstan the Wise forgets his wisdom when touched himself, so Leolf forgoes his mausings to converse with his 'pretty friend,' and Emma's gaiety triumphs over her pain. Her heart seems but the lighter for its bleeding; and thus the three are made—as sorrow and joy can make all human beings—fit companions.

We have already remarked that in the Historical Drama the interest is as much of a social as of a personal kind. Known rather by his misfortunes than his actions, King Edwin, though sufficient to supply the whole interest of a romantic poem, could hardly have held, except nominally, the chief and central place in the plot of a drama. The character of the age described required also, we think, that the various interests of the play should not adhere to an individual as a centre, but rather revolve round the focal point of a philosophical idea. The periods of history most worthy of dramatic treatment are, not always those in which occur events of such obvious interest as of themselves to rivet our attention. Strange escapes, sudden exaltations, unforeseen calamities,—these will never appeal in vain to the sympathies of the most careless reader; but such events, if they involve no moral lesson, can yield us no increase of political wisdom, and afford therefore (if there be any truth in what we have said on the function of the Historic play) no sufficient field for the art of the dramatist. He requires one of those periods of social fermentation during which the national energies are evolving themselves according to some internal law; in which principles which have grown up naturally in the human heart, and matured themselves in the mind of the recluse, receive a mission to go forth and wield the destinies of social man; in which several great principles meet together in a war-struggle, and manifesting through opposition their latent might, attest the great truth that the progress of nations, like that of men, is the progress of mind, and depends not merely on the transmission of outward impulses. Such a state of affairs is presented to us by the contest between the monastic orders and the civil power. As the interest

interest of this struggle was one of a general nature, so the result was one of permanent instruction for the statesman and the philosopher.

We think, then, the subject of the drama before us on the whole well chosen, though it possesses not the advantage of concentrating the interest on an individual character, and involves, therefore, a considerable sacrifice of obvious effect, and perhaps of immediate popularity. Without a principle of unity, indeed, no dramatic work can possibly be good; but that harmony of effect which is produced by some one predominant character, is, though a very effectual mode, still only one mode of giving unity. In painting and in sculpture, it is not merely by means of a central figure that unity is given to a group. When the persons constituting that group, or the larger number of them, direct their attention to a common object or a common action, there we have unity; and we feel it the more strongly if something of a common expression be found in the different faces. Variety is, of course, necessary also, but where variety exists there may be found a remarkable degree of analogical likeness. There may exist in the various faces a resemblance, as of kindred; or they may express the same passions in different degrees and stages; or the passions which they express may be allied to each other, or supplemental to each other. Such is the unity which we generally find in pictures of the old masters: and every one who has ever admired them will admit that the effect of harmony thus conveyed to the mind (whether through a science now forgotten, or by the unconscious genius of the early artists) is often far more full and satisfactory than that which we receive from modern works, designed according to the strictest rules of composition, and executed with the most laudable desire to balance colours, and to subordinate accessories to principals.

Of this nature is the unity which pervades the drama before us. Throughout it we find one spirit; the spirit, namely, of England in the time of that struggle which raged with such violence between the 'men of arms' and the 'men of thought.' Throughout the whole play we trace this spirit working its way in different characters according to their constitution, varying with their varieties, but everywhere seen. No one is too high or too low to take a part in this great contest. The Queen-mother's 'mean and meagre soul' attaches itself to Dunstun as the only defence, while persecuted by her 'past misdeeds and ever-present fears.' The Princess, too, has caught the infection, and superstition has touched though not tainted 'her pleasant purity of spirit.' The monks are 'raving of Dunstun' and see signs and wonders in his mode of coughing and discussing the weather; the nobles

nobles allow themselves to be marshalled at his pleasure in the field of battle. The Archbishop of Canterbury grows jealous ere long; but endeavours in vain to separate his fortunes from those of the master spirit of the age. The characters arrayed on the other side are not less deeply impressed with the antagonist principle. Elgiva is hardly more earnest in her love for Edwin than in her hatred of the monastic party: the Earls Leolf and Athulf are full of the high-minded indignation of nobles who have long felt themselves supplanted in the affections of the people, and at last find themselves assailed even with their own weapons of military force. The king's jester has learned to value a sharp saying against Dunstan above his other witticisms: even the recluse philosopher, Wulfstan the Wise, though, as he rather unnecessarily assures us, 'never factious or inflamed,' forgets his secluded habits to mingle in the tumult of the time, and gives an account of Dunstan's character, which, however applicable to a part of that strange complex, does not intimate that the philosopher has in this instance exercised his great faculties with an entire fairness and equanimity:—

Wulfstan. His, Sir, you shall find
A spirit subdolous, though full of fire.
A spider may he best be likened to,
Which creature is an adept not alone
In workmanship of nice geometry,
But is beside a wary politician:
He, when his prey is taken in the toils,
Withholds himself until its strength be spent
With struggle, and its spirit with despair;
Then with a patient and profound delight
Forth from his ambush stalks.

We think it would imply more of boldness than of discretion to draw, after the lapse of so many years, a character for Dunstan, with any very implicit belief in its actual correctness. That character was a problem which, in his own time and the succeeding ages, men laboured in vain to solve. All that we can be certain of now is that a man whom posterity has found it equally impossible to understand and to forget, and over whose reputation such fierce battles have been fought in our day, must have been—whether one of the true heroes or false heroes of the world—in all events, a man of very marvellous qualities. In him, as in other men, there was doubtless both good and evil; but in what proportions they were mingled we cannot, considering how little instructive are mere historical facts when we are ignorant of the historian's principle of selection and mode of combination, affect to decide. Mr. Taylor has acted, in reference

ence to this character, as he tells us he has done with regard to incident, 'choosing from amongst the accounts of the reign given by its early historians, where they conflict, those which best suited his purpose.' The dramatist is, however, bound at least to ideal truth when historical veracity is impossible; and the inquiry, therefore, which his readers will make is whether the character, as conceived by him, be founded on nature, and be consistent with itself. The delineation, then, of Dunstan, as given in 'Edwin the Fair,' appears to us, after a careful consideration (for a glance will not enable us to understand it), profoundly in harmony with itself, and consistent with nature—but nature under unnatural circumstances—nature 'erring from herself.' He is not altogether evil: far from it. He has great aspirations—great thoughts—great, though not invariable, self-control. Nay, in an important sense, he is sincere. He believes in the reality of his struggles with Satan; and esteems himself the chosen instrument for promoting the glory of God in the world:—

'Spirit of speculation; rest, oh rest!
And push not from her place the spirit of prayer!
God, thou 'st given unto me a troubled being—
So move upon the face thereof, that light
May be, and be divided from the darkness!
Arm thou my soul that I may smite and chase
The spirit of that darkness, whom not I
But Thou through me compellest. Mighty power,
Legions of piercing thoughts illuminate,
Hast Thou committed to my large command,
Weapons of light and radiant shafts of day,
And steeds that trample on the tumbling clouds.
But with them it hath pleased Thee to let mingle
Evil imaginations, corporal stings,
A host of Imps and Ethiops, dark doubts,
Suggestions of revolt.'—p. 13.

Contemplating, however, the Supreme Being as a God of Power, and forgetting that he is also a God of Truth and of Goodness, Dunstan can only conceive his glory promoted by the bringing of all secular powers under submission to the church; and his whole soul is thus contracted and distorted by the tyranny of a single idea. Connecting also the notion of God invariably with that of the church considered as a dominant power, he gradually learns to associate the church with himself, its chief champion; and the result is a species of self-inflation, which, when undiverted by those natural ties from which he had cut himself off (but which were intended for us equally as organs to carry off our corrupt tendencies, and channels to feed us with healthful emotions), has the effect of heating and hardening the soul almost to madness.

ness. A man so constituted has escaped from all those genial influences which are the gravitating principle of the moral world. Such a mind by its ardent alone resolves all the solids and liquids of life into their aërial form, and then rushes forward, scarcely conscious of an obstacle, or even a resisting medium. As, however, it has not pleased Heaven to allow man an authority equal to the desires of an ambitious spirit, such men as we have referred to are forced to work upon the imagination of those who are dazzled by their greatness, or on other accounts wish to be duped, through the exercise of craft; and in such an attempt they are not likely to fail, since they unite the cunning of madness to the courage of fanaticism, and are frequently favoured by circumstances, as well as by all the vices in man's heart, and many of its virtues. The union of enthusiasm and knavery, incongruous as it seems, is necessary in order to produce one of those spiritual potentates who have succeeded in shaking the social fabric, and effecting a religious revolution not truly sent from above, or called for by the wants of the time. Without faith there can be no strength; a truth well known to Dunstan, who observes, on an important occasion, 'Who trusteth—knoweth.' On the other hand, without a ready command of charlatanism the impostor would find it impossible to make the most of accidents, to fall seldom and rise quickly, to keep down rivals, and to preserve his authority among the multitude, whose appetite for wonders is ever craving, and who can be kept quiet only by repletion. The false prophet must have faith enough to believe that he can move mountains, and address enough to go to the mountain which will not come to him.

The use of pious frauds may at first sight appear inconsistent with the sincere holding of a faith thus basely supported. Such an opinion is however founded on a confusion of two very different qualities—sincerity and honesty. We may cling to an illusion as sincerely as to truth; but, if our religion be, in the main, corrupt, as well as imperfect, it can no more protect us from dishonesty than from any other vice. It is not by a sincere worship that purity or virtue is maintained in us, but by divine aid, through a right worship; the benefits of religion not consisting in any mere reaction of the mind upon itself, but in a blessing *ab extra* bestowed on us from heaven. In the absence of that moral rectitude which makes us worship God as the God of Truth, it is in fact not the true God that we worship, and thus beguiled into a sort of subjective idolatry, we are left practically to our fallen nature; and are little likely to resist the temptations of governing men, as we believe for their own good, by means calculated at once to gratify our love of power and our spiritual as well as intellectual pride. We shall
lie

'lie for God' in the beginning of our career, and for ourselves before the close of it.

Tempted, at once, and tempter, Dunstan could hardly have yielded to a more plausible suggestion than that of addressing the people in a language intelligible to them, and fighting the Evil One with his own weapons. This latter motive we find touched on at a later part of the play:—

' But God,
Who to the Devil incarnate in the Snake
Gave subtlety, denies not to his Saints
(So they shall use it to his glory *and gain*)
The weapon he permitted to the Fiend.
Erratic Spirit, here thou art, wild worm,
Piercing the earth with subterraneous toil,
And there with wings scouring the darkened sky!
Still do I meet thee; still, wherever met,
I foil thee; sometimes as with Michael's sword,
Sometimes as with thine own.'—p. 128.

Here, as throughout, we find deceit founded on self-deception; and the words which we have marked in italics will serve to illustrate the manner in which both are connected with a false and degraded notion of the Supreme Being. As for the particular frauds practised by Dunstan, it is a mere prejudice which regards them as more base than any other deceits. How slightly we now condemn the fraudulent abuse of rhetoric, the law-courts and the parliamentary debates alike witness; and yet is there really less of evil in 'God's great gift of speech abused' than in the wicked application of mechanical skill? Every deluder will of course use those arts best adapted to his own age, and indulge in much virtuous indignation against men like himself, who in their day worked with implements suited to the time: but falsehood is falsehood still, whether the tools it works with be coarse or fine.

Such, then, is the character of Dunstan, as delineated in 'Edwin the Fair.' A fanatic devoting himself to the schemes of a distorted religion; an impostor working on the religious affections of others for his own exaltation and that of his order. In youth not exempt from those excesses which in later life he so easily suspects in others. A lover of science and of art in an age when the former was accounted for witchcraft, and the latter for paganism. While young attaching himself to the sect of those who touch the viol or harp cunningly, and work in iron and brass; learning ere long to subordinate the artist to the fanatic leader—to play on the heart of man as an instrument—to heat society to the temperature of glowing metal, and mould it at his pleasure.

Trampling underfoot those ties of life which he in fact did not understand, and yet shrinking with constitutional softness from shedding blood, except in a case of necessity; mortifying his flesh, yet exalting his spirit; vehement, yet patient—wary, yet precipitate—and, at last, like a serpent which has caught itself in a hard knot, ensnared by the triumph of his own art, and self-strangled as it were through the success of his own designs. A character dark indeed, and calamitous; yet not without redeeming points, to which justice will not be done in the present age, or by those who—

‘Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.’

There are too many who speak as if priestcraft were the only sin in the world—or, at least, the chief of sins—and who value themselves on a certain hiero-phobia as if this singular disease were a virtue. Nothing, however, can excuse injustice; and therefore it is that we have been anxious to point out (we fear at too great length) that in the character of Dunstan, the personage of whom we see most in the drama, there are many other qualities besides imposture. ‘*Pessima enim res est errorum apotheosis*’ is the motto prefixed to ‘*Edwin the Fair*’; we must, however, be allowed to observe that an exaggerated condemnation—not only of the error, but of the person in error—is an evil as great, and more uncharitable; and, furthermore, that we shall never be able to cope with any evil so long as we are afraid or unwilling to do full justice to the good mixed up with it.

The character of Dunstan is powerfully brought forward in the second scene of the third act. He has imprisoned the young king in the Tower of London, and is meditating on his success, as well as on the means by which he may most easily carry his next great object, and induce the synod to annul the marriage of Edwin.

‘*Dunstan*. Kings shall bow down before thee, said my soul,
And it is even so. Hail, ancient Hold!
Thy chambers are most cheerful, though the light
Enter not freely; for the eye of God
Smiles in upon them. Cherished by His smile
My heart is glad within me, and to Him
Shall testify in works a strenuous joy.
—*Methinks that I could be myself that rock
Whereon the Church is founded,*—wind and flood
Beating against me, boisterous in vain.
I thank you, Gracious Powers! Supernal Host!
I thank you that on me, though young in years,

Ye put the glorious charge to try with fire,
To winnow and to purge. I hear your call!
A radiance and a resonance from Heaven
Surrounds me, and my soul is breaking forth
In strength, as did the new-created Sun
When Earth beheld it first on the fourth day.
God spake not then more plainly to that orb
Than to my spirit now. I hear the call.
My answer, God, and Earth, and Hell shall hear.
But I could reason with thee, Gracious Power,
For that thou givest me to perform thy work
Such sorry instruments. The Primate shakes,
Gunnilda totters.—Gurmo! And of those
That stand for me more absolutely, most
Are slaves through fear, not saints by faith! 'Tis well!
The work shall be the more my own.

Enter Gurmo.

What now?

Gurmo. You called.

Dunstan. I think I did. Send me those bishops.'

It will not be denied that many of the thoughts expressed here and further on, in the sincerity of self-communion, are the meditations of a great spirit: but all that is true and just in them the sin of the fallen angels converts into poison. 'The church is great,' but Dunstan is greater; he can fancy himself 'that rock whereon the church is founded.' The monstrous audacity of such a feeling is in essence as blasphemous as the device by which he afterwards deludes the synod: it is, however, in human nature. Dunstan was not the first man who had mistaken himself for God. In a lesser degree the same mistake is made by every ambitious man who endeavours to play the part of God in the world—by every self-constituted potentate—who, instead of doing his own duty humbly, and leaving the consequences to Heaven, persuades himself that he can see the beginning and end of things—affects to move his fellow-creatures like puppets—and devises, whether for secular or sacred ends, a scheme of polity supposed to be capable of meeting all contingencies, and triumphing over all impediments.

Our next quotations shall be from the synodical scene, which is the centre of the action, and the part on which the main interest of the drama turns. Dunstan has now discovered, through his emissaries, that the archbishop has secretly deserted him, and that a large proportion even of his own friends have resolved on making peace with Edwin. He arms himself, however, for the conflict, and not in vain. When, after a stormy debate, the synod is about to acquiesce in the terms proposed, he comes down into the battle, and as usual his genius is triumphant:—

‘ [DUNSTAN *throws himself on his knees, and bows his head on the ground.*

Sidroc. He bends before the storm.

Wulfstan. Will he not speak ?

Sidroc. I know not—yes—he is in act to hatch
A brood of pestilent words, if I mistake not.

He stirs, he moves—few moments are enough.

Wulfstan. They say a louse that ’s but three minutes old
May be a grandsire ; with no less a speed

Do foul thoughts gender.

Sidroc. Ha ! we ’ll see anon—

Faith of my body ! up he goes—sit—sit.

Dunstan (rising slowly). I groan in spirit. Brethren, seek
not in me

Support or counsel. The whole head is sick,
The whole heart faint ; and trouble and rebuke
Come round about me, thrusting at my soul.
But, brethren, if long years of penance sore,
For your sake suffered, be remembered now,
Deem me not utterly of God forsaken,
Deem not yourselves forsaken. Lift up your hearts.

See where ye stand on earth ; see how in heaven

Ye are regarded. Ye are the sons of God,

The Order of Melchisedeck, the Law,

The visible structure of the world of spirit,

Which ~~was~~ and is, and must be ; all things else

Are casual, and monarchs come and go,

And warriors for a season walk the earth,

By accident ; for these are accidental,

But ye eternal ; ye are the soul of the world,

Ye are the course of nature consecrate,

Ye are the Church ! one spirit is throughout you,

And Christendom is with you in all lands.

Who comes against you ? ’Scaped from Hell’s confine,

A wandering rebel, fleeting past the sun,

Darkens the visage of the Spouse of Christ.

But ’tis but for a moment ; he consumed

Shall vanish like a vapour, She divulged

Break out in glory that transcends herself.

The thrones and principalities of earth,

When stood they that they stood not with the aid

Of us and them before us ? Azarias,

Azias, Amaziah, Saul himself,

Fell they not headlong when they fell from us ?

And Oza, he that did but touch the ark ?

Oh then what sin for me, what sin for you,

For me victorious in a thousand fights

Against this foe, for you as oft redeemed,

That now we falter ! Do we falter ? No !

Thou

Thou God that art within me when I conquer,
I feel thee fill me now ! Angelic Host,
Seraphs that wave your swords about my head,
I thank you for your succours ! Who art thou
That givest me this gracious admonition ?
Alas ! forgive me that I knew thee not,
O Gabriel !—pp. 173-176.

Then comes the celebrated *miracle* of the voice from the crucifix,—‘ *Absit hoc ut fiat* :—

‘ *Most of the Assembly fall prostrate. There is a pause of some moments. Then DUNSTAN, who had remained erect, with his hands stretched towards the Crucifix, resumes.*

Oh precious guidancee ! Oh ineffable grace !
That dost from disobedience deliver
The hearts of even the faithless ! We obey,
And these espousals do we now declare
Avoided and accursed. The woman espoused,
By name Elgiva, from the man called Edwy
We separate, and from the Church’s pale
We cast her forth ; and with her we cast forth
Those three that have been foremost to uphold her,
Earl Athulf, and Earl Leolf, and Earl Sidroc.
Them we proclaim, by sentence of the Pope,
From Christian rites and ministries cut off,
And from the Holy Brotherhood of the Just
Sequestered with a curse. Be they accursed !
Accursed be they in all time and place,
Accursed be they in the camp and mart,
Accursed be they in the city and field,
Accursed be their flying and abiding,
Accursed be their waking and their rest—
We curse the hand that feeds them when they hunger,
We curse the arm that props them when they faint ;
Withered and blasted be that hand and arm !
We curse the tongue that speaks to them, the ear
That hears them, though it be but unawares ;
Blistered and cankered be that tongue and ear !
The earth in which their bodies shall be buried
We curse, except it cast their bodies out :
We shut the gates of Heaven against their souls,
And as this candle that I fling to the ground,
So be their light extinguished in the Pit !—p. 176.

The business of the synod is concluded by Dunstan’s speech ; and, regarding that speech as in itself a work of art, we beg our readers to look at the construction of it. He begins apparently in a state of entire prostration, in order that the lofty courage of his subsequent harangue may appear inspired, and not his own. Gradually he rises into a tone of rhetorical elevation,
which

which itself ere long passes into a loftier strain of genuine passion. Still, however, he keeps his faculties in hand, economizes his enthusiasm, and balances his assumed and his real inspiration, until, kindling at last as with the velocity of his own motion, his suppressed ardour bursts into a flame which communicates itself at once to the assembly; and, finding the moment favourable—for agitators like actors keep their powers of observation serene in their most violent paroxysms—he throws himself on the credulity of his hearers, with that strange mixture of faith and impiety which belongs to the fanatic impostor, and triumphs. Equally well imagined is Dunstan's change of tone when his craft has been crowned with success. No more poetical raptures or mystical visions, but words, sharp, plain, and concentrated, comprising a brief enumeration of the offenders, and definition of their punishment.

The introductory address of the Archbishop we consider of not less artistic merit, though that merit is of a less obvious sort. It is an example of that level writing which tries the powers of a dramatist as much as his noblest passages, a species of writing which must ever constitute a large proportion of a poem, since without a ground of level writing it is impossible to estimate aright those more elevated passages which rise from it, or to prevent variety from becoming confusion. No part of a poem requires more art, both as to diction and metre, or a more delicate executive skill, combined with temperance and severe self-command, in order to give intrinsic value to a passage which allows itself to borrow no interest from imaginative ornaments. The speech, to which we would also refer our readers, is a business speech; it gets through its work well, and seeks no more. A few single lines strike us as worthy of note, from the manner in which they bring the paragraphs preceding each to a sharp and decisive close; and a few others, by a subtle alternation of succinct with periodic writing, illustrate the occasional outbreking of the Primate's vehement temper, through the official dignity which keeps it on the whole in restraint. The speech of Cumba, the conciliatory priest and meek man of the world,

‘ Whose faith is mounted on his charity,
And sits it easy—’

is an instructive example of that wisdom which knows that to convince before you have persuaded is a process as painful as shaving without soap, and which understands also how dishonesty may be kept within such bounds as neither to hinder a man's fortunes, nor, in case his ambition should extend to posthumous honours, to hurt his epitaph.

We shall next quote from the scene in which Dunstan, appearing

ing in the character of Tempter, visits Edwin in prison; and desiring, if possible, to avoid the spilling of royal blood, solicits him to the unkingly and unmanly act of surrendering his crown, and usurping that humble but secure happiness which Heaven does not accord to those who are called to fill the seats of terrestrial power :—

Dunstan. How does your Grace?

Edwin. What need for you to ask?

Let me remind you of an antique verse :

What sent the Messengers to Hell

Was asking what they knew full well.

You know that I am ill and very weak.

Dunstan. You do not answer with a weakened wit.

Is there offence in this my visitation?

If so, I leave you.

Edwin. Yes, there is offence.

And yet I would not you should go. Offence

Is better than this blank of solitude.

I am so weary of no company,

That I could almost welcome to these walls

The Devil and his Angels. You may stay.

Dunstan. What makes you weak? Do you not like your food,
Or have you not enough?

Edwin. Enough is brought ;

But he that brings it drops what seems to say

That it is mixed with poison—some slow drug ;

So that I scarce dare eat, and hunger always.

Dunstan. Your food is poisoned by your own suspicions.

'Tis your own fault. Though Gurmo's zeal is great,

It is impossible he should so exceed

As to put poison in your food—I think.

But thus it is with Kings; suspicions haunt

And dangers press around them all their days ;

Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,

And wars and treasons are their talk at table.

Edwin. This homily you should read to prosperous kings.

Dunstan. Who shall read homilies to a prosperous King!

'Twas not long since that thou didst seem to prosper,

And then I warned thee; and with what event

Thou knowest ; for thy heart was high in pride.

A hope that, like Herodias, danced before thee

Did ask my head. But I reproach thee not.

Much rather would I, seeing thee abased,

Lift up thy mind to wisdom.

Edwin. Heretofore

It was not in my thoughts to take thy head ;

But should I reign again... Come then, this wisdom

That thou wouldst teach me. Harmless as the dove

I have

I have been whilome ; let me now, though late,
Learn from the serpent.

Dunstan. To thy credulous ears
The world, or what is to a King the world,
The triflers of thy Court, have imaged me
As cruel and insensible to joy,
Austere and ignorant of all delights
That arts can minister. Far from the truth
They wander who say thus. I but denounce
Loves on a throne, and pleasures out of place.
I am not old ; not twenty years have fled
Since I was young as thou ; and in my youth
I was not by those pleasures unapproached
Which youth converses with.

Edwin. No ! wast thou not ?
How came they in thy sight ?

Dunstan. When Satan first
Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape ;
Such shape as may have erst misled mankind,
When Greece or Rome upreared with Pagan rites
Temples to Venus, pictured there or carved
With rounded, polished, and exuberant grace,
And mien whose dimpled changefulness betrayed,
Through jocund hues, the seriousness of passion.
I was attempted thus, and Satan sang
With female pipe and melodies that thrilled
The softened soul, of mild voluptuous ease
And tender sports that chased the kindling hours
In odorous gardens or on terraces,
To music of the fountains and the birds,
Or else in skirting groves by sunshine smitten,
Or warm winds kissed, whilst we from shine to shade
Roved unregarded. Yes, 'twas Satan sang,
Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had called
To other pastime and severer joys.
But were it not for this, God's strict behest
Enjoined upon me,—had I not been vowed
To holiest service rigorously required,
I should have owned it for an Angel's voice,
Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys
And childishness of vain ambition, gauds
And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart
Into the tangle of those mortal cares
That gather round a throne. What call is thine
From God or Man ? What voice within bids thee
Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront ?

Eminent as is the art of Dunstan in this scene, we find him on
all other occasions appealing with equal craft to the weak point
in

in the character of those whom he deals with. He moulds the queen-mother to his purpose, by irritating her jealousy. The people he governs through their fear of goblins and devils. The drunken nobles he infuriates, by suggesting to them that the king holds their debauched habits in contempt. For military leaders he has all the incentives of glory and revenge. For Synods and Wittenagemots he provides miracles; and for his creature Gurmo, when he halts in their flight, overcome with fatigue, an argument likely to weigh with him:—

‘Gurmo. Can I fast so long,
And not be hungry?
Dunstan. ’Tis the cry of a wolf,
And he is hungry too. Make forward still.’

The low estimate which Dunstan has formed of domestic life is not without importance as a clue to his character and conduct. He addresses one who has just become a husband: yet the picture of love and happiness which he draws is wholly meretricious. Such sentiments are not an unnatural result of early dissipations and too late asceticism; and we certainly cannot feel surprised that one who so little understands the sanctity of the affections should trample them under foot when they stand opposed to his schemes for the exaltation of his order. There exists an asceticism connected with a profound sensibility to all that is pure and beautiful in the human charities, and which renounces what it could appreciate only too well: asceticism, which indulges in cynicism, has probably arisen from sin, and leads back to it by a path not very circuitous.

Dunstan, who has escaped from his pursuers and roused the country-people into rebellion, appears next surrounded by armed men, and ordering about the military leaders as easily and unceremoniously as he had before made bishops and monks his puppets. His fortunes are gradually darkening. In one of the earlier scenes we were made acquainted with Dunstan’s mother:—

‘The Abbot listens to no mortal voice
Except his mother’s; and old Cynethryth
Is fearful of divisions: for in her youth
The splitting of the realm within itself
Was wont to sound a summons to the Dane,
And fetch him o’er the seas.’—p. 7.

Her apprehensions have turned out prophetic. The Danes, profiting by the divided state of the kingdom, make one of their terrible descents upon it; and both parties, the royal and monastic, are scattered before their fury, like two fleets overtaken by a storm while engaged in deadly combat:—

‘Dunstan.

Dunstan. No more of Wittenagemóts—no more—
 Councils and Courts we want not.—Get ye back,
 Back to your posts, and pluck me forth your swords,
 And let me hear your valiant deeds resound,
 And not your empty phrases. Ecfrid, Gorf,
 Look to your charges—Nantwich stands exposed—
 Whitchurch lies open to the enemy—
 Burley and Baddeley have sold themselves—
 Wistaston is as naked as Godiva,
 And not so honest. Eadbald, Ida, Brand,
 What seek ye here, when honour is in the field?
 Forth to your charges!—What! Ceolwulf too!
 (*Enter the Coustwardens, Ceolwulf and Æthelric.*)
 And Æthelric! Why come ye hither, Sirs?
 Must ye too have your parley and your prate,
 And leave your charges in extremity
 To join this gossiping Gemót? St. Bride!
 Is Somerset not worth your pains, my Lords,
 Or hath the Dane, too, from the seabord slunk,
 To prattle about peace?

Ceolwulf. Lord Abbot, hear us;
 We are not come

Dunstan. Not come to pule and prate?
 What are ye come for? If aught else ye seek,
 Ye seek it where it is not. Back to your charge!

Æthelric. You will not hear, my Lord. We have no charge—
 We have no force. Our men are slain—ourselves
 Escaped by miracle. The Northmen, led
 By Sweyne and Olaf, landed yesternight
 In Porlock Bay and clipped us round at Stoke,—
 And, thinned as we had been, we fell perforce
 An easy prey. Not twenty men are left
 To tell the tale.

Dunstan. In Porlock Bay! At Stoke!
 —Have I not bid you to your posts, my Lords,
 And must I bid you twice? Get ye hence all.
 If news ye came for, ye have heard it.—Stop,
Ceolwulf. Whither go the Northmen next?

Ceolwulf. To Glastonbury it is thought, my Lord.

Dunstan. To Glastonbury do they go? Alas!
 My mother there lies sick.

In this scene, the most impassioned of the play, Dunstan appears in a new character; and the sudden change of his tone, when informed of his mother's danger, is worthy of a high dramatist.

Before we meet Dunstan again a further change has come over him. His mother is dead—dead in consequence of the success which has attended her son's pernicious intrigues. Retribution has begun. If Edwin is deprived of his bride, Dunstan stands bereft
 of

of his mother, the only link that bound him to the humanities of life. A deeper calamity still has overtaken him. His faith in himself is gone ; and henceforward his strength is the strength of dogged resolution alone. As such it bursts forth once more in the concluding scene of the drama. In one point he was vulnerable ; and we feel that the iron has entered into his soul. He has lost the wholeness and adamantine unity of his being. He may stand among the ruins which he overshadows, but the fortress of his soul is rifted from the base to the battlements. Victory itself could not restore Dunstan to what he was :—

‘ Why did I quit the Cloister ? I have fought
The battles of Jehovah ; I have braved
The perfidies of Courts, the wrath of Kings,
Desertion, treachery,—and I murmured not,—
The fall from puissance, the shame of flight,
The secret knife, the public proclamation,—
And how am I rewarded ? God hath raised
New enemies against me,—from without
The furious Northman,—from within, far worse,
Heart-sickness and a subjugating grief.
She was my friend—I had but her—no more,
No other upon earth—and as for Heaven,
I am as they that seek a sign, to whom
No sign is given. My Mother ! Oh, my Mother !’—p. 236.

From this moment calamity after calamity overtakes the monastic party. Every hour brings intelligence of some new town sacked, or monastery burned, by the Danes. Thirsting for revenge on the murderers of his mother, Dunstan stoops to conciliate, and offers terms to the king : but Elgiva has fallen ; and the following is the reply with which his reluctant proposals are greeted :—

‘ *Herald.* My Lord, he saith
That with a bloody and a barbarous hand
You have torn out the very sweetest life
That ever sanctified humanity.
He saith that should he covenant to make peace
With the revolted Angels, yet with you
He would not, for he deems you more accursed,
And deeper in perdition. And he saith
Not she that died at Gibeah, whose twelve parts
Sent several through the borders and the coasts
Raised Israel, was avenged more bloodily
Than shall Elgiva be, the murdered Queen.
Wherefore he bids you come to battle forth,
And add another crime or answer this.’—p. 244.

The concluding scene is in the Cathedral of Malpas, where the
monks

monks have been performing a service of thanksgiving for their victory. On a bier in the transept lies the body of Elgiva awaiting burial, where it is found by Edwin, who, mortally wounded, has risen from his bed in the delirium of fever and made his attendants conduct him to the church in which his wife was to be interred. The wanderings of the young king on recognising the corpse, and the breaking out of his mind into light and passion the moment before his death, are deeply affecting, and appear to us, when compared with Leolf's last interview with Elgiva, a remarkable and instructive instance of the difference between the tragic and the pathetic. In this scene the injurer and the injured are once more, and for the last time, confronted. The king's wound opens again, and as the blood flows from him his fever abates, and he knows the voice of his destroyer. He dies summoning Dunstan to answer the cry of innocent blood at the judgment-seat of Heaven. At the same moment the battle-shout of the Danes is heard as they surmount the walls and burst the gates of the destined city; and it is in the strength of despair that Dunstan, collecting once more his energies, exclaims—

‘ Give me the crucifix. Bring out the relics.

Host of the Lord of Hosts, forth once again!’

The scene which we would contrast with this, as exemplifying the pathetic without trenching on the tragic, is the only one which suspends for a moment the precipitated movement of the fifth Act; and it is the more touching for its stillness in the midst of commotion, as it hangs like one of those little woody islands so often seen dividing the waters of rivers just before they reach the rapids:—

‘ *Elgiva.*

Oh Leolf! much

I owe you, and if aught a kingdom's wealth

Affords could pay the debt

Leolf.

A kingdom's wealth!

Elgiva! by the heart the heart is paid.

You have your kingdom, my heart hath its love.

We are provided.

Elgiva.

Oh! in deeds so kind,

And can you be so bitter in your words!

Have I no offerings of the heart, wherewith

Love's service to requite?

Leolf.

The least of boons

Scattered by Royal charity's careless hand

O'er pays my service. To requite the rest,

All you possess is but a bankrupt's bond.

This is the last time we shall speak together;

Forgive me, therefore, if my speech be bold.

I loved you once; and in such sort I loved,

That

That anguish hath but burnt the image in,
And I must bear it with me to my grave.
I loved you once; dearest Elgiva, yes,
Even now my heart doth feed upon that love
As in its flower and freshness, ere the grace
And beauty of the fashion of it perished.
It was too anxious to be fortunate,
And it must now be buried, self-embalmed,
Within my breast, or, living there recluse,
Talk to itself and traffic with itself;
And like a miser that puts nothing out,
And asks for no return, must I tell o'er
The treasures of the past.

Elgiva.

Can no return

Be rendered? And is gratitude then nothing?

Leolf. To me 'tis nothing—being less than love.

But cherish it as to your own soul precious!
The heavenliest lot that earthly natures know
Is to be affluent in gratitude.

Be grateful and be happy. For myself,
If sorrow be my portion, yet shall hope,
That springs from sorrow and aspires to Heaven,
Be with me still. When this disastrous war
Is ended, I shall quit my country's shores,
A pilgrim and a suitor to the love
Which dies not nor betrays.—What cry is that?
I thought I heard a voice.

Elgiva.

Oh Leolf, Leolf!

So tender, so severe!

Leolf.

Mistake me not.

I would not be unjust: I have not been;
Now less than ever could I be, for now
A sacred and judicial calmness holds
Its mirror to my soul; at once disclosed
The picture of the past presents itself
Minute yet vivid, such as it is seen
In his last moments by a drowning man.
Look at this skeleton leaf of a once green leaf:
Time and the elements conspired its fall;
The worm hath eaten out the tenderer parts,
And left this curious anatomy
Distinct of structure—made so by decay.
So, at this moment, lies my life before me,—
In all its intricacies, all its errors—
And can I be unjust?

Elgiva.

Oh, more than just,

Most merciful in judgment have you been,
And even in censure kind.

Leolf.

Our lives were linked

By one misfortune and a double fault.
 It was my folly to have fixed my hopes
 Upon the fruitage of a budding heart.
 It was your fault,—the lighter fault by far,—
 Being the bud to seem to be the berry.
 The first inconstancy of unripe years
 Is Nature's error on the way to truth.
 But, hark! another cry! They call us hence.'

If this scene is the only break in the changeful rapidity of the action towards the conclusion of the drama, on the other hand, in the earlier part, there are few exceptions to the smoothness and even tenor of its way. We consider the contrast in this respect to be stronger than is warrantable; yet some justification may be alleged in the art with which the earlier portions prepare us for the catastrophe, not only by familiarising us with the characters of the drama and the part assigned to each, but also by impressing us with the magnitude of the interests at stake, and making us thoroughly enter into the spirit of the age. We feel that the action of the drama is advancing surely, though silently. All day long we watch the exhalations ascending: gradually they form themselves into a canopy over the fatal plain; and as in a moment the sun sets, the collected storm bursts, and the thunder-bolt falls.

The instantaneousness of the retribution which overtakes the monastic party is not warranted by the chronological fact; but we are not prepared to say that Mr. Taylor has stretched too far the dramatist's privilege by this condensation of events. The true cause of the Danish conquest is to be found in the divisions of England; and by the eye of the Seer, cause and effect are seen together as one. In real life our actions are so various, the tissue so confused, and the interval between our deeds and their results so considerable, that few men discover the moral of the drama; experience comes too late, and we are left practically to walk by faith, not sight. The poet, by a selection of events not less ideal than his creation of character, and by a privilege of compression which connects historical facts with their moral causes, reduces the chaos of outward circumstance to order, and illuminates it with the light of intellectual truth. For this reason 'all injurious bonds' of Time are as easily broken through in the poet's marshalling of causes and effects as are those of Space in the battles of the Gods.

We should have wished to give some specimens of the humour with which several scenes abound, as well as of the keen remarks, sarcasms, and truths put in edgewise, that diversify them. We should have been well pleased also to extract Wulfstan's description

Elqiva.

What a charm

The neighbouring grove to this lone chamber lends!
I've loved it from my childhood. How long since
Is it that standing in this compassed window
The blackbird sang us forth; from yonder bough
That hides the arbour, loud and full at first
Warbling his invitations, then with pause
And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
Far distant crept across the amber sky!'

We shall now proceed to observe on some faults and failures in 'Edwin the Fair,' one failure especially which surprises us in so elaborate a work, and one fault which we regard as by no means a trifling one. The underplot of Emma and Ernway, which in the beginning holds out the expectation of a light and pleasant interest to be interwoven with the darker tissue of the main story, very soon falls short of its promise, is but imperfectly blended as the play proceeds, and at the conclusion is left at a loose end with hardly a hint of what we are to suppose the upshot. Ernway is utterly superfluous; and Emma, but that she makes herself agreeable, would be felt to be almost equally so. It is clear to us that in the introduction of these characters the author made a false start, that he did not see his way before him distinctly, that he trusted to Fortune to 'shape his ends, rough-hew them as he might,' and that Fortune used him but scurvily in the matter. This failure we cannot regard as unimportant; but the other fault which we have to notice is a more serious one. The device of Dunstan, in conjunction with the Queen Mother, for betraying Edwin and Elgiva into an intercourse fatal to honour and innocence is in our judgment not only a blemish in the poetical conception of Dunstan's character, but a feature as derogatory to the higher interests of the story as it is offensive in itself. Dunstan is sufficiently exhibited in his character of tempter by the scene in which he endeavours to procure the abdication of Edwin: it was therefore unnecessary to embody the craft of the fanatic in a form so mean as well as so wicked. The scene in question too occurring so early in the work may have the effect of presenting Dunstan in a light so odious as to incapacitate some readers from doing justice to the loftier part of Dunstan's character.

The

The most remarkable characteristics of Mr. Taylor's poetry appear to us its manliness and its truth. It is obvious that he writes not from any peculiar theory of the poetic art, though this has been often attributed to him, but in the manner most natural to him, and most congenial with his general estimate of things. It is on a moral base that the intellectual fabric of his poetry rests. Hence an entire absence of false sentiment and factitious effects: hence also, in a volume which is a perfect storehouse of observation and reflection, we shall search in vain for a single remark put forward for its brilliancy rather than its truth. He never solicits our sympathy for morbid sorrows: for real afflictions he never pushes it beyond the limits of what is just and salutary. An excess of pathos is a frequent source of weakness in modern poetry, though, as we are glad to observe, it exists in a much less degree than it did once. In the lower departments of our literature we still find the traces of an evil as great. We allude to that gross and plebeian craving for the hair-raising and the horrible, which disgraces the popular literature of a neighbouring country. No doubt persons will always be found who prefer intoxicating drugs to the purer aliments of the mind: but as there exists also a class of readers who look for moral and mental benefits as the result of study, and who have not forgotten that poetry is a study, we rejoice, not only on literary grounds but also for higher reasons, that for this class such books as '*Edwin the Fair*' are still provided. It is a work full of those thoughts which make books dear to us, and yet leave us independent of books. It is solid in its material, severe in its structure, and elevating in its spirit. It has no ornaments that distract the attention from the robust and permanent attributes of true poetry, no subtleties that destroy breadth of dramatic effect. It is nowhere so concise as to be obscure, and, on the other hand, it is free from that diffuseness which makes the best thoughts as ineffective as a musical string relaxed till it can yield no sound.

With reference to our introductory remarks, we must also observe, that in some respects Mr. Taylor's poetry is distinguished from that of other poets of this age, whose merits are unquestioned and have stood the ordeal of time: we allude in particular to his aptitude for observing character and action. It is not only men, but men, that he takes for the subject-matter of his verse: men in all the relations of social and political life, civil or ecclesiastical,—men awake to all the excitements of a busy career, and fulfilling their parts with a healthy energy. Mr. Taylor seldom writes as a metaphysician, though frequently as a philosopher. As unconsciousness is a necessary condition of healthfulness of character, so a certain suspension of poetic consciousness appears

to be requisite for the vigorous conception of character;—which is perhaps the reason that metaphysicians have never been dramatists. It is as ill-judged to exercise the critical and the creative faculties at the same moment as it would be to combine the statue with the anatomical model by the use of some transparent material, and call upon us at once to admire the outward beauty of man's shape and the marvels of his internal economy. In Mr. Taylor's poetry we never come to an analysis of the feelings, for it is not the passions, but men impassioned, that he describes: we seeldom come to any long strain of merely speculative meditation, for his subject is not *thought* in itself, but thoughtful men. Passion appears to be valued chiefly as leading to action: nay, action itself is in some degree subordinated to reflection, though reflection of so practical a character as to be in fact a form of action. It is in this respect that he pays his tribute to the age and reflects its spirit. Belonging, on the whole, to the active school, his poetry is, though never 'sicklied over,' yet sometimes shadowed over with the cast of thought (we do not mean mystical thought), in a degree which makes the principal difference between him and our early dramatists. So far as this predominance of practical thought and fixed purpose tends to weaken his sympathy for natural and healthy passion, it necessarily tends to injure the popular interest of his dramas, and to deprive them of that perfect spontaneity of movement and redundant life which characterizes those of our early literature. On the other hand, the blended dignity of thought and a sedate moral habit invests Mr. Taylor's poetry with a stateliness in which the drama is generally deficient, and makes his writings illustrate, in some degree, a new form of the art—such a form indeed as we might expect the written drama naturally to assume if it were to revive in the nineteenth century, and maintain itself as a branch of literature apart from the stage.

ART. IV.—*Medii Ævi Kalendarium: or Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Kalendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Century; and an Alphabetical Digest of obsolete Names of Days; forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other Aids for ascertaining Dates.* By R. T. Hampson. 2 vols. London. 1841.

THE plan and intention of this work may be best told in the words of the author.

'Of a work which is chiefly founded on information derived from manuscript or printed sources, little explanation can be necessary. The

original intention was to cast into the form of a glossary as many of the terms now obsolete, being employed in mediæval chronology, as could be obtained by a diligent research, and to assign the bearing of each as nearly as it could be satisfactorily ascertained. In the prosecution of this plan it soon became obvious that the utility of the glossary would be considerably enlarged by determining the age of the term itself; and the attempt to effect this object with exactitude has necessarily introduced a multitude of ecclesiastical and legal antiquities which were not contemplated in the first design, but which are indispensable in many cases to confer probability on explanations respecting which there may be conflicting opinions. Writers of considerable eminence on ecclesiastical subjects connected with chronology do not always agree in determining the year in which several of the principal feasts were instituted. The variation sometimes extends to one or two centuries, and occasions difficulties which are not always to be surmounted. In such cases the leading opinions are given, with references to the authorities on which they are founded. . . . Innumerable instances may be readily collected from the glossary, in which it has been a principal object to assemble, in an alphabetical order, whatever might tend to elucidate the obscurities of the chronology of the middle ages. In order the better to preserve the utility of this department of the work by removing from it everything that did not immediately belong to the explanations, it became necessary either to reject many curious and not altogether useless facts, or to embody them in a separate department. The latter course has been pursued.

'The Kalendars, it is presumed, will be found of considerable service. They are six in number, of which two are incorporated in one, but the others are distinct. They range from the middle of the tenth century to the end of the fourteenth, and may therefore be supposed to contain all the information which can be expected from works of their description.' Of one, of which the original is believed to have been the property of King Athelstan, it must be confessed that it contains much matter that is not likely to prove remarkably useful, and it has been presented more as a literary curiosity than as an assistant in chronology. The obits of another have been retained, so far as they could be read by the transcriber, because it is possible that one or other of them may determine the date of some particular fact. For instance, we know from the Saxon Chronicles that the battle of Malden was fought in the year 993, and we ascertain, what is not mentioned by our historians, from the obit of Byrhtnoth, that it took place on the 11th of August.'

Mr. Hampson makes no parade of his researches, but he has diligently consulted manuscript authorities, and brought forward much new and very curious matter, hitherto neglected or unemployed. He is, nevertheless, rather deficient in knowledge; and he has fallen into many errors and inaccuracies, displaying want of editorial care. These defects, which we will pass over, are, however, of very secondary importance when compared with the flippant and irreverent spirit by which the work is completely deformed.

deformed. Such passages as those relating to the anointing of our Queen (i. 194), and the observance of the Lord's Day (i. 242), and the articles upon the Sunday (ii. 344), and the Sabbath (ii. 344), are most reprehensible; and the coarse and outrageous abuse of the Roman Catholic Church is in that tone which, instead of checking superstition, only promotes scoffing at all faith, all devotion, and all religious observances whatever. We regret to be compelled to pass this heavy censure upon a work which might have been rendered very useful to historical students: but we must do our duty; and strongly therefore recommend, in its place, the clear and accurate '*Chronology of History*,' by Sir Harris Nicolas—which, though less discursive, and less costly, contains all the information which can be practically required.

Those of our readers who are free from the labour of ascertaining the dates occurring in historical or legal documents can have no notion of the perplexity in which such inquiries are involved. Take, for example, an era apparently occasioning so small a hitch as the beginning of the year. Yet our New Year's Day was, in the middle ages, only New Year's Day to a comparatively small fraction of the European community. Double-headed Janus, it is true, maintained his place at the head of the written kalendars, which, by tradition, always followed the Roman computation, so as to enable those who chose to reckon by kalends, nones, and ides to do so: still the practical *caput anni* shifted about, so as to compel you to be constantly on your guard. A very general commencement was on the Feast of the Annunciation, or the 25th March, which continued in use in this country until the introduction of the New Style in 1752; and although this change is a matter of great notoriety, it has nevertheless been repeatedly forgotten by those who have had to deal with documents of comparatively recent dates, but anterior to that alteration. We have known persons, otherwise well-informed, woefully puzzled at the fractional-looking dates, *e. g.* 14 January, 174 $\frac{3}{4}$, by which careful writers included the strict legal computation, and the other which was finding its way into use, though not recognised by law.

Midwinter, Yule, or Christmas day, was a very common era for the commencement of the solar year, and appears to have been in use from the age of the Anglo-Saxons to about the thirteenth century. There was a considerable degree of thought, or, as we should now call it, philosophy, in causing the new year to begin from the 'mother-night,' whence, as it seems, the sun, having completed his circle, starts forth again in his race. How amusing it is to trace etymologies to their remote source, and yet how

sure and certain is the path when once it is found. *Yule* and *Golgotha* look as if there was not the slightest kindred between them: yet they are both of the same stock, about as near as first cousins once removed. Their common parent is found in the Hebrew גלגל, to turn or roll. This root reappears in *volvo*, κυλιω, *quellen*, *wallen*,* and all their derivatives. From hence comes, by emphatic duplication, גלגל, a wheel; and, as denoting its round and rolling form, גולגולת, a skull, whence *Golgotha*. Such was the flow of form and thought in this great branch of the Semitic language. In the Teutonic, the primitive root became *Hweol* (A. S.) and *Hiul*, more commonly written *Yule*; and this term grew to be applied to the winter solstice, because the sun then begins to turn or *wheel* round: hence the season is also termed *Sonnenwende*—as will be well recollected by those who are familiar with the great Teutonic epic, the *Niebelungen Lay*.

Yule, at least, is easily found, being a fixed *time-mark*; but a more puzzling mode of computation was the one which very generally prevailed in legal documents and transactions in France, according to which the new year began at Easter. Consequently, the computable solar year varied in duration as well as in its commencement in every year of the paschal cycle; and, inasmuch as the paschal year may include thirteen lunar months, or nearly *two Aprils*, it is impossible, except from internal evidence, to determine to *which* end they respectively belong.

But all these puzzles, with respect to the commencement of the year, are as nothing compared with the difficulties of ascertaining the particular days in the course of it. Amongst us, nothing appears so easy and so evidently *the thing*, as to count on and on consecutively, through the kalendar month as it runs: but this plain mode of computation was, during the middle ages, entirely disregarded. The nearest approach they ever made to such a mode of reckoning was when they employed the Roman Kalendar. But that plan was rarely adopted: they almost universally quoted the date simply by what, as the case may be, was

* Gesenius, in his *Lexicon Hebraicum Manuale*, an able though deeply-tainted work, has a very curious article in which he pursues the ramifications of this root through many other languages and dialects. Gesenius is, throughout, an excellent example of German industry, and also of the conceit of German neology. He illustrates a peculiar Hebrew idiom by a comparison with German and English phrases in the following manner: "der Fremde mit welchem ich gegessen habe: im Englischen mit *which*—z. B. *the book which I did*" (*Lehrgebäude*, p. 744.) But, after a while, he bethought him, and he favours us in his Errata with a correction—"S. 744 l. 8, muss die Englische redensart vollständig heissen: *the book which I did you say of*." This reminds one of George Faulkner's celebrated erratum, "In the last number of our *Gazette*—For her Grace the Duke of Richmond—*read*—his Grace the Duchess of Richmond." And this acute judge of the niceties of living languages asks us, upon philological grounds, to surrender our belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures!

either the Christian name or the nickname of the day. Thus, the 29th of December might be quoted as '*Dum medium silentium*,' or the Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket, or the Feast of St. Marcellus or St. Evroul. The 30th of December might be equally the Feast of St. Sabinus, or of St. Anysia, or St. Maximus. The 12th of April may be quoted as *Broncheria*, or the Feast of St. Saba, or St. Zeno, or St. Julius, or St. Victor, and so on; and what may be termed the governing name—that is to say, the one in most repute—varies in each country, and often in each diocese.

The first of the before mentioned classes of denominations arose from the designation given to the day from the initial words of some one of the Introits, Lessons, Collects, or other portions of the church service, which emphatically impressed themselves in the memory of the hearers. Such phrases as '*Da pacem*,' a common denomination of the eighteenth Sunday after Whitsuntide; '*Commovisti terram et conturbasti eam*,' for Sexagesima Sunday; and '*Dum medium silentium*,' for Sunday in Christmas-week (being the instance above quoted), are all portions of the Introits or other services appertaining to the respective festivals. Something like this prevails at the present day amongst school-boys, or at least did prevail in our time. 'Hurrah! to-morrow is *Stir up Sunday*'—the Sunday before Advent, whose Collect announces the glad approach of the Christmas holidays.

A second class of denominations arose from usages and games annexed to peculiar days or feasts. '*Carniprivium*' announced the sorrowful news that flesh-meat was to be banished from the table, and '*Carnivora*' that beef might appear again. '*Broncheria*,' or Palm-Sunday, told of the strewing of the branches; '*Bohordicum*,' of the mock fight (or rather not *mock*, for many a head was broken in right earnest) on the first and second Sundays in Lent. '*Der blaue Montag*,' and '*Der schwarze Sonntag*,' are so called in Germany from the colours of the church-hangings on Septuagesima Monday and Passion Sunday.

But the great source of these denominations arose from the practice of appropriating each day to the commemoration of the Saints of Holy Church—their birth, their sufferings, their death. Thus did the temporal history of the Church militant become incorporated, so to speak, in the chronicle of life; at first, by popular veneration or ecclesiastical usage, not having any positive sanction, but in later periods by the direct authority of the papal see.

We have inserted three red-letter days in our kalendar by Act of Parliament, which ought long since to have been expunged—the 5th of November, the 30th of January, and the 29th of May.
The

The services appointed for those anniversaries nourish any feelings rather than those of Christian devotion, love, or charity. It is a pain to hear them. Whatever may be said for those who framed them, in these days they are merely angry memorials of political sentiments travestied into devotional language. The heathen Roman raised his trophies of perishable materials, in order that the memory of the triumph over the enemy might decay and wear away: we engrave the chronicle of our unhappy dissensions upon the very altar of holiness. Repeal the statutes passed when men's minds were troubled by fear, or excited by hatred or revenge. Let the Church appoint one annual solemn day of thanksgiving for national mercies, and one other annual day of humiliation for national sins, and relieve herself from the odious necessity of casting three annual gauntlets of defiance against those whom she seeks to reclaim into her fold.

Without doubt, many a name was inserted in the mediæval kalendar upon doubtful traditions; yet these have been somewhat exaggerated; and when it has been triumphantly pointed out (if we recollect rightly, by Geddes) as a proof of the ignorance of the middle ages, that they converted the Almanac itself into a saint, under the title of *Sanctus Almachius*, the critics quite forget the fact that Saint Almachius, a primitive martyr, being appropriated to the 1st of January by Venerable Bede, it is possible that his name, altered and corrupted, became that of the calendar. At least, this etymology is about as satisfactory as any which we find in the dictionaries.

Such immethodical modes of marking time by names and quotations, appear strange enough to us; but the system will become perfectly intelligible if we advert to the fact, that mere numbers obtain hardly any hold upon the memory. In those ages, when little was written and less could be read, when you had neither an almanac bound in your pocket-book nor hanging on your wall, the old fashion was the best process by which to fix a day, in the common run of life, permanently in the recollection. The mind yearns for distinct identity. We have often thought it must be the last stage of human annihilation when John Thompson, upon entering the police service, is sunk for ever thereafter in G 26; and such a topography as that presented by the city of Washington, where A 3 and B 7 are the only denominations of streets and squares, will for ever destroy any pleasant or historical associations to any given locality. We can read with interest of Queen Philippa witnessing a tournament in Cheapside; but who would care about it if he were told that the scaffold upon which she sat to view the sports was erected in Z 16? Thus, the mediæval denominations of the days

days constantly raised up pictures in the minds of the people, which supplied the want of written information ; and, even in our own age, we may find how much more vivid are any recollections annexed to analogous instances, than those which you must designate by mere numbers. Try, if you can, to remember any given event which happened to you last year, and you will find how much more naturally you can fix yourself by any of the few festivals which are left us—yea, even by the Lord Mayor's day—than by any figure in the kalendar.

It is a matter of considerable interest at the present era, when the principles of the Church are so anxiously scrutinised by friends and foes, to recollect how and in what manner our present kalendar of Festivals and Saints' days was formed. Our Reformers truly and reverently proceeded upon the principle of honouring antiquity. They found 'a number of dead men's names, not over-eminent in their lives either for sense or morals, crowding the kalendar, and jostling out the festivals of the first saints and martyrs.' The mediæval Church, as the Romanists still do, distinguished between days of Obligation and days of Devotion. Now, under the Reformation only some of the former class, the Feasts of Obligation, were and are retained, being such as were dedicated to the memory of our Lord, or to those whose names are pre-eminent in the Gospels:—the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, the Baptist as the Precursor, and St. Stephen as the Proto-martyr ; St. Mark and St. Luke as Evangelists ; the Holy Innocents, as the earliest who suffered on Christ's account ; the Feast of St. Michael and all Angels, to remind us of the benefits received by the ministry of angels ; and All Saints as the memorial of all those who have died in the faith. Surely no method could have been better devised than such a course for making time, as it passes, a perpetual memorial of the Head of the Church.

The principle upon which certain festivals of Devotion still retained in the kalendar prefixed to the Common Prayer, and usually printed in italics, were selected from among the rest, is more obscure. Many of them evidently indicate names which had been peculiarly honoured of old in the Church of England :—St. Alban, the proto-martyr of Britain ; Augustin, the apostle of the English race ; Venerable Bede ; and King Edward the Confessor, the real patron of England, supplanted in the age of pseudo-chivalry by the legendary St. George. Others must have been chosen for their high station in the earlier ages of the Church—St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Martin, and St. Cyprian ; others from their local celebrity.

A third class are, Saints who are simply commemorated ; and it is a very curious fact, and, as we believe, hitherto quite unnoticed,

ticed, that these Saints'-days, now considered as the distinctive badges of Romanism, continued to retain their stations in our popular Protestant English almanacs until the alteration of the style in 1752, when they were discontinued. By what authority this change took place we know not, but perhaps the books of the Stationers' Company might solve this mystery. We take the first which lies before us, the almanac of the venerable Philomath Gadbury :—

JANUARY, 1733.

1 <i>Circumcision.</i>	17 Anthony.
2 Abel.	18 Cathed. Petri.
3 Enoch.	19 Woolstan.
4 Chromach.	20 <i>P. W. born.</i>
5 Edward, Confessor.	21 <i>Septuages.</i>
6 <i>Epiphany.</i>	22 Theodore.
7 1 p <i>Epiphany.</i>	23 Term begins.
8 Marcellus.	24 Wilfrede.
9 Lucian.	25 <i>Conv. St. Paul.</i>
10 Agatha.	26 Cletus
11 Higinus.	27 Christopher.
12 Arcadius.	28 <i>Sexagesima.</i>
13 Hilary b.	29 Samuel.
14 2 pp. <i>Epiphany</i>	30 K. Charles I. mart
15 Maurus.	31 Cyriacus.
16 Kentigern.	

More amusing, however, is one of Gadbury's rivals, whom we find included in the same volume :—

' Poor Robin, 1733, a new Almanack after the old fashion, wherein you have an account of the eclipses, the new moons, full moons and half moons, commonly called quarters; also the sign governing, telling you when to cut your corns, pare your nails, and many useful things not to be had anywhere else, with a discovery of an infallible method to tell fortunes by the Twelve Houses, being the first after Bissextile or Leap-year, containing a two-fold Kalendar, viz.: the honest, true-hearted PROTESTANT OLD ACCOUNT, WITH THE MARTYRS FOR PURE RELIGION ON THE ONE SIDE, and those who were justly executed for plotting treason and rebellion on the other.'

We select the month that is the richest, namely :—

OCTOBER, 1733.

1 Remigius.	1 Jack Adams.
2 Leodegar.	2 Phalaris.
3 Thomas b.	3 The season now
4 Francis.	4 declines a little.
5 Constantine.	5 Leave physic off,
6 Magnus.	6 and stick to victual.
7 20 aft. <i>Trin.</i>	7 <i>Will. Say.</i>
8 Pelagio.	8 Perillus
9 Dearris.	9 <i>Rainsborough.</i>
10 Pauline.	10 Simon.
11 K. George II. c	11 Nestorius.
12 Wilfred.	12 Charon.
13 Amantius.	13 That flesh upon your

14 21 <i>aft. Trin.</i>	14 back to lay,
15 Severus.	15 That summer labour
16 Gallus.	16 washed away.
17 Audrey.	17 <i>Harrison, the Butcher.</i>
18 St. Luke Evan.	18 <i>Cook, the Solicitor.</i>
19 Ptolemy	19 <i>Scot, the Brewer.</i>
20 Faust. Virg.	20 <i>Hugh Peters, the Jester.</i>
21 22 <i>aft. Trin</i>	21 <i>John Carew.</i>
22 Cordula Virg.	22 <i>John Jones.</i>
23 Term begins.	23 <i>Adrian Scroop.</i>
24 Areta.	24 <i>Daniel Arxel.</i>
25 Crispin.	25 Crispin.
26 Amandus,	26 Who loves the law
27 Florence.	27 the term is come,
28 23 <i>aft. Trin</i>	28 But my advice is
29 Narcissus.	29 'gree at home.
30 <i>K George II. born.</i>	30 Owen Bowen.
31 Julian.	31 <i>Phelps the Scubler.</i>

We wish our diligent and erudite friend Sir Henry Ellis would take 'Poor Robin' in hand. He beats us; alas! how the keenest wit evaporates in the course of a century. We are utterly unable to explain the joke of introducing 'Jack Adams' and 'Phalaris' amongst the 'roundheads.' 'Poor Robin,' in his day, was the delight, the counsel, the guide of the English country-folk. They made love and beer by his directions; wooed the sweetheart and tapped the barrel, in the assigned planetary hour. His kalendar is the great treasure-house for allusions to local customs and popular sports. Quaint rhymes and ludicrous prose fill his pages, not always the most delicate or refined, yet perhaps as innocuous as the 'useful information' now presented to the 'intelligence of the masses,' by his untaxed successors—'*B. Franklin born,*' '*Voltaire died,*' '*Day when Oxford Dons get drunk,*' and so on, as may be seen in the 'Temperance Almanac, to the great edification, without doubt, of the numerous respectable clergy and pious ladies by whom the said Society is patronized. 'Poor Robin' affords much matter for consideration. He shows that the tradition respecting the appropriation of the days to particular saints was considered by the common people as eminently *Protestant*, that is to say, as a part and parcel of the Church of England; and that an almanac without Saints for every day was nought. We have neither space nor leisure to pursue this inquiry: but we do earnestly wish that some one well versed in ecclesiastical history, for instance Mr. Palmer, would investigate the 'Kalendar;' not with the view of ministering to antiquarian curiosity or idle amusement, but as involving principles of the highest importance. The secular power came to the aid of the Church by the statute 5 and 6 Edw. VI. c. 3. This Act commands all our present liturgical festivals to be observed; and their non-observation is by no means an act of discretion, but a breach of the law of the land. Of the peculiar sports and observances which

which had been attached by ancient usage and custom to peculiar days—the dancing round the maypole on the festival of St. Philip and St. James—the bonfires on the feast of the Baptist—and the like—it is unnecessary to speak; but the main feature, anterior to the Reformation, was the cessation from work and labour upon such festivals. The people had a time provided to rejoice before the Lord; and the exceptions in the Act show that such was still the spirit of the age: those who chose to work are merely *permitted* to labour.

The Puritans abolished the Church fasts and festivals; and by their ordinance, 8th June, 1647 (Scobell's '*Acts and Ordinances*,' p. 81), the feast of the Nativity of Christ, Easter, Whitsuntide and all other holidays, were utterly suppressed. But they were not so blind as not to see how this abolition might have an injurious effect upon the comfort and well being of the people. If, on the one hand, they discarded the festivals of the Church, they felt that, on the other, some substitute must be provided. 'To the end, therefore, that there might be a convenient time allotted to scholars, apprentices, and other servants for their recreation,' it was by the same ordinance enacted that they should have '*such convenient, reasonable recreation and relaxation from their constant and ordinary labour, on every second Tuesday in the month throughout the year, as formerly they had used to have on the festivals commonly called holydays.*' And in case of any difference arising between master and servant concerning the liberty thus granted, the next justice of the peace was to have power to reconcile the same. Yet the foregoing ordinance was not thought sufficient to secure the comfort of the people; and by another, passed on the 28th of the same month of June, 1647, it was ordained 'that all windows of shops, warehouses, and other places where wares or commodities are usually sold, shall be kept shut on the said day of recreation, from eight in the morning till eight in the evening; and that no master shall wilfully retain his apprentice or other servant within-doors, or from his recreation, unless on account of market-days, fair-days, or other extraordinary occasion;' and in such case the master was to allow unto such apprentice, or other servant, one other day of recreation in place of that one thus taken away.

The Puritans—we do not use the word in reproach, but as a term of description—were wise in their generation. In 1644 they had enacted, by the ordinance 'for the restraint of several evils on the Lord's-day' (Scobell, p. 37), what they considered, and not without truth, as a great moral reform. Maypoles, 'a heathenish vanity, generally abused to superstition and wickedness,' fell at one stroke. The recreations hitherto practised on the

the Sunday were to cease. The arrow ceased to fly at the butt ; the bowl rolled no more ; down fell all the skittles ; and the ' lewd dancers ' on the green were to be indulged with three hours' rest in the stocks, for their own comfort and the edification of the neighbours.

Let us be careful how we carp at these men. With whatever sourness, whatever asperity, whatever ' anti-prelatical ' feeling this enactment was made, it was founded upon a true and holy principle ; and the general neglect of the Sabbath—nay, the encouragement given to its desecration by the Book of Sports—so entirely contrary to the principles and practice of the early Christians—can be viewed only as amongst the national sins which drew down upon the Church of England that tribulation and punishment which she then experienced. Why should we be ashamed to confess the fact ? we make no claim to infallibility.

' All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.' Even the ass cannot be always kept in the mill ; and the Puritan legislation points out one great practical object to be attained by the due observance of the Church of England Festivals—practical, because what may be termed the machinery of the Church all works to one end,—and if you maim one portion, it is like damaging a wheel in a clock, the whole goes wrong. The Saints'-days and other Festivals were intended by the Church to become outworks, defences protecting mankind in the solemn enjoyment of the Lord's-day. The Puritans, by their ' recreation ordinance,' scanty as their allowance was, showed that they understood the question in its practical bearings. Observe these holy-days according to their true intent ; let the morning be spent in the house of God : let the remainder of the day be given to cheerfulness, and you afford to the labouring population—and we take the word ' labouring ' in its widest sense—the means of reasonable and healthful recreation equally needed for body and mind ; and you remove at once the temptations which lead the ' masses ' to encroach on the sanctity of the Sabbath. Penal laws defeat their own object in such cases. Sorrowful as the desecration of the Lord's-day may be, in or around any great town, or still more in our tremendous metropolis, it is far more sorrowful to feel that we urge and scourge the labouring classes to this great sin, by the intense worry and drive of morbid activity which pervades the entire frame of society. Enter the squalid wildernesses of Spitalfields or St. Giles. Even make your progress through the quarters inhabited by the bettermost sort of operatives and working traders, the hives of courts and narrow streets where the brightest blaze of summer never affords more than an adust and sickly ray—where the sweetest shower of spring falls polluted to the ground. Go farther—
breathe

breathe the stifling vapour of the Arcade or the Bazaar, and look at the pallid countenance of the pining maiden, and you will be convinced that the absolute animal want of mere fresh air, at least for one day in the weary week, must become irresistible.

Perhaps, however, there are no localities where we could so successfully begin to permit the poor, the needy, and the humble to enjoy again the liberty which the Church so joyfully wishes to bestow, as in the manufacturing districts. How many of the plans about which we now dream and talk for the benefit of the operatives, were really effected by the Church long ago, long before there were steam-engines or power-looms? Daily service secured the remission from labour sought by Lord Ashley's bill; and the Festival would now give the means of healthful relaxation and mental improvement, without trespassing upon that seventh of our existence in which we are not to seek our own pleasure, nor speak our own words.

'What!' exclaims the mill-owner, 'stop the works for forty days in the year?' Certainly. Do not you lose ten times more by strikes, and turn-outs, and Chartist-meetings, than by all the superstitions of preceding centuries?

Never can the Lord's-day be duly and strictly observed, and yet in a kindly and affectionate spirit, until the whole system of the Church service is restored. Those who seek to propitiate the 'masses' by throwing open museums, and galleries, and libraries on the Sunday, give nothing of their own; they take away that which belongs to the Lord. Those who duly observe the commandment equally give nothing of their own; they give to the Lord what is his, and which costs them nothing. And, so long as they who profess to honour the Sabbath continue, during the remainder of the week, to exact that crushing and continuous labour from those classes who are either directly or indirectly under their control, which drives the objects of their rule to worldly amusements and recreations, or 'intellectual pursuits,' on the day which should be the day of holy rest—so long are they co-operating in the most efficient manner with the advocates of indifferentism and infidelity. You may give the most 'exemplary attendance'—alas! what a root of self-deception and bitterness is there in that word 'exemplary,' so applied—at church, or chapel, or Exeter Hall; always appear at the proper time in your pew or on the 'platform;' be an active member of 'The Lord's-Day Observance Society;' distribute tracts from 'the Repository, No. 56, Pater-noster Row;' or Bibles and Prayer-Books from 'the Christian Knowledge Society's House, No. 67, Lincoln's Inn Fields;' hunt all the donkeys off Hampstead Heath; bowl and roll the oranges down Primrose Hill; kick the cake-baskets off the kirb-stone;

stone ; wheel all the old apple-women to the workhouse ; trundle the barrows to the 'green yard ;' explode all the ginger-beer ; swallow all the 'annual reports ;' never read the Sunday newspaper — except in the 'Monday's edition ;'—and yet with all these professions and exertions, if you so chain your clerk to the desk, your shopman to the counter, in short, all your slaves to the oar, as to destroy the comfort of week-day life, and only release them from their bondage when you are compelled to strike off the fetters, you merely goad them to violate the word of God, and mock the spirit of Christianity. What are termed the ordinances of the Church are only applications of the Divine Law. You must take all or none. Difficulties unquestionably there are in the way ; but as is most truly and powerfully remarked by Archdeacon Manning, with whose words we shall conclude,—

'The habits of life are not so absolute but that a little firmness would soon throw them into a better order. Let us only resolve to "seek *first* the kingdom of God," to take the cycle and the seasons of the Church as our governing rule, and to make our lives bend to its appointments. When once the Church has restored the solemn days of fast and festival, and the stated hours of daily prayer, there will be an order marked out for all men of good will to follow ; and, at the last, we shall once more see this fretful, busy world checked, and for a while cast out by the presence of the world unscen. Its burthen will be sensibly lessened, and the hearts of men will have some shelter and rest to turn to in the dry and glaring turmoil of life. Then among us, as of old, men may go up in secret to the house of prayer, to make their sin-offerings, and their peace-offerings, and their offerings of thanks. No sin should then go down on sins unconfessed, or blessings unacknowledged ; and if any be truly hindered, still in their own home, or by the wayside, or in crowded marts, or in busy cities, or in the fields—when the bell is heard afar off, or the known hour of prayer is come—they may say with us the Confession and the Lord's Prayer, and though far from us on earth, may meet us in the court of heaven.'—*Sermons*, pp. 206, 207.

NOTE.—Since this article was paged for working off, Lord John Manners has published a '*Plea for National Holidays*,' in which he has taken much the same view of the question which we have attempted to advocate. Regretting that under these circumstances we cannot at this moment enter into an examination of his production, we do most earnestly recommend it to all who are interested in the welfare of the community. It is written with ability, and, what is of far more importance than ability, in an excellent spirit. May the young author be strengthened and guided in the good course which he has begun, and may others of his rank and station follow his example ; for it is amongst such men as he promises to be, that the Crown will find its best defenders, the poor and needy their most sincere and steady friends.

ART. V.—*Handley Cross ; or, the Spa-Hunt.* London. 1843.
3 vols. 12mo.

FROM the days of John Gilpin down to those of John Jorrocks the doings of our citizens have had interest for country as well as for town. The furthest removed, whether in station or in location, like to know how the Londoners proper live—how and where they ride, fish, shoot—above all, whereabouts, and after what fashion, they *hunt*. Still there has always been an unworthy leaning to disparage and ridicule the prowess of the East ; as if it were not hard enough in all conscience for people to be cooped up in bricks and mortar all the year, without having the slow-pointing finger of scorn proclaiming them cockneys whenever they venture forth for a breath of fresh air. ‘The unkindest cut of all’ is, that city sportsmen are mainly indebted to city pencils and city pens for this unenviable notoriety.

The late Mr. Seymour, for instance (a thorough-bred cockney), published as many sketches as filled half-a-dozen volumes, of which the field-sports of Londoners formed the staple, and which will outlive his more elaborate productions. Nobody can resist the fun of some of these delineations—especially in the fishing and shooting departments. At one page we have a country practitioner (a jolly-looking clown in a smock-frock) about ‘to serve an ejectionment ;’ that is to say, shove a smart fisherman into a river in which he is poaching ; and hard by we have a City *swell*, with shot-belt and gun, pointing to a dead sparrow across a piece of water, and exclaiming to a plethoric pugdog—‘Fetch it, Prim ; fetch it : vy, vot a perverse dog you are !’ We have two urchins with one gun, tugging along a poodle pup by a great heavy chain ; the puller observing to the shooter—‘Vot vith buying powder and shot, and keeping that ’ere sporting dog, shooting’s werry expensive !’ A few Numbers further on, we have a sportsman taking a deliberate aim at a Billy-goat on a bank by a cottage ; while his companion, as he opens a sack, exclaims—‘Make sure of him, Bob ; I’m told it’s as good as wenison.’ Then comes a tattered ruffian seizing a common-councilman just about to fire—‘Vot the dog are you shooting at through the hedge ?’ ‘‘Ares !’ ‘Them ’ere brown things arn’t hares—them’s gipsy babbies !!’

Strype enumerates respectfully among the recreations of the Londoners in his own day (the reign of George I.) ‘riding on horseback and hunting with my Lord Mayor’s hounds when the common hunt goes out.’ We need hardly say, indeed, that the maintenance of a pack of hounds formed a part of the expenses of many of the corporations in former times, just as the donation of purses or pieces of plate to the race meetings does at present.

But

But even in Strype's day the joking had begun—witness Tom D'Urfey on the Lord Mayor's field-day :—

' Once a-year into Essex a hunting they do go ;
To see 'em pass along O 'tis a most pretty show :
Through Cheapside and Fenchurch-street and so to Aldgate-pump,
Each man with 's spurs in 's horse's sides, and his backsword cross
his rump.

My Lord, he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er ;
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before.
A creature bounceth from a bush, which made them all to laugh ;
My lord, he cried, A hare, a hare ! but it proved an Essex calf.*

We like the Londoners—their joyous enthusiasm is like the hearty gaiety of a girl at her first ball, while the listlessness of many of what are called regular sportsmen resembles the inertness of the *belle* of many seasons. Colonel Cook, who hunted what may be called a cockney country—part of Essex—bears testimony to the excellence of their characters :—

' Should you happen to keep hounds,' says he, ' at no great distance from London, you will find many of the inhabitants of that capital (cockneys, if you please) *good sportsmen*, well mounted, and riding well to hounds : they never interfere with the management of them in the field, contribute liberally to the expense, and pay their subscriptions regularly. . . . Whenever I went to town I received the greatest kindness and hospitality from these gentlemen ; capital dinners, and the choicest wines. We occasionally went the best pace over *the mahogany*, often ran the *Portuguese* a sharp burst, and whoo-whooped many a long-corked *Frenchman* !†

Be it observed, there is a wide difference between the London sportsman and the London sporting-man. The former loves the country, and rushes eagerly at early dawn to enjoy a long day's diversion, while the latter is a street-lounging, leather-plating idiot, who feels quite unhappy ' off the stones.' If railroads had effected no greater good, they had yet earned our eternal gratitude for diminishing, if not annihilating, that most disgusting of all disgusting animals, the would-be stage-coachman. Not that we object to gentlemen driving four-in-hand—if well, so much the better for their own necks—but we groan over those benighted youths who, while following the occupation, think it incumbent to descend to

* Pills to purge Melancholy—1719.

† Observations on Fox-Hunting, p. 148. The derivation of *cockney* has gravelled our philologists. Meric Casaubon is clear for *cisnoyans*—not a bad bit of pedantry ;—but we have little doubt it is a diminutive of *coke*, i. e. cook ; and from the same root probably are the French *coquin* and *coquette* : for the levities and vices of the townsfolk are all associated in the primitive rustic mind with the one overwhelming idea of devotion to delicate fare.

Dr. Richardson's earliest example is from Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale* :—

' And when this jape is told another day,
I shall be halden a daffe [fool] or a Cokenay.'

the manners, the gestures, and the articulation of the 'regulars,' who touch their hats to ladies, and turn in their toes and jerk out an elbow to their male friends. There was a smart paper in a recent number of that justly popular miscellany, the *New Sporting Magazine*, wherein this 'Sporting Tiger' is well portrayed:—

'The only possible mistake that may be made in judging of him by his skin may be in taking him for an opulent hookkeeper at a coach-office, or for an omnibus cad who has inherited largely. He usually wears a broadish-brimmed hat, furnished with a loop and string to secure it to his head in tempestuous weather, and a long-waisted dark coat, with a widish hem in lieu of a collar, and with astoundingly wide-apart hind buttons, very loose and ample in the skirts; his neck-cloth is generally white, and tied so as to display as much of his poll as possible; his waistcoat is easy, long, and groomish in cut, whilst his trousers are close-fitting, short, and secured under a thick, round-toed, well-cleaned boot, by a long narrow strap. His great coat, wrapper, coatoon, pea-jacket, or whatever he may please to call it, is indescribably bepatched, bestitched, and hepocketed—constructed on the plan best calculated to afford extraordinary facilities for getting at halfpence to pay turnpikes with rapidity, and for withstanding unusual inclemency of weather in an exposed situation. He saunters about with a sort of jaunty swagger, twitching his head on one side about thrice in a minute; he carries a slight switch in his hand, with which he deliberately rehearses, as he strolls along, the outline of a severe double-thonging with which he means to surprise his team—*when* he sets up one. What appears to interest him above all things in this sublunary scene are the family affairs of stage-coachmen, and the success or failure of the coaches committed to their charge. He would rather be accosted familiarly before witnesses by Brighton Bill than by the Duke of Wellington.'

Such figures as this used to be very familiar to all who saw the arrival or departure of 'The Age' or 'The Times;' but they are now rare. There survives, however, another and a still lower grade of London sporting-men—lower in rank—lower in everything—who tend materially to bring the fair fame of our citizens into disrepute. We allude to the steeple-chase and hurdle-race riders. We denounce the whole system. It is bad in every point of view—cruel, dangerous, and useless—cruel to horses, dangerous to riders, and useless in all its results—except, indeed, the frequent riddance it makes of fools. What can be more cruel than rewarding a noble animal who has carried his rider gallantly throughout the winter, when his legs want rest and refreshment, by a butchering race across country, without the wonted stimulus in the cry of hounds—and all for a few sovereigns sweepstake? What can be more dangerous than the pranks of a set of hot-headed youths, roused perhaps with the false courage of brandy, setting off to gallop straight across an artificially-fenced country, against captains who don their titles with their jackets, and retire after

after the race into the privacy of grooms or stable-men? If it is the speed of the horse that the owner wishes to ascertain, the smooth race-course is the place for that; and as to saying that hunters must be able 'to go the pace,' we answer, that hounds must go even faster than they do to require the pace that steeple-chases are ridden at. Every day sees the hunting countries becoming more enclosed; and it is supposing that the hedges are no impediment to the fox and hounds to say it is necessary to ride a horse 'full tilt,' and 'at score' while they are running. No doubt there are bursts, but there are few without some breathing time—and at any rate the excitement of the hounds lends an impetus to the horse, which the spur of the steeple-chaser can never supply.

An amusing book might be written on the 'genuine sportsmen' of this our great city; and we heartily wish Mr. Surtees of Hemsterly Hall, Northumberland, to whom we are indebted for the volumes named at the head of this paper, would undertake the job.

We believe the Epping Hunt was taken up after the downfall of the city pack by Tom Rounding and his brother Dick. Dick died in 1813, leaving Tom, who, though now, alas! dead too, will never die in the annals of the chase. He has been celebrated by Hood—but the greatest compliment perhaps that could be paid him was that the Epping Hunt died with him. Happy we are to think that with our editorial ubiquity we once joined the Epping Hunt. Though somewhat shorn of its glory—still Tom Rounding was there—the living likeness of George III.—the courteous host of the Horse and Groom at Woodford Wells;

'A snow-white head, a merry eye;

A cheek of jolly blush,

A claret tint laid on by Health,

With Master Reynard's brush!

We know not if Tom Rounding felt the contempt that most old fox-hunters do for stag-hunting—but certainly, the day we had the honour of attending, there was not much energy in the out-of-doors department. A stupid-looking hind, its head garnished with dingy ribbons, was uncartered before a dozen yelping unsizeable hounds, whom no exertions or persuasions of a blowsy whipper-in clad in green, with the peak of his cap turned behind to conduct the rain down his back, could induce to pack together; and after a circuitous struggle of a mile or so, hind, hounds, and horsemen found themselves at the back of the Horse and Groom—with the real business of the day yet to commence.

But Surrey was the great scene of action. Ten years ago, in that county, there were three packs of fox-hounds, one of stag-

hounds, and innumerable packs of harriers. When Mr. Jorrooka, whose exploits we are now approaching, wanted to astonish his friend the Yorkshireman with the brilliancy of Surrey doings, and mounted him for a day with 'them 'ounds,' they overtook near Croydon a gentleman reading a long list decorated with a stag-hunt at the top, choosing which pack he should go to, just as one reads the play-bills during a 'Temperance Corner' dinner, to see which theatre is best worth patronising.

We cannot allude to those days without giving a word to the late 'Parson Harvey of Pimlico,' as he was generally called. Many of our readers will remember a tall, eccentric, horse-breaker-looking individual, dressed in an old black coat, with drab breeches and gaiters, lounging up and down the Park on a thorough-bred and frequently hooded horse; that was the Rev. Mr. Harvey, an enthusiastic lover of the animal, and the owner of many valuable horses. He was an amiable, inoffensive man, and an oracle in horse-flesh, particularly where racing matters were concerned. His last appearance in public was on New-market Heath, whither he was drawn in a bed-carriage, his feeble head propped up with pillows, to see the produce of some favourite win his race. But let it not be supposed that Mr. Harvey had no regard for religious duties: far from it. Though without preferment, and long before the *Tracts* were heard of, he was a daily attendant at Church: morning-service at Westminster Abbey invariably included him among its congregation. His style of doing this, however, had something of peculiarity about it. Disdaining to walk, and being, moreover, an economist, he hit upon an expedient for providing shelter for his horse without the expense of a livery-stable. His long equestrian exercises wearing out much iron, he always rode that horse to the Abbey which most wanted shoeing, and so got standing room at a neighbouring smithy; but as a set of shoes a-day would more than supply his stand, the worthy parson had only one shoe put on at a time, so that each horse got four turns!

Mr. Daniel (in his 'Rural Sports'), relates a singular instance of London keenness and management, which may be placed in contrast with the extravagance of modern establishments:—

'Mr. Osbaldeston, clerk to an attorney, [a connexion, no doubt, of the modern "Ragpicker"] supported himself, with half-a-dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, upon sixty pounds *per annum*. This also was effected in London, without running in debt, and with always a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be observed that, after the expiration of office-hours, Mr. Osbaldeston acted as an accountant for the butchers in Cheapside-market, who paid him in *offal*. The choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which

which were kept in the *garret*. His horses were lodged in his *cellar*, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a cornchandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week in the season he hunted; and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers over whose ground he sported, he secured their good will and permission; and several gentlemen (struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known) winked at his going over their manors. Mr. Osbaldeston was the younger son of a gentleman of good family but small fortune in the north of England; and, having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound big with pup, and whose offspring from that time became a source of amusement to him.'

We have already alluded to one change that railroads have effected in the sporting department of London life; but that was a trifle. All England has been contracted, as it were, within the span of our metropolis. Sportsmen who rose by candlelight, and with difficulty accomplished a Croydon or Barnet meet by eleven, can now start, horse and all, by the early train, and take the cream of Leicestershire for their day! The Yorkshire bills resound to the guns that formerly alarmed only Hampstead and Highgate; and the lazy Lea is deserted for the rushing Tweed or sparkling Teviot. No wonder, therefore, that we should now find our old friend Mr. Jorrocks on a new and comparatively distant field of action.

Many hasty critics accused the author of 'Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities' (1838) of plagiarizing *Pickwick and Co.*, regardless of the preface, which stated that the chapters 'were reprinted from the New Sporting Magazine, wherein they had appeared between the years 1831 and 1834,' long before Mr. Dickens emerged into public notice. We will venture to say that the sire of Jorrocks would no more think of such a thing as filching another man's style than would the more prolific 'Boz.' How far the popularity of 'The Jaunts' may have induced certain publishers to wish for a Cockney sportsman of their own is another matter: but the dialect of Jorrocks was and is his own; and we must equally disclaim, on the part of our independent friend, as respects character, all clanship or sympathy with the soft Mr. Pickwick. Jorrocks is a sportsman to the backbone. Pickwick's real merits are many and great; but thorough ignorance of all appertaining to sporting was his prime qualification for the chairmanship of the club—a true cockney according to Skinner's definition, 'Vir urbanus, rerum rusticarum prorsus ignarus'; nor need Hickee's addition be omitted, 'Gular et ventri deditus.'

In these volumes the character of the sporting grocer is brought

out in still more perfect developement than in the production of 1838; but they embrace a view of the history of Handley Cross, both as a watering-place and a rival to Melton Mowbray, previous to his advent in the locality of his new adventures. We are willing to quote freely from this preliminary part, as many of our readers may know and care little about hunts, but few or none of them can have avoided some acquaintance with spas; and we wish to show them that our author, though a crack sportsman, is quite awake upon a variety of subjects besides. For example, we believe the following account of the medical worthies who first made the Handley waters famous will be allowed to equal in accuracy and far surpass in spirit any parallel record that could be cited from the pages of Dr. Granville:—

‘One Roger Swizzle, a roistering, red-faced, roundabout apothecary, who had somewhat impaired his constitution by his jolly performances while walking the hospitals in London, had settled at Appledove, a small market-town in the vale, where he enjoyed a considerable want of practice in common with two or three other fortunate brethren. Hearing of a mineral spring at Handley Cross, which, according to usual country tradition, was capable of “curing everything,” he tried it on himself, and either the water or the exercise in walking to and fro had a very beneficial effect on his digestive powers. He analysed its contents, and, finding the ingredients he expected, he set himself to work to turn it to his own advantage. Having secured a lease of the spring, he took the late Stephen Dumpling’s house on the green, where, at one or other of its four front windows, a numerous tribe of little Swizzles might be seen flattening their noses against the panes. Roger possessed every requisite for a great experimental practitioner—assurance, a wife and large family, and scarcely anything to keep them on.

‘Being a shrewd sort of fellow, he knew there was nothing like striking out a new light for attracting notice, and the more that light was in accordance with the wishes of the world, the more likely was it to turn to his own advantage. Half the complaints of the upper classes he knew arose from over-eating and indolence, so he thought, if he could originate a doctrine that with the use of Handley Cross waters people might eat and drink what they pleased, his fortune would be as good as made. Aided by the local press, he succeeded in drawing a certain attention to the water, the benefit of which soon began to be felt by the villagers of the place; and the landlord of the Fox and Grapes had his stable constantly filled with gigs and horses of the visitors. Presently lodgings were sought after, and carpeting began to cover the before sanded stair-cases of the cottages. These were soon found insufficient; and an enterprising builder got up a building society for the erection of a row of four-roomed cottages, called the Grand Esplanade. Others quickly followed, the last undertaking always eclipsing its predecessor.

“Ah, I see how it is,” he would say, as a gouty olderman slowly disclosed the symptoms. “Soon set *you* on your legs again. Was far worse myself. All stomach sir—all stomach—three-fourths of our complaints

complaints arise from stomach ;" stroking his corpulent protuberancy with one hand, and twisting his patient's button with the other. "Clean you well out, and then strengthen the system. Dine with me at five, and we will talk it all over."

'To the great and dignified he was more ceremonious. "You see, Sir Harry," he would say, "*it's all done by eating!* More people dig their graves with their teeth than we imagine. Not that I would deny you the good things of this world, but I would recommend a few at a time, and *no mixing*. No side dishes. No liqueurs—only two or three wines. Whatever your stomach fancies, *give it!* Begin now, to-morrow, with the waters. A pint before breakfast—half an hour after, tea, fried ham and eggs, *brown* bread, and a walk. Luncheon—another pint—a roast pigeon and *fried* potatoes, then a ride. Dinner at six, *not later, mind* ; gravy soup, glass of sherry, nice fresh turbot and lobster-sauce—wouldn't recommend salmon—another glass of sherry—then a good cut out of the *middle* of a well-browned saddle of mutton—wash it over with a few glasses of iced champagne—and if you like a little light pastry to wind up with, well and good. A pint of old port and a deviled biscuit can hurt no man. *Mind*, no salads, or cucumbers, or celery, at dinner, or fruit after. Turtle-soup is *very* wholesome, so is venison. Don't let the punch be too acid though. Drink the waters, live on a *regimen*, and you'll be well in no time."

'We beg pardon for not having drawn a more elaborate sketch of Mr. Swizzle, before. In height he was exactly five feet eight, and forty years of age. He had a long, fat, red face, with little twinkling black eyes, set high in his forehead, surmounted by fullish eyebrows and short bristly iron-grey hair, brushed up like a hedgehog's back. His nose was snub, and he rejoiced in an ample double chin, rendered more conspicuous by the tightness of an ill-tied white neckcloth, and the absence of all whisker or hair from his face. A country-made snuff-coloured coat, black waistcoat, and short greenish-drab trousers, with high-lows, were the adjuncts of his short ungainly figure. A peculiarly good-natured smile hovered round the dimples of his fat cheeks, which set a patient at ease on the instant. This, with his unaffected, cheery, free and easy manner, and the comfortable nature of his prescriptions, gained him innumerable patients. That to some he did good there is no doubt. The mere early rising and exercise he insisted upon would renovate a constitution impaired by too close application to business and bad air ; while the gourmands, among whom his principal practice lay, would be benefited by abstinence and regular hours. The water, no doubt, had its merits, but, as usual, was greatly aided by early rising, pure air, the absence of cares, regular habits, and the other advantages which mineral waters invariably claim as their own. One thing the Doctor never wanted—a reason why it did not cure. If a patient went back on his hands, he soon hit off an excuse—"You surely didn't dine off goose on Michaelmas-day?" or "Hadn't you some filberts for dessert?" &c.—all which information he got from the servants or shopkeepers of the place. When a patient died on his hands, he would say, "He was as good as dead when he came."—vol. i. p. 23.

It is an old adage, that wherever there is room for one great doctor there must be an opening for a second. Accordingly, the hearty John Bull of the faculty is soon elbowed by an interesting foreigner :—

‘Determined to be Swizzle’s opposite in every particular, he was studiously attentive to his dress. Not that he indulged in gay colours, but his black suit fitted without a wrinkle, and his thin dress boots shone with patent polish; turned-back cambric wristbands displayed the snowy whiteness of his hand, and set off a massive antique ring or two. He had four small frills to his shirt, and an auburn-hair chain crossed his broad roll-collared waistcoat, and passed a most diminutive Geneva watch into his pocket. He was a widower. Mystery being his object, he avoided the public gaze. Unlike Roger Swizzle, who either trudged from patient to patient, or whisked about in a gig, Dr. Sebastian Mello drove to and fro in a claret-coloured fly, drawn by dun ponies. Through the plate-glass windows a glimpse of his reclining figure might be caught, lolling luxuriously in the depths of its swelling cushions, or musing complacently with his chin on a massive gold-headed cane. With the men he was shy and mysterious; but he could talk and flatter the women into a belief that they were almost as clever as himself.

‘Portraits appeared at the windows, bespeaking the characters of each—Swizzle sat with a patient at a round table, indulging in a bee-winged bottle of port, while Mello reclined in a curiously carved chair, one be-ringed hand supporting his flowing-locked head, and the other holding a book. Swizzle’s was painted by the artist who did the attractive window-blind at the late cigar-shop in the Piccadilly Circus, while Sebastian was indebted to Grant for the gentlemanly ease that artist invariably infuses into his admirable portraits.’—vol. i. p. 31.

Of course, as soon as the visitors began to muster strong at the new spa, a Master of the Ceremonies must be elected: but we regret that we cannot class the lucky candidate for this high office, Captain Merrimus Doleful, with either the rough and jolly Amphipolus of Handley Cross, or his abstemious and dandified rival. The M. C. is a mere caricature; and we resent especially the extravagant blunder the author has made in representing him as the chosen pet of Mrs. Barnington—a splendid Leeds lady, no longer in her first bloom indeed, but in the full magnificence of her matronly development. The husband of this Queen of Handley, a rich Cheshire squire, is as sick of his wife as she is of him—but though, under such circumstances, some extraneous flirtation might have seemed within the limits of the probable, that such a lady should have chosen to console herself with a poor, battered, ghastly Militia Captain is a monstrous incredibility. At the same time, if we can overlook this glaring blunder, the scenes between the wife, the husband, and the swain are very cleverly sustained—so much so, that we fully expect to see them pillaged

pillaged by the theatres. Some other characters of less importance, but all very nicely sketched, need not detain us.

At the period after the waters first began to be frequented, there was on the spot a primitive farmer's pack of hounds—trencher-fed, as they are called—that is to say, where every man kept one. As the place proceeds to expand, a little more ambition is apparent in the hunting department. Michael Hardy, a knowing, comfortable yeoman, takes the lead, and under his auspices the pack acquires some provincial distinction. That eminent character, however, is after one glorious day's sport run to ground—gathered to his fathers; and very serious difficulty occurs as to the discovery of a fit successor—that is to say, a *master* who should be qualified to give the concern a still more effectual lift in the eyes of the world.

Fortunately several influential members had perused the 'Jaunts and Jollities,' and after a lengthened negotiation the celebrated Mr. Jorrocks was prevailed upon to accept the vacant post. We must allow his biographer to introduce the prince of grocers :—

'At the time of which we speak Mr. Jorrocks had passed the grand climacteric, and, balancing his age with less accuracy than he balanced his books, called himself between fifty and sixty. He was a stiff, square-built, middle-sized man, with a thick neck and a large round head. A woolly, broad-brimmed, lowish-crowned hat sat with a jaunty sidelong sort of air upon a bushy nut-brown wig, worn for comfort and not deception. Indeed his grey whiskers would have acted as a contradiction if he had, but deception formed no part of Mr. Jorrocks's character. He had a fine open countenance, and though his turn-up nose, little grey eyes, and rather twisted mouth, were not handsome, still there was a combination of fun and goodhumour in his looks that pleased at first sight, and made one forget all the rest. His dress was generally the same—a pudding white neckcloth tied in a knot, capacious shirt-tail (shirt made without collars), a single-breasted, high-collared buff waistcoat with covered buttons, a blue coat with metal ones—dark-blue stockings, not pantaloons, and Hessian boots with large tassels, displaying the liberal dimensions of his well-turned limbs. The coat-pockets were outside, and the back buttons far apart.

'His business-place was in St. Botolph's Lane, in the city, but his residence was in Great Coram Street. This is rather a curious locality, city people considering it west, while those in the west consider it east. The fact is that Great Coram Street is somewhere about the centre of London, near the London University, and not a great way from the Euston station of the Birmingham railway. Neat, unassuming houses form the sides, and the west end is graced with a building that acts the double part of a reading-room and swimming-bath—"literature and lavement" is over the door.

'In this region the dazzling glare of civic pomp and courtly state are equally

equally unknown. Fifteen-year-old footboys, in cotton velveteens and variously fitting coats, being the objects of ambition, while the setting of pewter pots about four o'clock denotes the usual dinner-hour.—It is a nice quiet street, highly popular with Punch and other public characters.'—vol. i. pp. 120-122.

The readers of the 'Jaunts' will perceive that the hero of Great Coram Street has advanced considerably in years since the date of his Surrey feats and the trip to Paris with *Countess Benzolio*; but his taste and manners preserve very much the old stamp. Mrs. Jorrocks is still as fat and nearly as comely as she used to be—as proud and perhaps as jealous of the great man: the niece Belinda has from a pale little threadpaper girl become a plump, rosy charmer, slightly given to coquetry—but at heart good, and really very pretty. Betsy, the maid, is still what we remember—handsome, active, clever, managing—a principal personage in the establishment, and possessing special influence over her master. Benjamin, the boy, is as short as when Jorrocks picked him out of the Pentonville Poorhouse—but his wits have been considerably sharpened from living several years under the roof, and occasionally partaking in the sporting excursions, of so eminent a connoisseur.

Mr. J. and family tear themselves from Great Coram Street, and proceed to the *Terminus* in the same elegant vehicle which we had admired of old on the cover-side near Croydon—a roomy, double-bodied phaeton, sky-blue body, red wheels picked out with black—Jorrocks and Belinda in front, Mrs. J. and Betsy behind—the two celebrated steeds of all-work, Xerxes, and *Arter-Xerxes*, tandemwise—Benjamin riding postilion on the leader. In two or three short hours they are carried over what used to be a long day's journey, and arrive at the Handley Cross Station of the Lilywhite-sand Railway, recently opened for the purpose of supplying the metropolis with that useful article. The principal members of the hunting club are in waiting, with the charity boys and girls in their Sunday clothes, the Spa band, and in fact the *élite* of the now fashionable place. Mr. Jorrocks is received amidst tumultuous demonstrations of curiosity and respect. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Barnington, nor any of the exclusives, have been let in to the grocer's shop—Mr. J. has been to them only 'a wealthy gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits'—and if the appearance of himself and his party be somewhat less imposing than had been anticipated, much toleration is extended to the caprices of a sporting *millionnaire*. No doubt the regular equipages are to come down by the slower train in the afternoon.

Mr. Jorrocks, pulling short up, stood erect in the vehicle, and taking

ing off his low-crowned hat bowed and waved it repeatedly to the company, while Mrs. Jorrocks acknowledged the compliment by frequent kisses of her hand, and Belinda's face became suffused with blushes at the publicity and novelty of her situation.—Having sufficiently exercised their lungs, hats began to rest upon their owners' heads, handkerchiefs were returned to their reticules, and amid a general buzz and exclamation of applause a rush was made at the carriage to get a closer view of Belinda. "By Jove, what a beautiful girl!" exclaimed Captain Percival, eyeing Belinda through his glass. "Did you ever see such eyes?" asked a second. "Handsomest creature I ever beheld! What a quiz the old girl is!" "Is she her daughter?" inquired a third of Captain Doleful, who was busy marshalling the procession. "Lots of money I suppose?" "He looks like a rich fellow, with that great sack of a M'Intosh. The servant girl's not bad-looking." "Miss for my money, I'm in love with her already. I wish she'd stand up and let's see her size" "I lay a guinea she's a clipper. There's a hand! I'll be bound for it she has a good foot and ankle. None of your hairy-heel'd ones" "He looks like a jolly old dog. We shall have lots of dinners, I dare say." Doleful's face wrinkled into half its usual size with delight, for he plainly saw he had made a hit; and most fortunate were those who had cultivated his friendship through the medium of the subscription-books at the libraries, for the two-guinea subscribers were immediately presented to the trio, while the guinea men were let in at intervals as the procession moved along.—vol. i. pp. 170, 171.

From the balcony of the Dragon the M.C. addresses the assembled beauty, fashion, Turf, Road, and Chase of Handley Cross, in an oration, which Mrs. Jorrocks and Belinda hear from the front drawing-room with tremours of agitated delight. Doleful closes, and the great Jorrocks, having cast aside his dingy white M'Intosh, and set wig and whiskers straight, steps forth:—

"'Ow are ye all?" said Mr. Jorrocks with the greatest familiarity, nodding round to the meeting, and kissing his hand. "'Open you are well. You see I've come down to be master of your 'ounds, and first of all I'll explain to you what I means by the word master. Some people call a man a master of 'ounds wot sticks an 'orn in his saddle, and blows when he likes, but leaves everything else to the 'unter. That's not the sort of master of 'ounds I mean to be. Others call a man a master of 'ounds wot puts in the paper Mr. So-and-so's 'ounds meet on Monday, at the Loin o' Lamb; on Wednesday, at the Briket o' Wain; and on Saturday, at the Frying-pan; and after that, just goes out or not, as suits his convenience—but *that's* not the sort of master of 'ounds I means to be. Again, some call themselves masters of 'ounds, when they pay the difference atwixt the subscription and the cost, leaving the management of matters, the receipt of money, payment of damage, and all them sort of partiklars, to the secretary—but *that's* not the sort of master of 'ounds I means to be. Still, I means to ride with an 'orn in my saddle. Yonder it is, see," said he, pointing to the package

package behind the carriage, "a reg'lar Percival, silver mouth-piece, deep cupp'd—and I means to advertise the 'ounds in the paper, and not go sneakin' about like some of them beggarly Cockney 'unts, that look more as if they were goin' to rob a hen-roost than 'unt a fox, but, havin' fixed the meets, I shall attend them most punctual and reglar, and take off my 'at to all payin' subscribers as they come up (cheers)."

How very good is Jorrocks's thus early joining in the cry against Cockneys! He proceeds:—

"Of all situations under the sun, none is more enviable or more 'onorable than that of a master of fox-'ounds! Talk of a M.P.! vot's an M.P. compared to an M.F.H.? Your M.P. lives in a tainted atmosphere among other M.P.s, and loses his consequence by the commonness of the office, and the scoldings he gets from his constituents; but an M.F.H. holds his levee in the stable, his levee in the kennel, and his levee in the 'unting-field—is great and important everywhere—has no one to compete with him, no one to find fault, but all join in doing honour to him to whom honour is so greatly due (cheers). And oh, John Jorrocks! my good frind," continued the worthy grocer, fumbling the silver in his small clothes with upturned eyes, "to think that you, after all the ups and downs of life—the crossins and jostlins of merchandise and ungovernable trade—the sortin of sugars—the mexing of teas—the postins of ledgers, and handlin of inwoices, should have arrived at this distinguished post, is most miraculously wonderful, most singularly queer. Gentlemen, *this* is the proudest moment of my life! (cheers.) I've now reached the top-rail in the ladder of my ambition! (renewed cheers). 'Binjimin!' he hallooed out to the boy below; 'Binjimin! I say, give an eye to them 'ere harticles behind the chay—the children are all among the Copenhagen brandy and marmeylad! Vy don't you vollop 'em? Verry the use of furnishing you with a vip, I vonder?"

"To resume," said he, after he had seen the back of the carriage cleared of the children, and the marmalade and things put straight. "'Unting, as I have often said, is the sport of kings—the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger. I doesn't know what the crazyologists may say, but I believes my head 's within' but one great bump of 'unting' (cheers). 'Unting fills my thoughts by day, and many a good run I have in my sleep. I'm none of your fine, dandified, Rotten-row swells, that only ride out to ride 'ome again, but I loves the smell of the mornin' hair, and the werry mud on my toes when I comes home of an evenin' is dear to my 'cart (cheers). Oh, my frinds! if I could but go to the kennel now, get out the 'ounds, find my fox, have a good chivey, and *kill* him—for no day is good to me without blood—I'd—I'd—I'd—drink three pints of port after dinner instead of two! (loud cheers.) . . . We'll soon get acquainted, and then you'll say that John Jorrocks is the man for your money. At present I've done 'shoping werry soon to meet you all in the field—for the present I says adieu."

Hereupon Mr. Jorrocks bowed, and, kissing his hand, backed out of the

the balcony, leaving his auditory to talk him over at their leisure.—vol. i. pp. 182-186.

The *dramatis personæ* are now mustered, and the play begins: but we have no desire to anticipate the satisfaction with which it is sure to be studied as a whole. It will be guessed that the plot embraces a keen rivalry between Mrs. Barrington and Mrs. Jorrocks in the salon—while the new M.F.H. gives his morning to the kennel, his day to the field, his evenings ‘to the mahogany’—that public balls and fancy balls occur at proper intervals—and that the interest of the new dynasty is much promoted by the charms of Belinda. Benjamin undertakes the office of whipper-in under the tea-merchant—but Jorrocks by and by establishes, even to his own satisfaction, his incompetency to hunt the pack himself—and here-upon much trouble and alarm ensue. The grocer’s blood is up—in for a penny in for a pound: albeit the subscriptions come in poorly, a real *hunter* must be hired—otherwise the honour and glory of Great Coram Street are gone. Mr. Jorrocks advertises in ‘Bell’s Life,’ and the letters that pour in are far too good not to be exemplified:—

‘Warminster.

‘Sir,—On hearing you want a huntsman, I take the liberty of writing to enquire after the place I thoroly understand my business either as groom or coachman and have been accustomed with hounds I live at present with John Jones Esq at Warminster as groom and gardner where I leave on Thursday first if you want a servant I shall be glad to serve you as I am a married man

Your obedtent servant

JOHN CRACKTHORPE.’

‘To Mr. Jorrocks, Esq.,
Handley Cross.’

‘Dear Sir,—I take Liberty of writing those Few Lines to you Hereing that you are In Want of A Servant And I Am in Want of A Situation If you Have No Objections And I have Been in the Racing Stables Seven Years And My Age is 23 And Stands About 65 foot 6½ And My Wages Will Be 30£ A Year And If you thought I Should Suit You Direct to Mark Spraggon, Northfleet And for My Caracter Inquire of Major Barns of Horton Hall Near York And My Weight is A bout 9 stone. I am disengaged in the woman way

‘Your humble Servant
MARK SPRAGGON.’

‘To Mr. Jorrocks, Esq.
Fox hunter
Handley Cross.’

James Pigg—a Newcastle-man—or Scotchman, as Mr. Jorrocks calls him—at length obtains the desired situation, and James’s rough honesty, keenness, and local songs (or national melodies as his master phrases it) do credit to the North, whatever his drinking and swearing may do. Pigg is quite a character, and an admirable

admirable foil to the tricking, lazy rascality of the Cockney boy Benjamin.

But Benjamin has other foils. We beg to give a scene in the harness-room at the Dragon—just before the Newcastle-man arrives. Here we have Benjamin in the full double importance of the whipper-in to a gentleman huntsman, and the London *yamin* among snobs. The party is a most interesting one: first and foremost, seated on an inverted horsepail, immediately before the fire, appears Mr. Samuel Strong:—

‘In stature he was of the middle height, square-built, and terribly clumsy. None were the defects of nature at all counteracted by the advantages of dress, for Strong was clad in a rural suit of livery, consisting of a footman’s morning jacket, with a standing-up collar made of dark-grey cloth, plentifully besprinkled with large brass buttons, with a raised edge, as though his master were expecting his crest from the *Heralds’ College*. Moreover, the jacket, either from an original defect in its construction, or from that propensity to shrink which inferior cloths unfortunately have, had so contracted its dimensions that the waist-buttons were half-way up Samuel’s back, and the lower ones were just where the top ones ought to be. The shrinking of the sleeves placed a pair of large serviceable-looking hands in nervously striking relief. The waistcoat, broad blue and white stripe, made up lengthwise, was new, and probably the tailor, bemoaning the scanty appearance of Sam’s nether man, had determined to make some atonement to his front, for the waistcoat extended full four inches below his coat, and concealed the upper part of a very baggy pair of blue plush shorts, that were met again by very tight drab gaiters, that evidently required no little ingenuity to coax together to button. A six-shilling hat, with a narrow silver band, and binding of the same metal, and a pair of darned white Berlin gloves, completed the costume of this figure servant.

“Benjamin” was the very converse of Samuel—a little puny, pale-faced, gin-drinking-looking Cockney, with a pair of roving pig eyes, peering from below his lank white hair, cut evenly round his head, as though it had been done by the edges of a barber’s basin.

On the boiler-side of the fire, away from the door—for no one has a warmer regard for No. 1 than himself—sat the renowned Benjamin Brady, in a groom’s drab frock-coat reaching down to his heels, a sky-blue waistcoat, patent cord breeches, with grey worsted stockings, and slippers, airing a pair of very small mud-stained top-boots before the fire, occasionally feeling the scratches on his face, and the bites the fox inflicted on his nose the previous day. Next him sat the “first pair boy out,” a grey-headed old man of sixty, whose jacket, breeches, boots, entire person, in fact, were concealed by a long brown-holland thing, that gave him the appearance of sitting booted and spurred in his night-shirt. Then came the ostler’s lad, a boy of some eight or nine years old, rolling about on the flags, playing with the saddle-room cat; and the circle was made out by Bill Brown (Dick the ostler’s one-eyed helper), “Tam,” a return postboy, and a lad who assisted Bill Brown, the one-eyed

eyed helper of Dick the ostler, when Dick himself was acting the part of assistant-waiter in the Dragon, as was the case on this occasion.

"When will your hounds be going out again, think ye, Mr. Benjamin?" was the question put by Samuel Strong to our sporting Leviathan.

"Ang me if I knows," replied the boy, with the utmost importance, turning his top-boots before the fire. "It's precious little consequence, I thinks, ven we goes out again, if that gallows old governor of ours pereists in 'unting the 'ounds himself. I've *all* the work to do! Bless ye, we should have lost 'ounds, fox, and all, yesterday, if I hadn't rid like the werry wengeance. See 'ow I've scratched my nose," added he, turning up a very pasty countenance. "If I'm to 'unt the 'ounds, and risk my neck at every stride, I must have the wages of a 'untsman, or blow me tight the old 'un may suit himself."

"What'n a chap is your old gen'leman?" inquired the "first pair boy out."

"Oh, hang if I knows," replied Benjamin; "precious rum 'un, I assure you. Whiles, he's werry well—then it's Bin this, and Bin that, and you'll be a werry great man, Bin, and such like gammon; and then the next minute, perhaps, he's in a regular sky-blue, swearing he'll cut my liver and lights out, or bind me apprentice to a fiddler—but then I knows the old fool, and he knows he can't do without me, so we just battle and jog on the best way we can together."

"You'll have good wage, I 'spose?" rejoined Samuel with a sigh, for his "governor" only gave him ten pounds a year, and no perquisites, or "stealings," as the Americans honestly call them.

"Precious little of that, I assure you," replied Benjamin—"at least the old warment never pays me. He swears he pays it to our old 'oman; but I believe he pockets it himself, an old ram; but I'll have a reckon-ing with him some of these odd days. What'n a blackguard's your master?"

"*Hush!*" replied Samuel, astonished at Ben's freedom of speech, a thing not altogether understood in the country. "A bad 'un, I'll be bound," continued the little rascal, "or he wouldn't see you mooning about in such a rumbustical apology for a coat, with laps that scarce cover you decently;" reaching behind the aged postboy, and taking up Mr. Samuel's fan-tail as he spoke. "I never sees a servant in a cutty coat without swearing his master's a screw. Now these droll things, such as you have on, are just vot the great folks in London give their flunkies to carry coals and make up fires in, but never to go staring from home with. Then your country folks get hold of them, and think, by clapping such clowns as you in them, to make people believe that they have other coats at home. Tell the truth now, old baggy-breeches, have you another coat of any sort?"

"Yee'as," replied Samuel Strong, "I've a fustian one."

"Vot, you a fustian coat!" repeated Benjamin in astonishment; "vy, I thought you were a flunky!"

"So I am," replied Samuel, "but I looks arter a hus and shay as well."

"Crikey!"

"Crikey!" cried Benjamin; "here's a figure futman wot looks arter an 'oss and chay! Vy, you'll be vot they call a man of 'all vork,' a vite nigger in fact! Dear me!" added he, eyeing him in a way that drew a peal of laughter from the party; "vot a curious beast you must be! I shouldn't wonder now if you could mow?"

"With any man," replied Samuel, thinking to astonish Benjamin with his talent.

"And sow?"

"Yee'as, and sow."

"And ploo?"

"Never tried to dare say I could though."

"And do ye feed the pigs?" inquired Benjamin.

"Yee'as, when Martha's away."

"And who's Martha?"

"Whoy, she's a widdler woman, that lives a' back o' the church.—She's a son aboard a steamer, and she goes to see him whiles."

"Your governor's an apothecary, I suppose, by that queer button," observed Benjamin, eyeing Sam's coat—"wot we call a chemist and druggist in London. Do you look arter the red and green winder-bottles now? Crikey! he don't look as though he lived on physic altogether, does he?" added Benjamin, turning to Bill Brown, the helper, amid the general laughter of the company.

"My master's a better man than ever you'll be, you little ugly sinner," replied Samuel Strong, breaking into a glow, and doubling a most serviceable-looking fist on his knee.

"We've only your word for that," replied Benjamin; "he don't look like a werry good 'un by the way he rigs you out. 'Ow many slaveys does he keep?"

"Slaveys?" repeated Samuel; "slaveys? what be they?"

"Vy, cookmaids and such-like h'animals—women in general."

"Ow, two—one to clean the house and dress the dinner, t'other to milk the cows and dress the childer."

"Oh, you 'ave childer, 'ave you, in your 'ouse?" exclaimed Benjamin in disgust. "Well, come, ours is bad, but we've nothing to ekle that. I wouldn't live where there are brats for no manner of consideration."

"You've a young missis, though, havn't you?" inquired the aged postboy: "there was a young lady came down in the chay along with the old folk."

"That's the niece," replied Benjamin—"a jolly nice gal she is too—her home's in Vitchapel—often get a tisey out of her—that's to say, the young men—as follows her, so it comes to the same thing. Grubb—that's him of Tooley Street—gives shillings because he has plenty; then Stubbs, wot lives near Boroughbridge—the place the rabbits come from—gives half-crowns, because he haan't much. Then Stubbs is such a feller for kissing of the gals.—Be 'ave yourself, or I'll scream. I heard our young lady say, as she was listening at the door. 'Daddy says he, kissing of her again, 'you'll break your throat,—let me do it for you.' Then to hear our old souse and he talk about 'unting of

an evening over their drink, you'd swear they were as mad as hatters.⁴ They jump, and shout, and sing, and talliho ! till they bring the street-keeper to make them quiet."

"You had a fine run t'other day, I hear," observed Joe, the deputy-helper, in a deferential tone to Mr. Brady.—"Uncommon!" replied Benjamin, shrugging up his shoulders at the recollection of it, and clearing the low bars of the grate out with his toe.—"They tell me your old governor tumbled off," continued Joe, "and lost his hoss."—"Werry like," replied Benjamin with a grin. "A great fat beast! he's only fit for vater carriage!"—vol. i. pp. 224—232.

After the Newcastle-man's installation the affairs of the Hunt assume a much more agreeable appearance—and we are entertained with a variety of field-scenes, exhibiting the noblest of our sports in a style of description not inferior, we think, even to Mr. Apperley's. But, spirited as these are, and highly as they are set off by the picturesque peculiarities of the illustrious grocer, we must not be tempted to quote them. We are, in fact, still more pleased with the hero in his evening uniform—'a sky-blue coat lined with pink silk, canary waistcoat and shorts, pink gauze-silk stockings, and French-polished pumps,'—than when arrayed in the scarlet of the morning. His jolly countenance, free and easy manners, unconquerable good humour, and delightfully open vanity, cannot but recommend him to the hospitable attentions of the neighbouring gentry whose covers are included in 'Mr. Jorrocks's country.' We have him dining with the young Earl of Ongar amidst a most distinguished company, where he gets 'werry drunk'—is soured into a cold bath at night, and finds his face painted like a zebra in the morning—all without the least disturbance of his equanimity; for 'sport is sport'—'pleasure as we like it'—are of old the maxims of 'Coram Street. Indeed, we might go over a dozen different dinners, from the lordly castle to the honest farmer's homestead, without finding him once put out. Jorrocks is, in fact, bore-proof. Scarcely a symptom of flinching even when he is planted right opposite to a celebrated ex-president of the Geological Society, who (unlike the learned and gallant President) has never had any familiarity with the chances of the field. This philosopher was spunging on some great Duke or Marquess not far off: but Jorrocks and he are accidentally thrown together at the festive board of a certain ultra-liberal squire, who, after a fashion, patronises both the whip and the hammer, but whose chief glory is having been put on the commission under the late, and we trust last, administration of the Whigs:—

"Been in this part of the country before, sir?" inquired Professor Gobelow, cornering his chair towards Mr. Jorrocks.

⁴ We fancy this proverbial similitude has no reference to the makers of hats; but originated during the early phrenany of the Quakers.

"In

"In course," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "I 'unts the country, and am in all parts of it at times—ven I goes out of a mornin' I doesn't know where I may be afore night."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the professor. "Delightful occupation!" continued he: "what opportunities you have of surveying Nature in all her moods, and admiring her hidden charms! Did you ever observe the extraordinary formation of the hanging rocks about a mile and a half to the east of this? The——"

"I run a fox into them werry rocks, I do believe," interrupted Mr. Jorrocks, brightening up. "We found at Haddington Steep, and ran through Nosterley Firs, Crampton Haws, and Fitchin Park, where we had a short check, owin' to the stain o' deer, but I hit off the scent outside, and we ran straight down to them rocks, when all of a sudden th' 'ounds threw up, and I was certain he had got amoug 'em. Vell, I got a spade and a tanner, and I digs, and digs, and works on, till, near night, th' 'ounds got staved, th' osses got cold, and I got the rheumatic, but, howsomever, we could make nothin' of him; but I——"

"Then you would see the formation of the whole thing," interposed the professor. "The carboniferous series is extraordinarily developed. Indeed, I know of nothing to compare with it, except the Bristol coal-field, on the banks of the Avon. There the dolomitic conglomerate, a rock of an age intermediate between the carboniferous series and the lias, rests on the truncated edges of the coal and mountain limestone, and contains rolled and angular fragments of the latter, in which are seen the characteristic mountain limestone fossils. The geological formation——"

Here the Professor is unfortunately interrupted:—

"Letter from the Secretary of State for the Home Department," exclaimed the stuff-necked boy, re-entering and presenting Mr. Muleygrubs with a long official letter on a large silver tray.

"Confound the Secretary of State for the Home Department!" muttered Mr. Muleygrubs, pretending to break a seal as he hurried out of the room.

"That's a rouse!" (*ruse*,) exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, putting his forefinger to his nose, and winking at Mr. De Green—"gone to the cellar"

"Queer fellow, Muleygrubs," observed Mr. De Green. "What a dinner it was!" exclaimed Mr. Slowman. "Ungrateful as when I sat down," remarked Mr. Jorrocks. "All flash!" rejoined Professor Gelsow.

The footboy now appeared, bringing the replenished decanter.

Jorrocks of course proposes the squire's health, with three times three, and one cheer more. He returns—a speech again—more cheer.

"And now's the Secretary o' State for the 'Ome Department?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, with a malicious grin, after Mr. Muleygrubs had hurried into his room.

"Oh, I will shortly receive a business letter—official!" S. M. Phillipps, in his capacity of Secretary of the Home Office, as they used when Russell

was there—wrote himself—Dear Muleygrubs—Dear Russell—good man of business, Lord John ”

“ Ah,” said Mr. Jorrocks, “ Lords are all werry well to talk about; but they don’t do to live with. Apt to make a convenience of one—first a towel, then a dishclout.”

“ I don’t know *that*,” observed Professor Gobelow: “ there’s my friend Northington, for instance. Who can be more affable ? ”

“ He’ll make a clout on you some day,” rejoined Mr. Jorrocks.

“ Tea and coffee in the drawing-room,” observed the stiff-necked footman, opening the door and entering the apartment in great state. “ Cuss your tea and coffee ! ” muttered Mr. Jorrocks, *buzzing* the bottle. “ Haven’t had half a drink ” —vol. ii. p. 256.

We hope we have now done enough to bring Jorrocks fairly before the non-sporting part of the public—the others will not need our recommendation. His historian, it must be obvious, is a writer of no common promise. On this occasion Mr. Surtees has not thought proper to trouble himself with much complication of plot; but the easy style in which he arranges and draws out his characters satisfies us that he might, if he pleased, take a high place among our modern novelists. He has a world of knowledge of life and manners beyond what most of those now in vogue can pretend to; and a gentleman-like tone and spirit, perhaps even rarer among them. We advise him to try his hand—and that before he loses the high spirits of youth,—but he must, in so doing, by all means curb his propensity to caricature.

ARI VI.—*Memours of the Queens of France; with Notices of the Royal Favourite.* By Mrs. Forbes Bush. 2 vols; 8vo. 1843.

FAR be it from us to reveal the secrets of our craft; yet, in a mere political-economy point of view, it is curious to consider the vast improvement in the noble art of book-making, which has resulted from the opening of the British Museum upon its present magnificent scale. We quite recollect the time, when the one snug little reading-room on the right-hand side as you went in contained of students just as many as could put their feet upon the long brass fender: about as many *individuals* as there are now swarms of *hundreds* in the course of the day. The Museum now possesses a double character: it is not only the great store-house of raw material, but also the factory by which the literary cravings of the insatiate reading public are supplied; the reservoir whence the stream of wisdom (as portrayed in the handsome cut in the front of Mr. Bohn’s catalogue) issues, dashed

flows, spits, spirts, spouts, spatters, slops, and dribbles through the whole empire of the English tongue. If the Museum library were shut for a month, the whole of the book-making process would stop; and, possibly, not less than a thousand of those who depend upon their pen for their daily bread would be reduced to a state of entire destitution. During the late most laborious removals, the entire consciousness that such a calamity would ensue induced the officers of the House (whose constant toils are imperfectly appreciated by the public) to make those great and praiseworthy exertions which have enabled them to keep the establishment open, and the whole factory going, without stopping a single authorial mule or spinning-jenny.

Like so many other phases in our chequered existence, this state of our popular literature is on one side very sad, and on the other very ludicrous: sad, from the contemplation of the many, born for better things, whom our present state of society has forced into a slavery as ruinous to the body as to the mind; ludicrous, from observing the manner in which the exertion of some of the highest talents given to mankind is practically treated like the lowest and most mechanical drudgery. On speaking some little time ago to one of the principal 'getters-up' in the biblio-facturing line, about the necessity of providing books for an educational work which he contemplated—his answer was given as nearly as possible in these words:—'Books, books, Sir! they a'n't wanted at all. That is not the way in which those things are done. All those kind of things, Sir, are done at the British Museum. I have a capital fellow, Sir, for that kind of thing.—young—full of the fire of genius—capital short-hand writer Sir, he'll gut you a whole row of quartos in a week, and get all the stuff out of them as clean as a penny!'—And it is by this compendious process of 'gutting', and 'getting the stuff out of them' that nine-tenths of the *stuff* appearing in the shape of works of reference, education, and general information and literature, with which we are deluged, are supplied.

Another large class who work at the Museum are 'translators.' It is hardly necessary to observe to our readers that the most common meaning of this well-known word, viz. '*to interpret in another language*,' is only one of many senses to be found in all lexicons. It may be equally applied to removal or to change. In spite of the Church Commissioners, a Bishop may still be much improved by translation. Johnson gives six meanings, but to learn a seventh, not yet in the Dictionary, you must go to Saffron Hill and Chick Lane, localities peopled by a useful class of ingenious artificers, well known professionally as '*translators of old shoes*,' and who, by putting new upper-leathers to old soles, and

and new soles to old upper-leathers, contrive to *translate* the old article into another, bright as if it came from the 'Fontaine de jouvence.' A great portion of the things *done* at the British Museum are the results of this sort of translation. There is, for example, a class of very ingenious writers who *translate* the once-thumbed novels of the Minerva press into new ones, retaining the *sole* of the story, and giving upper-leathers, or, to speak less figuratively, taking the plot and filling up what the French term the *canevas* with figures not in the costume of our grandfathers and grandmothers, but of the present day.

We now proceed to translators, in the more common literary sense of the word, those who '*interpret in another language*,' and who fall into three classes. The first, are translators who, intelligent and well acquainted with the subject of the book upon which they labour, and thoroughly informed in both languages, are able, like Mrs. Austin, to cause the author to speak in a new tongue, with as much facility as if he were addressing you in his own. Such translations require as peculiar a talent as original composition, and are, perhaps, only one step lower in the hierarchy of literature.

The second class, are the translators who, with a decent knowledge of their own language, and some acquaintance with a foreign one, have good sense and tact enough to know when they are ignorant. They help themselves by consulting a grammar, looking out the hard words in a dictionary, or perhaps taking advice with a friend; and, though a well-selected work *overtaken* by translators included in this 'category' may read stiffly and meagrely, yet the production is not without utility to the large class who can only hear the original author speak through a dragoman, or not at all.

The third class are those who, just able to write, *bad* English, are, at the same time, unable to discover when they do not understand their original—so ignorant as to be unconscious of their own ignorance; and to this class the authoress of the present work belongs. She is, however, rather of a mixed genus, appertaining also partly to those who translate after the fashion of Saffron Hill, inasmuch as the *farrago* now before us does not own to being a translation, but calls itself the 'result of much labour and research,' being, however, in fact, the crudest compilation from some of the lowest trash of the French press. And the following specimens will show the manner in which her acquisitions are *done* into English, for the improvement of the ladies of England, and as an *homage* to her Majesty.

'The circumstance is represented as follows in a scene of *Odysses* [thus literally]: The Gaul, Aeneas, imagined as a merchant and carrying

carrying a wallet on his back, is charged to deliver a ring which Clovis sends to Clotilde.'—vol. i. p. 6.

Pope's 'Homer' has evidently never found its way into Mrs. Bush's select library.

'Ultrigothe was a native of Spain, but of the circumstances relative to her introduction into France there is no record. She was married to Childberg I., afterwards King of Paris, in the year 511.

'She lived in the palace of *Thermes de Julien*, with her husband. This palace, which was the ordinary residence of the first race of kings, was surrounded by beautiful gardens, which the Queen and her daughters Crotberge and Crodesinde were in the habit of frequenting.

'Ultrigothe was the only wife of Childberg; a very remarkable circumstance in the epoch in which she lived. Her husband died in the year 558, without leaving an heir; consequently the whole monarchy of France was reunited under his brother Clotaire, whose first act of authority was to expel Ultrigothe and her daughters from the palace of *Thermes*; she was however afterwards recalled by his son and successor Cherbourg.'—vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

Childberg is King Childebert; Cherbourg is not the town of that name, but the king vulgarly called Cherebert. and Monsieur Thermes de Julien, we presume, built or lived in the palace to which Mrs. Bush alludes.

'Historians assert that Radegonde was passionately fond of poetry, and bestowed great favour and attention on the poet *Fortunato*, a circumstance which, if true, could not fail to injure the reputation of a young queen, separated, as she was, from her husband. Fortunato was an Italian; he was amiable and intellectual, and frequently addressed Radegonde in verse, daily presenting her with fruits and flowers. She in her turn made him little presents; and though these simple gifts did honour to the frugality of the epoch, their interchange has thrown suspicion on the queen's virtue.

'Agnes, the Lady Abbess of Sainte Croix, often participated in the literary amusements of Radegonde and Fortunato, both of whom were in the habit of composing impromptu verses at table, some of which are preserved, and are very pleasing. In the collection of these pieces there is one relative to which an anecdote is told, to the effect that it was the result of an indulgence, anything but monastical, into which the poet was inveigled by his fair companions; and the verses but too plainly proclaim the condition of the author at the moment they were penned.

'Although the Celtic was the language spoken in France, Radegonde wrote and conversed fluently in the Roman tongue. Her letters to the Emperor *Orient-Justin* and the Empress *Sophie* are proofs of her talents and acquirements.'—vol. i. pp. 21–23.

The young gentleman here designated as the poet Fortunato is no other than Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers: it is true that complimentary verses were addressed by him to St. Radegonda, as well as to the Abbess Agnes, but all the accompaniments of the story

story are a miserable travestie of the facts given by some of the wretched scribblers from whom Mrs. Forbes Bush has cribbed her trumpery. Amongst other things, the reader will admire her peculiar ingenuity in amalgamating the Emperor of the East and his empire into one grand vocable.

‘Merovée, who was taken prisoner at the battle d’*Etampes*, and put to death by order of Brunehaut.’—vol. i. p. 49.

This curious construction is a favourite one with Mrs. Bush. In another passage she tells us that

‘the reverses of the French army which were *imputés* to the War of *Sept Ans* were a subject of serious regret to Madame de Pompadour.’—vol. ii. p. 248.

‘Charlemagne was passionately fond of her (his wife), and in order to please this great prince, Luitgarde accustomed herself to the fatigues of the chase. She was a skilful equestrian, and, *habited as an Amazon*, intrepidly pursued the most ferocious beasts into the depths of the forest.’—vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

If this means anything, it means that the charming Luitgarde figured by the side of Charlemagne in a riding-habit (*en Amazone*), according to the last fashion of the Bois de Boulogne.

‘The Prince Charles was sent to the Abbey of *Prüm* in *Prussia*; and Judith, after having her head shaved, was confined in the Abbey *Tortona* in Lombardy.’—vol. i. p. 74.

The placing the Abbey of *Prüm* in *Prussia*, in the time of Charlemagne, is a capital anticipation of the geographical arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, and for which, without doubt, his Prussian Majesty will be very grateful, as establishing the antiquity of his claims. The ‘Abbey *Tortona*’ must speak for himself, and we can say nothing more about him.

‘Constance founded the convent of the Augustines of *Nôtre Dame de Paissy*, and the stronghold of *Puisset*, in *Beauce*. Her superstitious devotion amounted to fanaticism: her confessor, Stephen, was accused of belonging to a sect who *professed* Manichæism, by which he incurred the penalty of death by burning; the queen met him when being led to execution, and, according to the custom of the time, put out one of his eyes with a small stick which she carried in her hand for the purpose, and afterwards assisted in the execution.’—vol. i. pp. 105, 106.

The authoress does not inform us whether it was a regal or a legal custom to poke out people’s eyes; and though it was bad enough for the queen to be present at the execution, it is rather hard to represent her as assisting the executioner.

‘English chronicles relate that amongst Henry’s favourites was a young lady of great beauty, to whom he was devotedly attached, named *Rosamond Clifford*; and to protect her from the queen’s jealous enmity, he

he placed her in a castle carefully preserved by a labyrinth which surrounded it, and which is viewed by the curious who visit Woodstock till the present time with much interest.'—vol. i. p. 128.

And this passage will surely be read with much interest by all visitors of Blenheim, who, however, we fear may somewhat lose their way in their pursuit of Rosamond's Bower.

So far from there being any kind of utility in this 'laborious' compilation, it is, as far as it is possible to read it, equally devoid of information as it is offensive to good taste and morality. A great proportion of the work, perhaps the greatest, is composed of the lives of those unfortunate women, by Mrs. Bush kindly styled 'royal favourites,' who might be more properly designated by an emphatic monosyllable. In writing history, no one portion of the task occasions more pain than the absolute necessity of detailing the vices of sovereigns. But the plan of such a work as that which Mrs. Bush has cobbled together,—for we really can hardly dare to offend Saffron Hill by calling it a 'translation,'—compels the writer to place them prominently before the reader; and it may be sufficient to ask whether any wife or mother can have too scanty a knowledge of the sports of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, or the double adulteries of '*La Belle Gabrielle*,' or *Madame de Pompadour*?

We are quite willing to believe that Mrs. Bush really and truly does not know the meaning of the originals which she has used—probably the passages we have selected will be considered as establishing the fact—and we shall therefore simply state that amongst the extracts given in French are some (*e. g.* vol. i. p. 189, and vol. ii. p. 209) which are so coarse and profane, that, even if the book had any historical worth, they would render it offensive to any well-regulated mind. It was fully our intention at first, in noticing the book, not to mention the name of the writer, but the publisher has taken such pains to advertise it, that such a reserve would be only an affectation. Much as we regret to make any remarks which may pain an individual, we should not discharge our duty, if we abstained from pointing out to our readers the manner in which the confidence of the public is abused at present by literary ladies, who ought to be contented with marking pinafores and labelling pots of jam. Mrs. Bush has been *puffed* with so much vehemence, that we were induced to buy her performance; but we doubt, after all, if she is worse than a fair average specimen of a whole clique, or clack, of living *Clios*.

ART. VII.—*Report to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor Law Commissioners, on an Inquiry into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain; with Appendices. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, July, 1842. 3 volumes, folio.*

IN the winter of 1837 fever was unusually severe in Spitalfields, and alarm being thereby excited of a return of the cholera, the Poor Law Commissioners deemed it their duty to send thither Dr. Arnott, Dr. S. Smith, and Dr. Kay, to inquire *as to the removable causes of disease.* These accomplished physicians in their report, dated May 12, 1838, declared the chief causes to be bad drainage and bad ventilation. The Commissioners, without loss of time, represented to Lord John Russell 'the urgent necessity of applying to the legislature for immediate measures for the removal of those constantly acting causes of destitution and death. *All delays,*' said they, *'must be attended with extensive misery; in a large proportion of cases the labouring classes, though aware of the surrounding causes of evil, have few or no means of avoiding them, and little or no choice of their dwellings.'* But although much was said and done for the Hill Coolies and the blacks, no notice whatever was taken of this appeal; until, towards the end of the session of 1839, our energetic diocesan the Bishop of London, in his place in the House of Lords, called the attention of the Government to the Report, and moved an address to Her Majesty, praying for an inquiry as to the extent to which the causes of disease—stated by the Poor Law Commissioners to prevail among the labouring classes of the metropolis—prevail also amongst the labouring classes in other parts of the kingdom. This address being carried, Lord John Russell directed the Poor Law Board to institute such an inquiry, and the Commissioners, in the month of November following, gave instructions accordingly to their Assistants. They likewise addressed letters to the several boards of guardians, as well as to their medical officers, requesting them severally to furnish answers to questions inclosed: besides which a circular letter to the dispensary-surgeons and medical practitioners, having been inclosed to the provosts of Scotch burghs, a resolution was passed by the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, recommending that all members and licentiates of that body should give every aid to this inquiry. In due time, from a number of medical men, residing in different towns and districts of Scotland, as well as of England, very valuable reports were obtained.

As soon as this mass of MS. was collected in Somerset House,
its

its bulk being evidently more than the Commissioners or Parliament could find leisure to examine, the Secretary of the Board was directed to digest it in detail, and, comparing its various statements with such authentic facts as he might obtain from other sources, to frame a report exhibiting the principal results of the whole investigation. From his own various and extensive personal inspections, from the information which had been forwarded to the Commissioners, from the documents of the medical officers, and from his examination of witnesses, Mr. Chadwick, after nearly two years' labour, succeeded in completing the remarkable Report now before us.

Before, however, we enter upon the first important chapter, we cannot refrain from observing how little the subject to which it particularly relates—namely, the purification by science of the air we breathe—has hitherto been deemed worthy of consideration.

It is true that through our main thoroughfares, such as Oxford Street, Holborn, Piccadilly, the Strand, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street, the atmosphere is enabled to flow with healthful celerity; but to most of these ethereal rivers are there not linked on either side, in the forms of courts, alleys, stable-yards, and cul-de-sac, a set of vile, stagnant ponds in which the heaven-born element remains 'in durance vile,' until, saturated with the impurities and sickness of its gaol, it flows into, mixes with, and pollutes the main streams we have described? And yet if the pavement of St. James's Street be but cleanly swept, those who saunter up and down it, as well as those who in red coats or brown ones sit indolently gazing at carriages (many of which, as they roll by, seem mechanically to make their heads nod) appear not to be aware that they are one and all inhaling stale, pent-up, corrupt air, which an ounce of science could have dispersed by circulation. Even the hollow square of the royal palace is made to retain its block of the stagnant fluid, while several others of our public buildings, like the office at the bottom of Downing Street, and like the numerous high 'dead' walls inclosing property of the crown, &c., seem to have been purposely planned to act as tourniquets upon those veins and arteries which, if unobstructed, would give health and ruddiness to the population. Instead, however, of philosophizing any longer in the streets, we will invite our readers to enter with us for a moment into one of the splendid mansions of our metropolis; and, accordingly, ascending its spacious staircase, let us take up our position just in the doorway of the second of the suite of drawing-rooms, beyond which, the assemblage, being under high pressure, makes it evidently impossible for us to advance.

We here see before us, in a dense phalanx, figures of both
sexes,

sexes, amongst whom stand conspicuous persons of the highest rank, beauty, and wealth in Europe. Upon their education no expense has been spared—money has done all in its power to add to nature's choicest gifts the polish of art. Their dresses are importations from every country of the civilized world. The refreshments are delicacies which it has required months, and in some cases even years, of unremitting attention to obtain. The splendid furniture has every comfort that ingenuity can devise. And yet within this painted sepulchre, what, we ask, is the analysis of the air we are breathing? That lofty duchess's head is sparkling with diamonds—that slight, lovely being leaning on her arm has the pearls of India wound around her brow—those statesmen and warriors are decorated with stars—the dense mass displays flowers, ribands, and ornaments of every colour in the rainbow; but among them all, is there, we ask, a single one who for a moment has thought of bringing with him the hogshead of air per hour necessary for his respiration? And if every guest present has neglected to do so, in what manner, it must be inquired, has the noble host provided for the demand? Alas! the massive, pictured walls around us, and richly-stuccoed and gilt ceiling over our heads, answer the question, and one has only to cast a glance at them to perceive that the 500 persons present are, like those in the Black-hole at Calcutta, conglomerated together in a hermetically-sealed box full of vitiated air.

Every minute 500 gallons of air pass into the lungs of those present, from whence, divested of its oxygen, it is exhaled in a morbid condition unfit for combustion or animal life—every respiration of each elegant guest, nay, even our own contemplative sigh, vitiates about sixteen cubic inches of the element; and yet, while every moment it is becoming more and more destructive to health—while the loveliest cheeks are gradually fading before us—while the constitutions of the young are evidently receiving an injury which not the wealth of Cræsus will be able to repay—what arrangements, we repeat, has the noble host made for repairing the damage he is creating? If foul air, like manure, could be carted away, and if good air, like fresh, clean straw, could be brought in its stead, surely one of the simplest luxuries which wealth could offer to society would be to effect this sanitary operation; and thus, instead of offering a set of lovely women ices and unwholesome refreshments, to spend the money these would cost in pouring upon their heads, necks, and shoulders a continual supply of that pure, fresh, exhilarating oxygenous mixture which gives animation to their hearts, and colour to their cheeks. But is this expensive, troublesome, complicated, horse-and-cart mode of purifying the horrid atmosphere we are breathing necessary? No!

No! everybody present knows that outside the shutters and plate-glass windows of the rooms in which we are suffering, there is at this moment in waiting, not two inches from us, an overwhelming supply (which might be warmed) of pure air, just as desirous to rush in as the foul air we have been breathing and re-breathing is eager to rush out.

The laws of specific gravity ordained by nature are in attendance to ensure for us the performance of this double process—indeed so great is the supply of spare air in her laboratory, that the proportion of oxygen consumed by animated beings in a century is said not to exceed $\frac{1}{1000}$ of the whole atmosphere; and yet, as though the demon of suicide had prevailed upon us to thwart these beneficent arrangements, we close our doors, bar our windows, stuff up by curtains and drapery every crevice, as if it were the particular privilege of wealth to feed its guests on foul air!

If any one of our readers who, like ourselves, may have grown out of patience at the long continuance of this barbarous custom, will take the trouble to put 500 beautiful little gold and silver fishes into a bladder of the filthiest water he can obtain, and then attaching a weight, throw the whole into a clear, crystal stream, he may justly say—aye, and he may grin as he says it—*Behold an epitome of a London drawing-room!* There is, to be sure, one difference:—the tiny creatures within the globule are as innocent of the foul suffering they endure as are those poor, lean, Neapolitan curs which almost every day throughout the year may be seen half choked by the rope that is dragging them reluctantly towards the Grotto de Cane, in order that one more inquisitive, good-humoured, ruddy-faced English family may see them forcibly suffocated in unwholesome gas.

In case, from the foregoing observations, it should become apparent that even among people of the highest rank, intelligence, and wealth, there has hitherto existed a lamentable neglect on a subject of such importance to them as the sanitary purification of the atmosphere in which they are living, it is reasonable to infer that if any one among us would make it his painful duty to penetrate into the courts, alleys, workshops, and residences of the lowest, of the most ignorant, and of the most destitute classes of our society, he would most surely detect a still greater disregard of scientific precautions, directly and flagrantly productive of misery and disease.

If, therefore, there was nothing at stake but the health, happiness, moral conduct, and condition of the labouring classes, the searching investigation unveiled in Mr. Chadwick's Report, coupled with the remedial measures submitted by him for consideration,

sideration, ought to win as well as claim our most serious attention; but when we reflect that the air the labouring classes breathe—the atmosphere which by nuisances they contaminate—is the fluid in which rich and poor are equally immersed—that it is a commonwealth in which all are born, live, and die equal—it is undeniable that a sanitary inquiry into the condition, for instance, of the ten thousand alleys, lanes, courts, &c., which London is said to contain, becomes a subject in which every member of the community is self-interested. Where nearly two millions of people are existing together in one town, it is frightful to consider what must be the result in disease, if every member should, even to a small amount, be neglectful of cleanly habits. It is frightful also to contemplate what injury we may receive not only from the living, but from the 50,000 corpses which are annually interred in our metropolis: indeed, no man who will visit our London churchyards can gaze for a moment at the black, cohesive soil, saturated with putrid animal matter, which is daily to be seen turned up for the faithless reception of new tenants, without feeling that the purification of our great cities, and a watchful search throughout the land we live in for every removable cause of disease, are services which science should be proud to perform, which a parental government should strenuously encourage, and which parliament should deem its bounden duty to enforce.

If foul air and pure air were of different colours, we should very soon learn to repel the one and invite the other, in which case every house would be ventilated, and air-pipes, like gas-pipes and water-pipes, would flow around us in all directions. Although, however, we do not often see miasma, yet in travelling over the surface of the globe, how evident are its baneful effects, and how singularly identical are they with those patches of disease which are to be met with, more or less, in every district in this country! Let any one, after traversing the great oceans, contrast their healthful climate with the low, swampy parts of India, with the putrid woods of the Shangallah in Abyssinia, or with any part of the western coast of Africa. In all these regions miasma is either constantly or periodically generated by the corruption of vegetable matter; and the following description of the effects of this virus on the white population of Sierra Leone is more or less equally applicable to all:—

‘Those who are not absolutely ill are always ailing; in fact, all the white people seem to belong to a population of invalids. The sallowness of their complexion, the listlessness of their looks, the attenuation of their limbs, the instability of gait, and the feebleness of the whole frame, that are so observable in this climate, are but too evident signs, even where organic disease has not yet set in, that the disordered state of

of the functions which goes under the name of impaired health exists, and in none is it more painfully evident than in the general appearance of the European women and children of this colony.*

In corroboration of this statement, we may mention as a single example, that, out of 150 men of the 2nd West India regiment who in 1824 were sent to Cape Coast Castle, all, excepting one, were either dead or sent home invalided in three months. At the expiration of this time, Sir John Phillimore, arriving off the coast in command of the *Thetis*, sent on shore two midshipmen and fourteen men, to mount a gun on a height. The party slept there only a night, yet, in one fortnight, every individual excepting a black man was dead!

In the opposite continent of America, even in healthy parts, wherever the land has been wilfully flooded for the purpose of canal navigation, the trees all die, and as the passenger-barge winds its way by moonlight through these pale, barkless corpses, a green coating of vegetable matter, about as thick as a blanket, and very appropriately called by the inhabitants '*fever and ague*,' is seen writhing in folds before the prow.

Even in the most salubrious of the new settlements, where the air is dry, exhilarating, and the sky as blue as in Italy, the moment the virgin earth is turned up for the first time, the decomposition of vegetable matter brought to the surface invariably produces sickness; and thus a whole family of little English children, with their teeth chattering from ague, have too often been found mourning in the wilderness, on an oasis, 'the garden and the grave' of their father who made it.

In like manner, in this country, it has been shown by abundant evidence that on whatever patches of land, especially in towns, vegetable or animal matter is allowed to putrify, there disease, more or less virulent, is engendered: indeed it has been repeatedly observed that the family of a particular house has continued for years to be constantly afflicted with the very languor and fever described by every African traveller, which at last has been ascertained to have been caused by the introduction into the immediate neighbourhood of a couple of square feet of Sierra Leone, or, in plainer terms, by a grated untrapped gully-drain, from which there has been constantly arising a putrid gas; and yet, instead of a few square feet, how many acres of Sierra Leone are, to our shame, existing at this moment in our metropolis in the shape of churchyards! There is one burial-ground, now or very lately in use in London, which contains, under one acre of surface, 60,000 corpses! There is in London a place where a crowd of young

* See Appendix to Report from the Select Committee on West Coast of Africa, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 5th August, 1842, p. 241.

children learn their lessons for six hours daily over a floor under which 12,000 dead bodies are festering! *

Mr. Chadwick produces a tabular account of the mortality of England and Wales within the year 1838, caused by diseases which, he says, medical officers consider to be most powerfully influenced by the physical circumstances under which the population is placed; namely, the external and internal condition of their dwellings, drainage, and ventilation. It appears that the number of deaths in this category amounted to 56,461: which Mr. Chadwick observes to be as if Westmoreland or Huntingdonshire were every year to be entirely depopulated. He adds:—

‘ that the annual slaughter in England and Wales from preventable causes of typhus, which attacks persons in the vigour of life, appears to be double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo; . . . that diseases which now prevail on land did, within the experience of persons still living, formerly prevail to a certain extent at sea, and have since been prevented by sanitary regulations; and that when they did so prevail in ships of war, the deaths from them were more than double in amount of the deaths in battle.’

But whatever may be the precise number per annum of our labouring population that actually *die* from diseases which are preventable, it is evident that it bears but a small proportion to the number of those who—although they have, as it is commonly termed, ‘escaped from the attack’—have been subjected for a melancholy period to loss of labour from debility.

Mr. Chadwick, having endeavoured to define in general terms the aggregate extent and operation of the evils complained of, proceeds to consider them separately in detail. We cannot say that he shows much skill in the grouping and arranging of his facts and views: but in a work so meritorious, it would be hard to dwell upon minor defects; and our readers will not quarrel with us for taking the chapters as they stand

I. *General condition of the residences of the labouring classes where disease is found to be the most prevalent.*

Here are detailed the varied forms in which disease, attendant on removable circumstances, has been found to pervade the population of rural villages and small towns, as well as of those commercial cities and densely-crowded manufacturing suburbs, in which pestilence has been supposed to have its chief and almost exclusive residence.

For instance—to begin with one of the prettiest towns in one of the most charming parts of England—Mr. Gilbert reports that, his attention having been excited by the high diet recommended to

* See Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Improvement of Towns, &c.—printed in 1842.

the guardians at *Tiverton*, in consequence of prevalent fever, he requested the medical officer of the union to accompany him through a certain district there. Even before reaching this locality, he was assailed by a smell clearly proclaiming the presence of malaria: he found the ground marshy, the sewers all open, some of the houses surrounded by wide uncovered drains full of animal and vegetable refuse. The inhabitants were distinguishable from those of the other parts of the town by their sickly, miserable appearance: all he talked to either were or had been ill, and the whole community presented a melancholy picture. The local authorities had often endeavoured to compel the inhabitants to remove the nuisances and to cover the drains, but finding that, under the present state of the law, their powers were not sufficient, the evil had continued: medical officers were employed instead of the engineer; and, accordingly, 'comforts' and 'high diet' had been prescribed, instead of masonry and drainage.

Impressed with the fact, that, as there are specks in the sun, so in a large country like England there must unavoidably exist dirty places, which Mr. Chadwick or any searching inquisitor has the power, at his pleasure, to point out, we read, with considerable caution a series of reports such as we have just quoted. We own, however, we were not a little startled at learning that royalty itself—but lately prevented from visiting Holyrood, or Brighton, on account of fever proceeding from miasma—has loathsome nuisances dangerous to the public health in its immediate neighbourhood even at Windsor!

Mr. Parker, after stating that there is no town in the counties of Buckingham, Oxford, and Berks in which the condition of the courts and back streets might not be materially improved by drainage, observes,—

"Windsor, from the contiguity of the palace, the wealth of the inhabitants, and the situation, might have been expected to be superior in this respect to any other provincial town. Of all the towns visited by me, Windsor is the worst beyond all comparison. From the gas-works at the end of George-street a double line of open, deep, black, and stagnant ditches extends to Clewer-lane. From these ditches an intolerable stench is perpetually rising, and produces fever of a severe character. Mr. Bailey, the relieving officer, considers the neighbourhood of Garden-court in almost the same condition. "There is a drain," he says, "running from the barracks into the Thames across the Long Walk. That drain is almost as offensive as the black ditches extending to Clewer-lane. The openings to the sewers in Windsor are exceedingly offensive in hot weather. The town is not well supplied with water, and the drainage is very defective."

As snipes and wild fowl when they visit this country at once fly to our marshes and fens, so is it natural to suppose that the cholera

cholera would, of its own accord, wherever it travelled, select for itself lodgings most congenial to its nature. The following glimpse of one of the places in which the disease first made its appearance deserves therefore attention. Mr. Atkinson, describing Gateshead, says of a person whom he found ill of the cholera—

‘His lodgings were in a room of a miserable house situated in the very filthiest part of Pipewellgate, divided into six apartments, and occupied by different families, to the number of twenty-six persons in all. The room contained three wretched beds, with two persons sleeping in each: it measured about twelve feet in length and seven in breadth, and its greatest height would not admit of a person’s standing erect: it received light from a small window, the sash of which was fixed. Two of the number lay ill of the cholera, and the rest appeared afraid of the admission of pure air, having carefully closed up the broken panes with plugs of old linen.’

Mr. Chadwick, however, states that the most wretched of the stationary population of which he had been able to obtain any account, or that he had ever beheld, was that in the wynds of Edinburgh and Glasgow. ‘It might admit of dispute,’ he observes. ‘but on the whole, it appeared to us that both the structural arrangements and the condition of the population in Glasgow were the worst of any we had seen in any part of Great Britain.’ Dr. Arnott, who perambulated the wynds of Glasgow, accompanied by Dr. Alison and Dr. Cowen, corroborates the above statement by details too offensive to be transcribed: suffice it to say that from one locality 754, of about 5000 cases of fever which occurred in the previous year, were carried to the hospitals. As a striking contrast to this result, Mr. Chadwick states that, when the kelp manufacture lately ceased on the western coast of Scotland, a vast population of the lowest class of people were thrown into extreme want—they suffered from cold, hunger, and despair—nevertheless, from their scattered habitations being surrounded by pure air, cases of fever did not arise among them.

We will conclude this branch of the investigation by a description of Inverness, copied from no less an authority than the report of its worthy chief magistrate.—‘Inverness,’ says the Provost, ‘is a nice town, situated in a most beautiful country.’ The people are, generally speaking, a nice people, but their sufferance of nastiness is past endurance.’

II. *Public arrangements external to the residences by which the sanitary condition of the labouring population is affected.*

This chapter Mr. Chadwick principally devoted to practical details as to drainage. But we must content ourselves with a few more specimens of his observed facts.

Dr.

Dr. Duncan doubts whether there is a single court in Liverpool which communicates with the street by an underground drain: having observed that sixty-three cases of fever had occurred in one year in Union Court, containing twelve houses, he visited it, and found the whole court inundated with fluid filth which had oozed through the walls from two adjacent cesspools. In one cellar, a well four feet deep, into which this stinking fluid was allowed to drain, was discovered below the bed where the family slept. It may be observed that there are 8000 inhabited cellars in Liverpool, containing from 35,000 to 40,000 inmates; and that of 2398 courts which were examined, 1705 were closed at one end so as to prevent ventilation.

'Until very lately,' says Mr. Burton, in his report on 'Edina, Scotia's darling seat,'

'the Cowgate, a long street running along the lowest level of a narrow valley, had only surface drains. The various alleys from the High Street and other elevated ground open into this street. In rainy weather they carried with them each its respective stream of filth, and thus the Cowgate bore the aspect of a gigantic sewer receiving its tributary drains. A committee of private gentlemen had the merit of making a spacious sewer 830 yards long in this street at a cost of 2000*l*, collected by subscription. The utmost extent to which they received assistance from the police consisted in being vested with the authority of the Act as a protection from the interruption of private parties. During the operation they were nevertheless harassed by claims of damage for obstructing the causeway, and their minutes show that they experienced a series of interruptions from the neighbouring occupants, likely to discourage others from following their example.'

In a medical report on romantic Surling, it is stated that the drains or sewers, *Scottish* 'sivers,' are all open, a few old men sweep the public streets from time to time, but sometimes the sweepings remain on the pavement many days; the refuse from the gaol, which contains on an average sixty-five persons, is floated down the 'sivers' every second or third day, emitting, during the whole of its progress, the most offensive odour; the slaughter-house being situated near the top of the town, the blood from it is also allowed to flow down the main street, and the sewers from the castle issue into an open field, polluting the atmosphere to a dreadful degree.

As a contrast to this wholesale account, the examination of Mr. T. Thomson, of Clitheroe, affords a striking proof how small, even in solitary houses, may exist the removable cause of disease. In the summer of 1839 some bad cases of fever occurring among a cluster of houses at Littlemoor, which had always been considered healthy, attention was drawn to the spot. An old half-choked drain was discovered, which was the cause of a shallow stagnant

stagnant fetid pool of a most disgusting nature. Measures were immediately taken to carry off this nuisance by a sewerage, and 'from the hour of the removal of the filth,' says Mr. Thomson, 'no fresh case of fever occurred.'

Portsmouth, which is built on a low portion of the marshy island of Portsea, was formerly extremely subject to intermittent fever: the town was paved in 1769, and, according to Sir Gilbert Blane, from that date this disorder no longer prevailed, whilst Kilsea, and the other parts of the island, retained their aguish disposition till 1793, when a drainage was made, which subdued its force there also.

In the same chapter we have many very instructive details as to the pecuniary results of removing the refuse of towns.

It appears from the evidence of Mr. Dark, of Paddington, a person of respectable character, who for many years has been a considerable contractor for scavenging, &c., that with the exception of coal-ashes (used for brick-making), lees, and a few other inconsiderable items, no refuse in London pays half the expense of removal by cartage beyond a radius of about six miles. 'I have given away,' says Mr. Dark, 'thousands of loads of night-soil—we know not what to do with it!'

When Mr. Chadwick visited Edinburgh with Dr. Arnott, they were both, without metaphor, 'led by the nose' to a certain stream properly enough called 'the Foul Burn,' from having been the aged receptacle of most of the sinks, drains, sivers, &c., of Auld Reekie. For a considerable time the character of this burn was repellent—and, accordingly avoided by poor as well as by rich, by young as well as by old, its contents flowed in mysterious solitude into the sea. Several years ago, however, some of the occupiers of the land in the immediate vicinity, instigated by self-interest, took the liberty of tapping this stream, in order to collect a portion of its contents into tanks for manure. The next step in the march of intellect was, by means of water, to irrigate the meadows from this source, in order to save the expense of cartage; and thus, by degrees, 300 acres of meadow land, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Palace of Holyrood, were fertilized from the contents of this common sewer: the result of which has been that some of these meadows are let at from 20*l.* to 30*l.* per acre; indeed, in the year 1838, some were let at 38*l.* per acre, and in 1826 at 57*l.* Her Majesty's Government, however, being justly of opinion that this process is prejudicial to the healthiness of Holyrood House, and having accordingly directed legal process for the trial of the right of irrigation, the defendants now plead that the invalidation of their claim would deprive the city of the milk and butter of

3000 cows, and estimate the compensation which would be due to themselves at 150,000*l*.

About a quarter of a century ago we ourselves remember to have witnessed the process of a matrimonial alliance, such as we have described, between two parties, who from the beginning of time had always been shy enough of each other, namely, the very Foul Burn alluded to, and the Links or sand-hills on the sea-shore between Leith and Porto Bello. These hillocks, upon which nothing but a few stunted tufts of coarse grass had ever been seen to grow, and which for ages had been blown by the wind into a variety of fantastic forms, were one morning suddenly attacked by a band of workmen, who with spades and shovels were seen busily scattering the sand about them in all directions, while '*Are ye daft?*' was the repeated exclamation of the Mussulburgh fishwives, who, one after another, striding by with outstretched heads, swinging arms, and a creel full of cod on their inclined backs, could not contain their astonishment at seeing the dry region, which all their lives had been sterile, suddenly subjected to spade-husbandry. Indeed, when the mass was levelled, it was as barren and lifeless as the shingle of the sea, and continued so during the formation of a network of arteries and veins which in the form of drains were imprinted over its surface. However, no sooner was this latter operation concluded, than—'*Oh whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad!*'—the produce of the Foul Burn, like Birnham wood coming to Dunsinane, majestically made its appearance; in a few days the sand was verdant; and before the summer was over, it bore a dark-coloured, rank, luxuriant crop.

Our readers will probably have anticipated that the inference which Mr. Chadwick has drawn from this result, and from Mr. Dark's statement that he can find no sale for the refuse of London is, that the sewers of London, like those of Edinburgh, might be made to fertilize the land in their vicinity.

Mr. Chadwick states that, according to the scale of the value of that portion of the refuse of Edinburgh which has been appropriated to irrigation in the way described, the whole refuse of that city would produce an income of from 15,000*l*. to 20,000*l*. a year; while, according to the same scale of value, it appears that, in the city of London, refuse to the enormous value of nearly double what is now paid for the water of the metropolis is thrown away, principally into the Thames, and partly into receptacles in the districts of the poor, where it accumulates until it is removed at a great expense. Where the levels are not convenient, Captain Vetch, of the Engineers, and other competent authorities recommend that the contents of the sewers should
be

be lifted by steam-power, as water is lifted in the drainage of the fens, and then be distributed in iron-pipes, in the same way as water is injected into the metropolis by the water-companies. Mr. Chadwick adds, that the estimated expense of this mode of cleansing and removal, as in the case of the conveyance of water into London, would not amount to a tenth part of the cost of cartage—and to show the practicability of the principle of removing refuse by water, he cites the following case:—The West Middlesex Water Company had almost concluded a contract for removing in the ordinary way about an acre of silt four feet deep, which in the course of eight or ten years had accumulated in their reservoir at Kensington, and accordingly 400*l.* was to be paid for this operation, which was to occupy three or four weeks. The bargain was all but sealed, when it was proposed by one of the officers that the silt should be mixed with water, stirred up, and in this liquid state washed away; and this operation was successfully effected in three or four days, at an expense of only 40*l.* or 50*l.*

In small, moderate-sized, or even in large towns, where the levels are favourable, we are much inclined to believe that Mr. Chadwick's project of removing refuse by means of water might, to a limited extent, be successfully adopted for the purpose of irrigation. It is evident, however, that many previous arrangements would be necessary, and that, after all, many serious difficulties would be likely to occur—for it must always be recollected that, in the case at Edinburgh, the burn being a safety-valve communicating with the sea, no accident or explosion can possibly occur—the farmer may therefore approach it or recede from it, may inject or reject its contents, at any hour, or for any period he may desire: whereas a covered sewer blindly administers all it possesses—without consideration, judgment, reflection, or mercy—its motto being 'Time and tide can wait for no man.' The supply of the manure and the demand for it might not therefore agree together for any length of time. Still, however, we can conceive arrangements which need not be described, by which this evil might be compensated, in which case there can be no doubt that an immense saving, especially that of cartage, would be effected—that the health of the town (in whose drains, constantly flushed clean by water, no refuse could remain) would be materially benefited—and that the produce of the land irrigated would abundantly increase.

But, although we are willing thus far to give Mr. Chadwick credit for his suggestion, and think it ought to be most seriously attempted to in the case of our smaller towns, especially such as have considerable streams running through or near them, we

must say we consider his attempt to extend the theory to London by the application of the power of steam is preposterous in principle as well as in detail.

The first idea that naturally occurs is the enormous expense and incalculable inconvenience that would be attendant upon the condemnation of nearly the whole of the existing sewers of London, which at present run downwards into the Thames. We acknowledge it may not unfairly be replied, that the very same objection might have been raised against macadamizing our old-fashioned bumping pavement—against substituting wood for both—or against ruining our high-roads by the creation of railways. But admitting this first grave objection to be overruled: supposing for a moment that the old sewerage was destroyed, and that new subterranean works on completely different levels were constructed, there remain to be encountered difficulties above ground which we consider to be insurmountable.

It appears, from a parliamentary return lying before us, that the water pumped into London by the New River, Chelsea, West Middlesex, Grand Junction, East London, South London, Lambeth, and Southwark Water-Companies amounts to 4222 cubic feet per minute, day and night, throughout the year: of which quantity, considerably more than (say) one-half flows through waste-pipes, &c., into the sewers: and if, according to Mr. Chadwick's project, the refuse of the streets of London, instead of being swept up and carted away, as hitherto, were daily to be washed into the gully-drains by a water-hose, the amount of water which the companies would be required to supply must be very considerably enlarged. To this menaced flood of water, if there be added the usual contents of the sewers, it at once appears how enormous would be the amount of the mixture to be daily ejected from the metropolis *via* the sewers; and if, from any accident to the engines, the lifting-power, pumps, or bucketed-wheels should suddenly be disabled, it is evident that a constipation of the sewerage must forthwith take place.

But there remains to be provided for a contingency infinitely more alarming. The area of London is, we believe, nearly 60 square miles: but, taking it only at 40 square miles, and estimating that, during a thunder-storm and continued rain there might fall in the space of six hours* one inch of water: that quantity, on the surface last mentioned, would amount to 92,928,000 cubic feet of water, of which the greater portion would immediately go into the sewers. Now, when it is considered that the natural flow of the Coln river amounts only to about 6000 cubic feet per

* It appears, from the rain-gauge at Somerset House, that on Tuesday, the 30th of August last, nearly two inches of rain fell in two hours.

minute, that of the Exe to about 5000, and that of the Lea to about 5600, our readers will at once perceive what an overwhelming amount of fluid would within a very short space of time be added to the already enormous contents of the London sewers; and while the elements of heaven were raging over the venerable head of our metropolis—while the thunder was rolling—while the forked lightning was shivering from top to bottom one or two of our finest church-spires—and while the rain was reverberating from the pavement like myriads of fountains rising out of the ground—if at this sufficiently awful moment the tell-tale wind were suddenly to inform us all that, Mr. Chadwick's 'infernal machines' having more work than they could perform, their neighbourhoods had become inundated; if the next blast were to announce to us that the main sewers were blowing ~~up~~—and then, by evidence every moment becoming more and more insufferable, we were to learn that out of every gully-grate in the metropolis there was spouting up that which, like 'a legion of foul fiends,' no man could control; in short, if we were suddenly to find ourselves in danger of a pestilence, from which not even a cabinet council, hastily summoned for the purpose, could relieve us—we fear that this Somerset House '*Amendment Act*' would be a theme of general execration, and that the Poor Law Commissioners, as they plashed homewards through the streets on their respective ponies, would receive *rià voce* and oviform evidence that, like their sewers, they were in bad odour.

But admitting for a moment that Mr. Chadwick may be enabled to demonstrate that the contents of the London sewers, even with the extraordinary additions to them during rains and thunder-storms, could not equal the quantity of water which in many parts of England is at present raised in draining our fens; in short that, the power of steam being invincible, a sufficient number of pumps, or rather of bucketed-wheels (say 500 engines of 100-horse power each)* might be prepared to meet any contingency that could occur; yet we maintain that the amount of fluid-manure so lifted would be infinitely more than could possibly—we need not say *pleasantly*—be applied by irrigation—that the superabundance must go somewhere—and that, after all, the greater portion of the quantity lifted would inevitably find its way to the Thames, from which, by so much labour and expense, we had attempted to divert it.

The next topic handled is the severe privations which the labouring classes are subjected to from want of water, not only for

* In the Cornish engines it is supposed that each horse-power can raise 528 cubic feet of water per minute to a height of one foot.

ablution, house-cleaning, and sewerage, but for drinking and culinary purposes. For instance, Mr. Mott states in his report on Manchester, that there, as elsewhere, it is the custom of owners of small cottage property in neighbourhoods where there are no pipes laid, to erect for a given number of houses a pump, which is frequently rented by one of the tenants, who taxes the rest for using it. One poor woman told him that she was required to pay one shilling a month for permission to use this pump, while the water-companies were giving an abundant supply to houses like hers for six shillings a-year—exactly half the money. In various Scotch towns the people have to go to public wells, the supply of which is so tardy, that crowds of women and children are obliged to ‘wait their turns,’ as it is called—indeed, these wells are sometimes frequented *throughout the whole night*. In Edinburgh many have to travel to wells at a considerable distance, and afterwards to carry their *stoups* up five, six, or seven stories. But neither private nor public wells are always to be had. In many places the poor are often obliged to collect water from ditches and ponds, so impure, that even horses that have not been accustomed to drink it are apt to suffer from it. At Tranent some of the labourers use barrels drawn on carriages—others employ their children to bring it in small vessels; and during the cholera, Dr. Scott Alison reports, it became so scarce, that the poor people went into the ploughed fields to collect the rain-water retained in depressions in the ground, and even in the prints made by horses’ feet.

On the foregoing facts Mr. Chadwick justly observes.—

‘Supplies of water obtained by the labour of fetching and carrying it in buckets do not answer the purpose of regular supplies brought into the house without such labour, and kept ready in cisterns. The *interposition* of the labour of going out and bringing home water from a distance acts as an obstacle to the formation of better habits; and in the actual condition of the lower classes, conveniences of this description must precede and form the habits. Even with persons of a higher condition the habits are greatly dependent on the conveniences: it is observed that, when the supplies of water into houses of the middle class are cut off by the pipes being frozen, and it is necessary to send to a distance, the house-cleanings and washings are diminished; and every presumption is afforded that if it were at all times, and in all weathers, requisite for them to send to a distance for water, their habits of household cleanliness would be deteriorated. The whole family of the labouring man in the manufacturing towns rise early, before daylight in winter time, to go to their work; they toil hard, and they return to their homes late at night: it is a serious inconvenience to them to have to fetch water from the pump or the river, on every occasion that it may be wanted, whether in cold, in rain, or in snow. The minor comforts of cleanliness’

cleanliness are of course foregone, to avoid the immediate and greater discomforts of having to fetch the water.'

In our manufacturing towns (as we all know), those members of a family who are old enough to fetch water are thought strong enough to work: the mere value therefore of the time they expend at the pump is almost always more than the charge made by the companies for a regular and constant supply of water. For instance, in Glasgow the charge of supplying a labourer's tenement is five shillings a-year; in Manchester, six shillings; in London, ten shillings—for a tenement containing two families; for which sum two tons and a half of water per week may be obtained. Thus, for less than one penny farthing per week 135 pailfuls of water are taken into the house without the labour of fetching, without spilling, without being in the way, and yet in constant readiness for use: whereas, on the other hand, the cost to a labourer, or to any member of his family whose time can be employed in work, is very serious. In the Bath Union, a poor fellow, who had to fetch water from one of the public wells about a quarter of a mile from his house, quaintly observed to the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, '*It's as valuable as strong beer!*'

At Paris, the usual cost of the filtered water, which is carried into the houses, is two sous per pailful, being at the rate of nine shillings per ton: while in London, the highest charge of any of the companies for sending the same quantity of water to any place within the range of their pipes, and delivering it at an average level of 100 feet, is sixpence per ton.

'The mode, however,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'of supplying water by private companies, for the sake of a profit, is not available for a population where the numbers are too small to defray the expense of obtaining a private Act of Parliament, or the expense of management by a board of directors, or to produce profits to shareholders.... The Poor Law Commissioners have been urgently requested to allow the expense of procuring supplies for villages to be defrayed out of the poor's rates in England; but they could only express their regret that the law gave them no power to allow such a mode of obtaining the benefit sought.'

As regards the supply of water, we are clearly of opinion that a case for the necessity of legislative interference on the largest scale has been made out.

III.—*Circumstances chiefly in the internal economy and bad ventilation of places of work; workmen's lodging-houses, dwellings, and the domestic habits affecting the health of the labouring classes.*

In explaining the evils which arise from bad ventilation in places of work, Mr. Chadwick adduces first the case of the journeymen

neymen tailors, whose habits of life he was led to investigate from the number of early deaths observed to occur among them.

Thomas Brownlow, aged fifty-two, who had worked for Messrs. Stultze, Messrs. Allen, and in others of the largest establishments in London, stated that at Messrs. Allen's, in a room sixteen or eighteen yards long, and seven or eight yards wide, eighty men worked close together, knee to knee: in summer time the heat of these tailors and of their geese, or irons, raised the temperature twenty or thirty degrees; after the candles were lighted, it became so insufferable that several of the young men from the country fainted; during the season he had seen from 40*l.* to 50*l.* worth of work spoiled by the perspiration of the men; in winter the atmosphere became still more unhealthy, with so depressing an effect that many could not stay out the hours; too many, losing their appetite, took to drink as a stimulant—accordingly, at seven in the morning, gin was brought in, sometimes again at eleven, at three, at five, and after seven, when the shop was closed; great numbers died of consumption. The average age of these workmen was about thirty-two, but in a hundred there were not ten men of fifty: lastly, when they died, no provision was made for their families, who, if they could not do for themselves, were obliged to go on the parish. Yet Messrs. Allen's wages at the time the witness refers to were 6*d.* an hour.

In a well-ventilated room, it is stated by different witnesses, journeymen tailors would be enabled to execute two hours' more work per day; they would do their twelve hours, whereas the utmost in a close, ill-ventilated room, is ten hours of work. Moreover, a man who had worked in these hot rooms from the age of twenty would not be as good a man at forty as another would be at fifty who had worked in well-aired shops in the country. The latter, in other words, would have gained ten years' labour, besides saving the money spent in gin.

Mr. Chadwick, therefore, calculates that, taking the average loss to a London tailor to be two hours per day for twenty years, and twelve hours for ten years, his total loss would amount to 50,000 hours of productive labour, which, at 6*d.* per hour, would have produced him 1250*l.*; and this is 250*l.* less than was actually earned, and saved by Philip Gray, who worked all his life as a journeyman tailor, and was remarkable for his cleanliness and neatness.

It appears that, of the registered causes of death of 233 persons entered during the year 1839, in the eastern and western unions of the metropolis, under the head 'tailor,' no less than 123 were from disease of the respiratory organs: ninety-two died of consumption; in the whole number only twenty-nine died old.

'The

'The subscriptions,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'to the benevolent institution for the relief of the aged and infirm tailors by individual masters* in the metropolis appear to be large and liberal, and amount to upwards of 11,000*l.*; yet it is to be observed, that if they or the men had been aware of the effects of vitiated atmospheres on the constitution and general strength, and of the means of ventilation, the practicable gain of money from the gain of labour by that sanitary measure could not have been less in one large shop, employing 200 men, than 100,000*l.* Independently of subscriptions of the whole trade, it would, during their working period of life, have been sufficient, with the enjoyment of greater health and comfort by every workman during the time of work, to have purchased him an annuity of 1*l.* per week for comfortable and respectable self-support during a period of superannuation, commencing soon after fifty years of age.

'The effects of bad ventilation, it need not be pointed out, are chiefly manifested in consumption, the disease by which the greatest slaughter is committed. The causes of fever are comparatively few and prominent, but they appear to have a concurrent effect in producing consumption.'

The results of good ventilation in the prevention or alleviation of disease are clearly manifested in our hospitals. In a badly-ventilated house—the lying-in hospital in Dublin—there died in four years 2944 children out of 7650; whereas, after this establishment was properly ventilated, the deaths in the same period, and out of a like number of children, amounted only to 279.

Glasgow supplies a striking example of the beneficial effects of ventilating a factory. In a range of buildings, called 'the Barracks,' 500 persons were collected. All attempts to induce them to ventilate their rooms failing, the consequence was that fever was scarcely ever absent. There were sometimes seven cases in a day; and in the last two months of 1831 there were fifty-seven. On the recommendation of Mr. Fleming, a surgeon, a tube of two inches in diameter was fixed in the ceiling of each room: these tubes communicated with a large pipe, the end of which was inserted in the chimney of the factory furnace, which, by producing a strong draught, forced the inmates to breathe fresh air. The result of this simple contrivance was, that, during the ensuing eight years, fever was scarcely known in the place!

It would be a task infinitely more easy than pleasing to show the havoc annually created among the manufacturing masses by defective ventilation and overcrowding. We will, therefore, only observe that in the case of milliners and dressmakers in the metropolitan unions during the year 1839, as shown by the mor-

* Mr. Stultze, for instance, has subscribed 795*l.* in money; is a yearly subscriber of twenty-five guineas; has made a present to the 'Benevolent Institution for the Relief of Infirm Tailors' of ground worth about 1000*l.*; and has besides undertaken to build thereon six houses for the reception of twenty poor pensioners.

tuary register, out of 52 deceased, 41 only had attained the age of 25; and the average age of 33, who had died of disease of the lungs, was 28. In short, there is too much reason to believe that among these poor workwomen, as in the case of the journeymen tailors, one-third at least of the healthful duration of adult life is sacrificed to our ignorance or neglect of ventilation. Alas, how little do the upper classes, who fancy that the cheque completely liquidates the account, reflect on the *real* cost of the beautiful dresses they wear!

As to '*the want of separate apartments and the overcrowding of the private dwellings of the poor*'—a very small portion only of the evidence adduced will suffice. The clerk of the Amptill Union states that a large proportion of the cottages in his district are so small, that it is impossible to keep up even the common decencies of life: in one cottage, containing only two rooms, there existed eleven individuals: the man, his wife, and four children (one a girl above fourteen, another a boy above twelve) slept in one of the rooms and in one bed—the rest slept all together in the room in which their cooking, working, and eating were performed. The medical officer of the Bicester Union has witnessed a father, a mother, three grown-up sons, a daughter, and a child, all lying at the same time with typhus fever in one small room. The medical officer of the Romsey Union states that he has known fourteen individuals of one family (among whom were a young man and young woman of eighteen and twenty years of age) together in a small room, the mother being in labour at the time.

The Rev. Dr. Gilly, whose able '*Appeal on behalf of the Border Peasantry*' is cited in the report, describes a fine, tall Northumbrian peasant of about forty-five years of age, whose family, eleven in number, were disposed of as follows. In one bed he, his wife, a daughter of six, and a boy of four years had to sleep—a daughter of eighteen, a son of twelve, a son of ten, and a daughter of eight had a second bed—and in the third were three sons, aged twenty, sixteen, and fourteen.

The greatest instances of overcrowding appear, however, as may naturally be expected, at Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, &c. In Hull, a mother about fifty had to sleep with a son above twenty-one, a lodger being in the same room. In Manchester more than half-a-dozen instances were given of a man, his wife, and his wife's grown-up sister habitually occupying one bed! Mr. Baker, in his report on Leeds, states—'*In the houses of the working classes, brothers and sisters, and lodgers of both sexes, are found occupying the same sleeping-room with the parents, and consequences occur which humanity shudders to contemplate.*'

Our readers will probably by this time have arrived with us at
the

the conclusion, that there exists no savage nation on earth in which more uncivilized or more brutalizing scenes could be witnessed than in the heart of this great country. Should, however, any doubts remain, we subjoin one short extract from the evidence of Dr. Scott Alison:—

‘ In many houses in and around Tranent, fowls roost on the rafters and on the tops of the bedsteads. The effluvia in these houses are offensive, and must prove very unwholesome. It is scarcely necessary to say that these houses are very filthy. They swarm likewise with fleas. Dogs live in the interior of the lowest houses, and must, of course, be opposed to cleanliness. I have seen horses in two houses in Tranent inhabiting the same apartment with numerous families. One was in Dow’s Bounds. Several of the family were ill of typhus fever, and I remember the horse stood at the back of the bed. In this case the stench was dreadful. The father died of typhus on this occasion.’

Here is another very important piece of evidence:—

‘ A gentleman who has observed closely the condition of the work-people in the south of Cheshire and the north of Lancashire, men of similar race and education, working at the same description of work—namely, as cotton-spinners, mill-hands—and earning nearly the same amount of wages, states that the workmen of the north of Lancashire are obviously inferior to those in the south of Cheshire, in health and habits of personal cleanliness and general condition. The difference is traced mainly to the circumstance, that the labourers in the north of Lancashire inhabit stone houses of a description that absorb moisture, the dampness of which affects the health, and causes personal uncleanness, induced by the difficulty of keeping a clean house.’

One consequence of the unwholesome workshops and houses in which the labouring classes are too often confined, is the disposition it creates among them to dispel by drink that depressing effect on their nervous energies which is invariably the result of breathing impure air. In Dumfries, for example, where the cholera swept away one-eleventh of the population, Mr. Chadwick inquired of the chief magistrate how many bakers’ shops there were? ‘ Twelve,’ was the answer. ‘ And how many whiskey-shops may your town possess?’ The honest provost frankly replied, ‘ Seventy-nine!’ Another consequence is the rapid corruption, in such unwholesome places, of meat, bread, and other food, which, by preventing the poor from laying in any store, forces them to purchase their provisions on the most disadvantageous terms.

‘ Here, then,’ says Mr. Chadwick, ‘ we have from the one agent, a close and polluted atmosphere, two different sets of effects:—one set here noticed engendering improvidence, expense, and waste—the other, the depressing effects of external and internal miasma on the nervous system,

system, tending to incite to the habitual use of ardent spirits; both tending to precipitate this population into disease and misery.'

In lamenting over the picture, but too clearly delineated, of the lamenization and disorganization of our labouring classes, caused by the removal of those architectural barriers by which nature, even among savages, protects modesty and encourages decency, Mr. Chadwick maintains that no education as yet commonly given appears to have availed against such corrupting circumstances: dwelling, *per contrà*, on numerous instances of the moral improvement of a population apparently resulting from street-cleansing, land-draining, and improvements of the external and internal condition of their dwellings. We think it clear enough that it is mere mockery to talk of elevating by education classes whom we allow to be perpetually acted upon by physical circumstances of the deeply degrading tendency now sufficiently exposed. How striking are these words of Mr. Walker, the magistrate of the Thames Police Office! After deprecating the practice of building for the poor miserable hovels, instead of more comfortable and respectable, well-drained dwellings, he says,—

'From what I have observed, I am fully convinced that if shambles were built on any spot; and all who choose were allowed to occupy them, they would soon be occupied by a race lower than any yet known. I have often said, that if empty casks were placed along the streets of Whitechapel, in a few days each of them would have a tenant, and these tenants would keep up their kind, and prey upon the rest of the community. I am sure that, if such facilities were offered, there is no conceivable degradation to which portions of the species might not be reduced. Wherever there are empty houses which are not secured, they are soon tenanted by wretched objects, and these tenants continue so long as there is a harbour for them. Parish-officers and others come to me to aid them in clearing such places. I tell the police and the parish that there is no use in their watching these places; that they must board them up, if they would get rid of the occupants. If they will give the accommodation, they will get the occupants. If you will have marshes and stagnant waters, you will there have suitable animals; and the only way of getting rid of them is by draining the marshes.'

Mr. Chadwick dwells on *domestic* mismanagement generally, as one great predisposing cause of disease. There is no doubt that the poor are in the habit of buying their tea, coffee, sugar, butter, cheese, bacon, and other articles, in small quantities from the hucksters, who, to cover bad debts, charge exorbitant prices. Destitution is often therefore caused by the wasteful misapplication of wages which, with habits of frugality, would prove to be sufficient; but the grand evil is, that every species of mismanagement promotes or ends in the gin and whiskey.

Every day 'intemperance' is talked of and preached against as the
cause

cause of fever, and of the prevalent mortality. We neglect, however, to reflect that it is the discomfort of the poor that drives them to drink. Rival pleasures might be encouraged, which would keep them sober; but, alas, whiskey is declared to be *good* for damp and rheumatism, when drainage and a clean residence are really the physical remedies that should be prescribed.

IV. *Comparative chance of life in different classes of the community.*

There is no proverb more generally admitted than that 'Death is no respecter of persons.' Mr. Chadwick, however, has drawn from the mortuary registers a series of tabular returns, of which the following is a single specimen:—

No. of Deaths.	LIVERPOOL, 1840.	Average Age of Deceased.
137	Gentry and professional persons, &c. .	35
1,738	Tradesmen and their families . .	22
5,597	Labourers, mechanics, and servants, &c. .	15

—Again, it is an appalling fact, that, among the labouring classes in Manchester, more than fifty-seven out of every hundred die before they attain five years of age!—More than one-half of their progeny die within the fifth year of their birth; while one-fifth only of the children of the gentry die within the same period. In explanation of such a difference, Mr. Chadwick has annexed to his report plans of different towns, showing, by different tints, that the localities of the epidemic diseases which raged there are identical with the uncleansed and close streets and wards occupied by the poor.

Instead of actively searching for the causes which have been so fatally shortening as well as embittering the existence of our labouring classes, it has of late years been much the fashion among political economists—who clearly enough saw that this mortality, from whatever cause it was proceeding, did not affect *them*—to adopt the convenient theory that wars, plagues, pestilence, epidemic disorders, and accidents of every description, which cause premature deaths among the poor, are, if it could only be satisfactorily explained to them, a 'terrible corrective,' kindly ordained by Nature, in order to prevent population exceeding the means of subsistence. But Mr. Chadwick, standing forward as the advocate of Nature and of the poor, denies the Malthusian doctrine altogether, and produces tabular accounts taken from the bills of mortality of every county in England, which certainly appear to prove that the proportion of births to the population is greatest where there is the greatest mortality—and consequently that pestilence or excessive mortality does not diminish the sum total of population! Our mismanagement

ment produces disease, and that makes the gap which Nature immediately labours to fill up. Let us allow as largely as we choose for inconsiderate and reckless conduct in individuals—still, inasmuch as two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time, the young in almost every trade and profession of life must unavoidably defer marriage until their seniors vacate by death the places of trust and confidence which they have gradually attained. So long, therefore, as these places linger in the possession of the old, the increase of population is proportionably subdued; whereas, on the other hand, if, from avoidable or unavoidable disease, the duration of life be so shortened that those *loca tenentes*, who neither increase nor multiply, shall be either partly or wholly replaced by those of an age to do both, it evidently follows that this description of mortality must produce more births than deaths.

In fact, even the returns of the deaths, marriages, and births among the white population on the west coast of Africa demonstrate that, though the mortality there has been as frightful as we have described it, the births have exceeded it largely:—for instance, in the different districts of this pestilential abode the number of deaths (nine-tenths of which were of persons under forty years of age) amounted in 1839 to 241, while in the same year the number of baptisms was 464, and the number of marriages 542; indeed it seems natural that young people should become reckless of consequences, and regardless of the future, in a climate which, by the ravages it is daily creating, appears always to be relentlessly exclaiming to them, ‘*To-morrow you die!*’

V. *Pecuniary burdens created by the neglect of sanitary measures.*

‘To whatever extent,’ says Mr. Chadwick, ‘the probable duration of the life of the working man is diminished by noxious agencies, I repeat a truism in stating that to the same extent productive power is lost; and in the case of destitute widowhood and orphanage, burdens are created and cast, either on the industrious survivors belonging to the family, or on the contributors to the poor’s-rates, during the whole of the period of the failure of such ability.’

It appears that the number of widows chargeable to the poor-rates in the year ending Lady-day, 1840, was 43,000, and that the total number of orphan children to whom relief was given was 112,000. Of these it is estimated that 27,000 cases of premature widowhood, and more than 100,000 of orphanage, might be traced to removable causes.

Take one pleasing example of a cause removed:—

‘In one mine,’ says Dr. Barham, ‘the Dolcoath mine, in the parish of Camborne, in Cornwall, great attention is paid to obviate agencies injurious to the miners. Care is there taken in respect to ventilation in

in the mines, and the men are healthier than in most other mines; there are more old miners. Care is taken for the prevention of accidents. Care is taken of the miners on quitting the mines: hence, instead of issuing on the bleak hill-side, and receiving beer in a shed, they issue from their underground labour into a warm room, where well-dried clothes are ready for them; warm water, and even baths are supplied from the steam-furnace; and a provision of hot beef-soup instead of beer is ready for them in another room. The honour of having made this change is stated to be due to the Right Hon. Lady Basset, on the suggestion of Dr. Carlyon. We may fairly attribute to the combination of beneficial arrangements just noticed that in Dolcoath, where 451 individuals are employed underground, only two have died within the last three years of miners' consumption; a statement which could not, I believe, be made with truth, nor be nearly approached, in respect of an equal number [of miners during the same term in any other Cornish district. The sick-club of the mine is comparatively rich, having a fund of 1500*l*.]

It appears to be the governing principle of Mr. Chadwick's report to demonstrate to the public that the welfare of the labouring poor is identical with that of all other classes—that whatever afflicts the former, sympathetically affects the latter—and consequently that whenever the poor are brought to an untimely grave by causes which are removable, the community in some way or other is sure to suffer retributive punishment for the neglect. For example—in corroboration of the evidence already adduced, he gives tabular returns, showing the difference in the proportions of ages between a depressed and unhealthy, and a comparatively vigorous population: by which it appears that, while in a hundred men of the former, there would not be two men beyond 60 years of age, not eight above 50, and not a fourth above 40—in the other population there would be fourteen beyond 60, twenty-seven beyond 50, or a clear majority of mature age. Now mark *one* consequence:—

'Whenever the adult population of a physically depressed district, such as Manchester, is brought out on any public occasion, the preponderance of youth in the crowd is apt to strike those who have seen assemblages of the working population in districts more favourably situated.

'In the course of some inquiries under the Constabulary Force Commission, reference was made to the meetings held by torchlight in the neighbourhood of Manchester. It was reported that the bulk consisted of mere boys, and that there were scarcely any men of mature age amongst them. Those of age and experience, it was stated, generally disapproved of the proceedings of the meetings, as injurious to the working classes themselves. These older men, we were assured by their employers, were above the influence of the anarchical fallacies which appeared to sway those wild and dangerous assemblages. The inquiry which arose upon such statements was how it happened that the men of
mature

mature age, feeling their own best interests injured by the proceedings of the younger portion of the working classes—how they, the elders, did not exercise a restraining influence upon their less-experienced fellow-workmen? On inquiring of the owner of some extensive manufacturing property, on which between 1000 and 2000 persons were maintained at wages yielding 40s. per week per family, whether he could rely on the aid of the men of mature age for the protection of the capital which furnished them the means of subsistence?—he stated he could rely on them confidently;—but on ascertaining the numbers qualified for service as special constables, the gloomy fact became apparent, that the proportion of men of strength and of mature age for such service were but as a small group against a large crowd, and that for any social influence they were equally weak. The disappearance by premature deaths of the heads of families and the older workmen must practically involve the necessity of supplying the lapse of staid influence amidst a young population by one description or other of precautionary force.

‘On expostulating on other occasions with middle-aged and experienced workmen on the folly, as well as the injustice of their trade unions, the workmen of the class remonstrated with invariably disclaimed connexion with the proceedings, and showed that they abstained from attendance at the meetings. The common expression was, they would not attend to be borne down by “mere boys,” who were furious, and knew not what they were about. The predominance of a young and violent majority was general.

‘In the metropolis the experience is similar. The mobs against which the police have to guard come from the most depressed districts; and the constant report of the superintendents is, that scarcely any old men are to be seen amongst them. In general they appear to consist of persons between 16 and 25 years of age. The mobs from such districts as Bethnal Green are proportionately conspicuous for a deficiency of bodily strength, without, however, being from that cause proportionately the less dangerously mischievous. I was informed by peace-officers that the great havoc at Bristol was committed by mere boys.’

Since the publication of the Report alarming riots have occurred in the manufacturing districts; and our readers will observe, from the following authentic details, which we have taken some trouble to obtain, how singularly Mr. Chadwick’s statement has just been corroborated.

Ages of the Prisoners for Trial at the Special Commission in Cheshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire, October, 1842 :—

Below	16	13
Between	16 and 26	316
	26 and 36	154
	36 and 46	56
	46 and 56	18
	56 and 66	5
Above	66	3

This is enough—but it must be kept in mind that these prisoners were the *leaders*; their followers were probably much younger.

‘The experience of the metropolitan police,’ continues Mr. Chadwick, ‘is similar as to the comparatively small proportion of force available for public service from such depressed districts. It is corroborative also of the evidence as to the physical deterioration of their population, as well as the disproportion in respect to age. Two out of every three of the candidates for admission to the police force itself are found defective in the physical qualifications. It is rare that any one of the candidates from Spitalfields, Whitechapel, or the districts where the mean duration of life is low, is found to possess the requisite physical qualifications for the force, which is chiefly recruited from the open districts at the outskirts of the town, or from Norfolk and Suffolk, and other agricultural counties.

‘In general the juvenile delinquents, who come from the inferior districts of the towns, are conspicuously under-size. In a recent examination of juvenile delinquents at Parkhurst by Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, the great majority were found to be deficient in physical organization. An impression is often prevalent that the criminal population consists of persons of the greatest physical strength. Instances of criminals of great strength certainly do occur; but speaking from observation of the adult prisoners from the towns and the convicts in the hulks, they are in general below the average standard of height.’

He follows up these statements by some very curious details collected from the teachers of the pauper children at Norwood and elsewhere :—

‘The intellects of the children of inferior physical organization are torpid; it is comparatively difficult to gain their attention or to sustain it; it requires much labour to irradiate the countenance with intelligence, and the irradiation is apt to be transient. As a class they are comparatively irritable and bad-tempered. The most experienced and zealous teachers are gladdened by the sight of well-grown healthy children, which presents to them better promise that their labours will be less difficult and more lasting and successful. On one occasion a comparison was made between the progress of two sets of children in Glasgow—the one set taken from the wynds and placed under the care of one of the most skilful and successful infant-school masters; the other a set of children from a more healthy town district, and of a better physical condition, placed under the care of a pupil of the master who had charge of the children from the wynds. After a trial for a sufficient time, the more experienced master acknowledged the comparative inferiority of his pupils, and his inability to keep them up to the pace of the better bodily-conditioned children.’

Our author pithily sums up the result.

‘Noxious physical agencies, depressing the health and bodily condition of the population, act as obstacles to education and to moral culture;

culture; in abridging the duration of adult life they check the growth of productive skill, and abridge the amount of social experience and steady moral habits; they substitute for a population that accumulates and preserves instruction, and is steadily progressive, a population young, inexperienced, ignorant, credulous, irritable, passionate, dangerous, having a perpetual tendency to moral as well as physical deterioration.'

VI. Evidence of the effects of preventive measures in raising the standard of health and the chances of life.

The results of measures which have lately been introduced into the navy and army, as well as into our prisons, offer indisputable evidence of the health attainable by simple means. Mr. Chadwick declares that no descriptions given by Howard of the worst prisons he visited in England, come up to what appeared in every wynd of Edinburgh and Glasgow inspected by Dr. Arnott and himself. Now on what principle can we defend our not applying to the benefit of the labouring poor, in as far as we can apply them, the measures which we know to have saved so many of our soldiers and sailors—which have therefore saved the nation such vast sums of money? Above all, what is to be said of the judgment of the community that makes prodigious efforts to improve the sanitary condition of its criminals, and apathetically neglects its poor?

After giving us a mass of irresistible evidence as to the actual results of increased care in the case of soldiers and sailors and the inmates of jails, Mr. Chadwick proceeds to compare the expense to owners and tenants of the public drainage, cleansing, and supplies of water necessary for the maintenance of health, with the expense of sickness—the cost of the remedy with the cost of the disease. His tables seem to prove that the cost of the application of his remedies to one-third (1,148,282) of the inhabited houses in England, Wales, and Scotland, would amount to 18,401,219*l.* The annual instalment for repayment of this debt in thirty years would amount to 613,374*l.*; the annual interest, commuted at 5 per cent. on the outlay, charged as rent on the tenant, would be 583,644*l.* Out of this sum, however, the cost of supplying every house with water, even at the highest charge made by the water companies, namely, 138 pailsful for 1*½d.*, would, in fact, be a reduction of the existing expenditure of labour in fetching water; and many other similar reductions should be made from the account. But, without lingering over such details, it may be at once stated that the experience of the effect of sanitary measures proves the possibility of the reduction of sickness in the worst districts to at least one-third of the existing amount; and sickness is no trifle in the mere calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence.

'The immediate cost,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'of sickness and loss of employment

employment falls differently in different parts of the country, but on whatsoever fund it does fall, it will be a gain to apply to the means of prevention that fund which is and must needs otherwise continue to be more largely applied to meet the charge of maintenance and remedies.

‘Admitting, however, as a fact the misconception intended to be obviated, that the necessary expense of structural arrangements will be an immediate charge instead of an immediate means of relief to the labouring classes;—in proof that they have, in ordinary times, not only the means of defraying increased public rates but increased rents, I refer to the fact that the amount expended in ardent spirits (exclusive of wines), tobacco, snuff, beer, &c., consumed chiefly by them, cannot be much less than from 45,000,000*l.* to 50,000,000*l.* per annum in the United Kingdom. By an estimate which I obtained from an eminent spirit-merchant of the cost to the consumer of the British spirits on which duty is paid, the annual expenditure on them alone, chiefly by the labouring classes, cannot be less than 24,000,000*l.* per annum. The cost of one dram per week would nearly defray the expense of the structural arrangements of drainage, &c., by which some of the strongest provocatives to the habit of drunkenness would be removed.’

These are most important statements. But still, let it be remembered, the labouring poor in our great towns cannot of themselves, as a class, improve essentially the condition of the localities which they occupy. The workman’s location must be governed by his work—therefore the supply of house-room for him becomes almost inevitably a monopoly: he must not only take a lodging near his work, but he must take it as it is: he can neither lay on water, nor cause the removal of filth by drainage—in short, he has no more control over the external economy of his habitation than of the structure of the street in which it exists. But it is demonstrable that, if the employers of labour would but provide better accommodation for their labourers, they would receive in money and in money’s worth—to speak of no higher considerations—a fair remuneration for their expenditure.

‘We everywhere find,’ says Mr. Chadwick, ‘(in contradiction to statements frequently made in popular declamations,) that the labourer gains by his connexion with large capital: in the instances presented in the course of this inquiry, of residences held from the employer, we find that the labourer gains by the expenditure for the external appearance of that which is known to be part of the property—an expenditure that is generally accompanied by corresponding internal comforts: he gains by all the surrounding advantages of good roads and drainage, and by more sustained and powerful care to maintain them: he gains by the closer proximity to his work attendant on such an arrangement; and he thus avoids all the attacks of disease occasioned by exposure to wet and cold, and the additional fatigue in traversing long distances to and from his home to the place of work, in the damp of early morning or of nightfall. The exposure to weather after leaving the place of work

is one prolific cause of disease, especially to the young. When the home is near to the place of work, the labourer is enabled to take his dinner with his family instead of at the beer-shop. The wife and children gain by proximity to the employer's family, in motives to neatness and cleanliness, by their being known and being under observation: as a general rule, the whole economy of the cottages in bye-lanes and out-of-the-way places appears to be below those exposed to observation. In connexion with property or large capital, the labourer gains in the stability of employment, and the regularity of income incidental to operations on a large scale: there is a mutual benefit also in the wages for service being given in the shape of buildings or permanent and assured comforts; that is, in what would be the best application of wages, rather than wholly in money wages.'

We must refer to the Report itself for a long array of most pleasing examples of the practical truth of these statements. Not a few of the great master-manufacturers acknowledged to Mr. Chadwick that what they had done from motives of humanity had turned out, to their agreeable surprise, immensely advantageous to their own purses. But let us content ourselves with what is stated as to one particular source of evil, and the facility of cutting it off by a judicious employer. The example is from Leeds:—

'The effects,' says Mr. Fairburn, 'produced by payment at the public-house are to oblige the workman to drink. He is kept waiting in the public-house during a long time, varying from two to three hours, sometimes as much as five hours. The workman cannot remain in the house without drinking, even if he were alone, as he must make some return to the landlord for the use of the room. But the payment of a number of men occupies time in proportion to their numbers. We find that to pay our own men in the most rapid way requires from two to three hours. The assembled workmen, of course, stimulate each other to drink. Out of a hundred men, all of whom will, probably, have taken their quart of porter or ale, above a third will go home in a state of drunkenness—of drunkenness to the extent of imbecility. The evil is not confined to the men; the destructive habit is propagated in their families. At each public-house a proportion of the poor women, their wives, attend. According to my own observation, full ten per cent. of the men have their wives and children in attendance at the public-house. The poor women have no other mode of getting money to market with on the Saturday night than attending at the public-house to get it from their husbands. They may have children whom they cannot leave at home, and these they bring with them. The wives are thus led to drink; and they and their children are made partakers of the scenes of drunkenness and riot; for there are not unfrequently quarrels leading to fights between the workmen when intoxicated.

'It is only the inferior shopkeepers or hucksters who will sell on the Sunday morning, and they sell an inferior commodity at a higher price. Then the Sunday morning is thus occupied: the husband, and some-times

times the wife, is kept in a state of feverish excitement by the previous night's debauch; they are kept in a state of filth and disorder; even the face is unwashed; no clean clothes are put on; and there is no church attendance, and no decency. Indeed, by the pressure of the wants created by habits of drinking, there is soon no means to purchase clean or respectable clothes, and lastly no desire to purchase them. The man, instead of cleaning himself, and appearing at church on the Sunday, or walking out with his family on the Sunday afternoon in a respectable condition, remains at home in filth, and in a filthy hovel.

'The workman who has been absent from drunkenness comes to his work pale, emaciated, shattered, and unnerved. From my own observation in my own branch of manufacture, I should say that the quantity and quality of the work executed during the first day or so would be about one-fifth less than that obtainable from a steady and attentive workman. Another consideration for the master is the fact that such workmen, the most idle and dissolute, are the most discontented, and are always the foremost in mischievous strikes and combinations.'

Now what is Mr. Fairburn's prescription for these disorders? He sends a clerk into each room in his manufactory immediately after dinner-hour on Saturday to pay each man individually, who, by this simple arrangement, is not taken from his work half a minute. The master thus saves on an average an hour and a half's labour of 550 men, which amounts to 800 hours of labour per week; one great cause of non-attendance at church on the Sunday is abolished; and, lastly, not above four or five of his people arrive late at their work on Monday morning.

Let us turn for a moment to the rural regions. Out of many of Mr. Chadwick's witnesses, let us attend to one:—Charles Higgins, Esq., Chairman of the Bedford Union, thus describes the advantages which have arisen from an improved description of cottages in his vicinity:—

'The man sees his wife and family more comfortable than formerly; he has a better cottage and garden; he is stimulated to industry, and, as he rises in respectability of station, he becomes aware that he has a character to lose. Thus an important point is gained. Having acquired certain advantages, he is anxious to retain and improve them; he strives more to preserve his independence, and becomes a member of benefit, medical, and clothing societies; and frequently, besides this, lays up a certain sum, quarterly or half-yearly, in the savings-bank. Almost always attendant upon these advantages, we find the man sending his children to be regularly instructed in a Sunday, and, where possible, in a day school, and himself and family more constant in their attendance at some place of worship on the Lord's day.'

'A man who comes home to a poor, comfortless hovel after his day's labour, and sees all miserable around him, has his spirits more often depressed than excited by it. He feels that, do his best, he shall be miserable still, and is too apt to fly for a temporary refuge to the ale-house.'

house or beer-shop. But give him the means of making himself comfortable by his own industry, and I am convinced by experience that, in many cases, he will avail himself of it.'

Although, in the variegated picture of human life, one can scarcely point out a more striking contrast than between a pale drunken labourer zigzaggedly staggering by night from the ale-house to his family, and a ruddy sober one rationally enjoying his evening at home, yet it is not so very easy to analyse or enumerate the invisible filaments which, acting all together like the strands in a cable, have in the two cases produced such opposite results!

It is not the fresh air the ploughman has been inhaling all day which, at the conclusion of his work, has irresistibly brought him to his home; nor is it the appetite which healthy labour has created—nor is it the joyous welcome of those rosy-faced children who, following each other almost according to their ages along the garden-path, have run to meet him at his wicket-gate—nor is it the smiling countenance of his neatly-dressed wife—nor the homely meal she has prepared for him—nor the general cleanliness of his cottage, nor the ticking of his gaudy-faced clock, nor the merry antics of his children's kitten, nor his warm chimney-corner, nor the cheerful embers on his hearth—no one of these tiny threads is strong enough to draw an able-bodied labourer to his cottage; and yet, their united influence, though still invisible to him, produces the happy result: in short, fresh air creates health, and health happiness.

On the other hand, it is not the fountain of putrid air which all day long has been steaming up from a small gully-drain in front of his shop that causes the workman to spend his evening at the alehouse; nor is it the lassitude of his body or depression of spirits produced by the want of ventilation in the building—nor is it the dust he has been breathing there—nor is it the offensive open drain that runs close under his own window—nor is it the sickly, uncaptivating aspect of his care-worn wife—nor the neglected, untidy appearance of his room—nor the emaciated countenances of his poor children, who, as if they had lost the bloom of modesty, are lying all huddled together in one bed—nor is it the feverish thirst which assails him—nor is it that black, unwholesome board nailed by Parliament over the alehouse-door which insists that the beer he desires is '*to be drunk on the premises*,' or, in other words, that he himself must be the pitcher that is to carry it away—nor ~~not~~ the abandoned immoral associates of both sexes which this board has convened for him—no one of these circumstances would be sufficient to estrange an honest workman from his home; and yet, when they give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, the victim obeys their influence,

he knows not why, and, accordingly, however crooked may be his path homewards, he, at all events, goes straight to the almshouse.

We have no desire to lecture on the old law which, in order to save trouble and reflection, summarily prescribed punishment as the natural cure for drunkenness. We trust, however, that the day is fast approaching when the attention of our law-makers will be directed to the prevention of the evil instead of its cure: for if it be true that the sobriety of the labouring classes mainly depends upon sanitary arrangements on an extensive scale, which the fiat of Parliament could instantaneously ordain, it certainly does appear that, so long as this branch of legislation shall continue to be neglected, there is reason to doubt whether Parliament or the peasant be the most guilty of those cases of drunkenness which mainly proceed from a series of minute causes not removable by the latter.

Surely, Mr. Chadwick's main remedies—namely, efficient drainage, sewerage, and ablution of towns—come within the legitimate province of the legislature. Surely, the interior arrangements he proposes, such as the ventilation of all buildings in which a body of workpeople are assembled, as well as due attention to a series of other details conducive to their health, are, to say the least, as much within the proper jurisdiction of parliament as the most humane mode of sweeping chimneys, or the proper thickness of party-walls. The health of the nation being nearly synonymous with its wealth, it is evident that the labouring power of the British people is a machine which it is the duty as well as the interest of the State to protect.

In France there has long existed a *Board of Health*; and whoever has read the *Essays of Parent du Chatelet* must know of what vast benefits this institution has been productive. Many times has a similar one been recommended and proposed here—but there has always occurred some fatal hitch. We need not at present enter on the discussion of the difficulties hitherto deemed insurmountable. Meantime Mr. Chadwick thinks the machinery of the Poor Law Commission might be rendered highly serviceable; and his practical proposal is, that in order to establish throughout the country an efficient system of sanitary attention, there should be appointed to each district two new superior officers, a superintending Physician and a skilful Engineer.

Mr. Chadwick truly observes that the claim to relief on the ground of destitution created by sickness directly propels the medical officer of every union to the precise point where the evil is most rife, and where the public intervention is most called for—namely, to the interior of the home of the sufferer: indeed, it appears that in the metropolis during the year these officers were required to
visit

visit 14,000 residences of applicants for relief on account of fever alone. When it is considered that the number of medical officers attached to the new unions throughout the country amounts to 2300, it is evident what a searching professional inquiry these intelligent agents have power to make, and what opportunities they would have of recommending immediate attention to whatever physical causes of disease they might discover in their daily visits to the residences of the afflicted. It is equally obvious that the relieving officer of the union would, in the mere performance of his duty, be able to assist the medical officer in searching out removable causes of sickness, by reporting whatever he might deem worthy of attention.

In order, therefore, to carry out this reciprocal assistance, Mr. Chadwick proposes that the medical officers of the unions, whenever they visit the residences of the labouring classes, should be required, as an extra duty for which they should be properly remunerated, to examine, or order to be examined any physical and removable causes which may, in their opinion, have produced disease; and having done this, to make out a report, specifying any nuisances that may require immediate removal—which statement should then be given to the relieving officer, who should thereupon take measures for the removal of the nuisance at the expense of the owner of the tenement, unless he, upon notice being given to him, forthwith proceeds to direct its removal.

These preliminary arrangements being effected, the duty of the district physician would be to receive reports from the medical officers of the unions, and to give general supervision to their labours, so as to correct any error or neglect in their treatment of the destitute; to inspect from time to time the schools of the poor; and to visit in person also places of work and workmen's lodging-houses—in this last department advantageously superseding the sub-inspectors of factories.

'It would be found,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'that the appointment of a superior medical officer independent of private practice, to superintend these various duties, would be a measure of sound pecuniary economy. The experience of the navy and the army and the prisons may be referred to for exemplifications of the economy in money, as well as in health and life, of such an arrangement. A portion only of the saving from an expensive and oppressive collection of the local rates would abundantly suffice to ensure for the public protection against common evils the science of a district physician, as well as the science of a district engineer. Indeed, the money now spent in comparatively fragmentitious and unsystematized local medical service for the public, would, if combined as it might be without dereliction on the occurrence of vacancies, afford advantages at each step of the combination.' We have in the same towns public medical officers as inspectors of prisons, medical

medical officers for the inspection of lunatic asylums, medical officers of the new unions, medical inspectors of recruits, medical service for the granting certificates for children under the provisions of the Factory Act, medical service for the *post-mortem* examinations of bodies, the subject of coroners' inquests, which it appears from the mortuary registers of violent deaths in England amount to between 11,000 and 12,000 annually, for which a fee of a guinea each is given. These and other services are divided in such portions as only to afford remuneration in such sums as 40*l.*, 50*l.*, 60*l.*, or 80*l.* each; and many smaller and few larger amounts.'

But after all that may justly be said in favour of medical assistance, Mr. Chadwick evidently considers that the chief physician of his sanitary system is the district engineer. We have many engineers at work—but no real good can be effected on a large scale unless there be *system* in the operations, and authority extending over more than this or that small object or locality.

'In the districts,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'where the greatest defects prevail, we find such an array of officers for the superintendence of public structures, as would lead to the *a priori* conclusion of a high degree of perfection in the work, from the apparent subdivision of labour in which it is distributed. In the same petty districts we have surveyors of sewers appointed by the commissioners of sewers, surveyors of turnpike-roads appointed by the trustees of the turnpike-trusts, surveyors of highways appointed by the inhabitants in vestry, or by district boards under the Highway Act; paid district surveyors appointed by the justices, surveyors of paving under local Acts, surveyors of building under the Building Act, surveyors of county-bridges, &c.

'The qualifications of a civil engineer involve the knowledge of the prices of the materials and labour used in construction, and also the preparation of surveys and the general qualifications for valuations, which are usually enhanced by the extent of the range of different descriptions of property with which the valuator is conversant. The public demands for the services of such officers as valuers are often as mischievously separated and distributed as the services for the construction and maintenance of public works. Thus we have often, within the same districts, one set of persons appointed for the execution of valuations and surveys for the levy of the poor-rates; another set for the surveys and valuations for the assessed-taxes; another for the land-tax; another for the highway-rates; another for the sewer-rates; another for the borough-rates; another for the church-rates; another for the county-rates, where parishes neglect to pay, or are unequally assessed, and for extra-parochial places; another for tithe commutation; and these services are generally badly rendered separately at an undue expense.'

* On comparing the actual expense of the repairs of roads under a scientific management of the highways with the present cost, Mr. Chadwick estimates that upwards of 500,000*l.* per annum might

might be saved on that branch of administration alone. In the collection of the county-rates, he considers that, by simple arrangements, £1,000 a-year might be saved in one county (Kent), sufficient for defraying the expense of constructing permanent drains for upwards of 500 tenements; and from a vast accumulation of similar data Mr. Chadwick states, as his deliberate opinion, that, by a consolidation of the collection of rates, enough might be saved from the collection of one local tax—the sewers-rate—to pay the expense of scientific officers throughout the country.

‘Supposing,’ he says, ‘population and new buildings for their accommodation to proceed at the rate at which they have hitherto done in the boroughs, and supposing all the new houses to be only fourth-rate, the expense, at the ordinary rate of payment of surveyors’ fees, would be about 30,000*l.* per annum for the new houses alone. Fees of half the amount required for every new building are allowed for every alteration of an old one, and the total expense of such structures would probably be near 50,000*l.* in the towns alone—an expense equal to the pay of the whole corps of Royal Engineers, or 240 men of science, for Great Britain and Ireland.

‘But at the rate of increase of the population of Great Britain, to accommodate them, 59,000 new tenements are required, affording, if all that have equal need receive equal care, fees to the amount of no less than from 80,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* per annum. This would afford payment equal to that of the whole corps of sappers and miners, or nearly 1000 trained men, in addition to the corps of engineers.

‘From a consideration of the science and skill now obtained for the public from these two corps for general service, some conception may be formed of the science and skill that might be obtained in appointments for local service, by pre-appointed securities for the possession of the like qualifications, but which are now thrown away in separate appointments at an enormous expense, where qualifications are entirely neglected.’

If, when our carriage is broken, we send for the coachmaker—if, when our chronometer stops, we send for the watchmaker, and so on,—it surely follows that when patches of fever are found vegetating in all directions around us—when pestilence of our own concocting, like an unwholesome mist, is rising out of the burial-grounds, courts, alleys, and *cul-de-sacs* of our towns, and out of the undrained portions of the country—and when every parish-purse throughout the kingdom is suffering from the unnatural number of widows and orphans, which, in consequence of these removable causes, it is obliged by law to maintain,—in short, when sanitary measures are ascertained to be necessary,—there can surely exist among reasonable men no doubt that the physician and the engineer are the head and the hand professionally

sionally most competent to undertake the cure. So long as we could affect to be ignorant of the evils that surround us, it was deemed unnecessary to send for either; but from the day of the publication of the evidence before us, this excuse, like a poisonous weed plucked from the ground, has been gradually withering.

Even if the amount of mischief by which we are surrounded were a fixed quantity, it surely ought to create among us very serious alarm; but, on the contrary, every day it is becoming more and more formidable. The sea-beaten shores of Great Britain remain unaltered—but the population within them is already increasing at the rate of 230,000 persons per annum. In the year, therefore, that has just closed, people enough to fill a whole county of the size of Worcestershire, or of the North riding of Yorkshire, have been poured upon us; and every progressive year the measure of increase will become larger.

What is to be the result of such an increasing addition to our population it is awful enough, under any circumstances, to contemplate; but if every living individual—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—be allowed to continue to pollute the air—our commonwealth—as much as he pleases; if pollution be allowed to continue to engender disease—disease, demoralization—and demoralization, mutiny and rebellion by a young mob—the punishment of our apathy and negligence, sooner than we expect it, may become, like that of Cain, *greater than we can bear*.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Chadwick without expressing our high sense of the energy with which he has conducted this all-important investigation, the benevolent feeling towards the poor and the suffering which has evidently animated and sustained him in his long labours, and the sagacity which distinguishes all his leading suggestions.

ART. VIII.—*Lays of Ancient Rome*. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 8vo. pp. 191. London. 1842.

THIS was a bold undertaking, even for Mr. Macaulay: the success is beyond our expectation. Mr. Macaulay's fine youthful ballads on our Civil Wars and on the French League—the Cavalier and Roundhead and the Battle of Ivry—were still fresh upon our memory: yet we could not be without some apprehension lest he should imperil his reputation in the attempt to throw back into its old poetic form that which has been familiar to us from our boyhood as Roman history. The task not merely required the power of writing ballad-verse with unflagging spirit, with rapid and picturesque brevity, with the bold distinctness as to character

character and incident which is essential to that kind of poetry, but likewise, still, yet unobtrusive scholarship, which should keep it true to the people and to the times. Schiller's beautiful ballads on some of the incidents of Grecian mythology and history, though perhaps correct in all their allusions, have still something of the reflective tone of modern poetry; but Schiller did not give them as remains of Grecian song. In Mr. Macaulay's case the self-denial was harder: he had absolutely to reject everything which might not have struck the popular eye, have cloven to the popular ear, or stirred the popular heart in the earliest days of Rome. Nor is this task to be achieved by pedantic faithfulness of costume: witness in this respect the difference between Walter Scott and his imitators, the latter far more sedulously correct in their antiquarianism, but, by that very elaborate correctness, constantly betraying that their knowledge is got up for the occasion. This truthfulness must flow from copiousness of knowledge, long before worked into the mind, and ready to suggest itself spontaneously when wanted—not to be sought out, or transferred from a commonplace-book, with a dull and servile appeal to authority.

In these *Lays* we are now and then disturbed by too close a reminiscence of some of the familiar turns of our own ballad or Border poetry, the tone and cadence of which it was perhaps impossible to avoid; but the metre—if metre it may be called—of the Saturnian verses of the old minstrels of Rome, seems really to have had a strong similarity and relationship with our own, and with almost all other rude poetry. What we least approve under this head are one or two spirited and effective, but direct, imitations of a very peculiar march of Marmion—that hurried tempestuous reduplication, so characteristic that it was more than any other feature aimed at in James Smith's capital parody.

Mr. Macaulay, as may be anticipated, adopts to its utmost extent the hypothesis that the early Roman history grew out of the popular poetry. Niebuhr assigns to Perizonius* the first hint of this theory, which his own authority has gone far to establish as the general opinion among almost all recent writers of Roman

* Has Mr. Macaulay, who is said to forget nothing, quite forgotten one Butler, unquestionably the earliest modern who alludes to *Roman Lays*?

‘For as the aldermen of Rome,
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As some mistaken write in story,)
Being mounted in their best array
Upon a car, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of ill lads,
Who merry ditties trollop and lads,
Did ride with many a good fellow,
Crying, Hey for our town and the borough.’
 Hudibras, part ii., canto 2, line 595.
history.

history. Mr. Macaulay's remarkably lucid and forcible statement of the theory is likely to gain some proselytes. He may have been perplexed, rather than convinced, by the somewhat abstruse reasonings of Niebuhr, or hardened into disbelief by the dictatorial tone which he, in the full conviction of his own superior acquaintance with the subject, and of its irrefragable truth, thought that he might justly assume. The illustrations from the English and Spanish chronicleers of the manner in which poetry passes into history appear to us extremely happy, and will tempt us hereafter to present them to our readers. This question of the poetic origin of the early Roman history, we would remind our readers, is very different from that of its utter uncertainty, as shown by Beaufort, Levesque de Pouilly, and other writers. The theory is conservative rather than destructive. It tends at least to invest these old stories in the dignity of some kind of truth, rather than to leave them in the neglected rubbish of mere fable.

The philosophic historian of the present day will not venture to disdain even mythic history, the more imaginative form of the poetic annals of nations. But there is a great difference between *mythic* and *heroic* legend: Niebuhr himself has pointed this out with his usual sound discrimination. The inventive faculty has a very different office in the religious allegory or mythological legend of the priest and the epic song of the popular bard. Only a small portion of the early Roman history is absolutely mythic—the birth of Romulus and Remus, the apotheosis of Romulus, the intercourse of Numa with the nymph Egeria. We should reluctantly yield up the real personality either of the founder or the lawgiver. In this border-ground between the mythic and the historic, it is the sunset of the religious legend which sheds its glowing colouring over the reality of life, rather than the thin and incorporeal impersonations of the myth which harden into actual and sensible existence. Almost all the rest, however, of the unhistoric period of Roman tradition is that popular poetry which has its groundwork in truth.

This poetry is not purely inventive: it selects, embellishes, aggrandizes incidents and characters: it surrenders itself in the first place to that insuperable tendency to depart from sober truth incident to all poets—the insatiate desire of seizing and making the most of the poetic element, the sublime, the striking, the picturesque, the pathetic; of discarding the mean, the trivial, the ineffective; of dwelling solely and exclusively upon that which would arrest the eager ear and maintain the mute attention of an enthralled audience. Besides this, appealing to, living on popular passion, such poetry would be instinct itself with passion: it would be a flatterer, or, at best, an honest flatterer, of family pride.

pride or of faction: it would be patrician or plebeian, according as it found its audience in the halls of the great or the streets of the common people. Above all, it would be national—Roman. It would dwell on exploits of valour, and magnify them to the utmost height of patriotic credulity: if it ever touched on the sad string of defeat and shame, it would dignify public disaster by individual feats of self-devotion and glory. So long as the poets were the sole chroniclers, such would be the history; and history grounded—if not entirely, yet to a great extent—on such authorities, would preserve this peculiar character. Where, as in the case of our own poetic historian, Shakspeare (the historian from whom most of us take our earliest and almost indelible impression of many of the reigns of our kings), the poetry is drawn from the chronicle, it is far more free and impartial: it is when it alludes to the poet's own times, to Elizabeth or James, that it condescends to flattery. But, popular poetry, we conceive, would never be absolutely creative: it would never celebrate the feats of an imaginary warrior, or plunge its heroes into an ideal warfare. Reckoning, as he has full right to do, on a very large amount of credulity in his readers—on an almost insatiable inclination to believe all which is within the bounds of probability—the popular poet would swell numbers, always loosely calculated in early stages of society, magnify exploits, centre on one the feats of many, be careless of dates, and even be guilty of anachronisms; where the scenes are remote, be regardless of fidelity of local description. The production, however, would still be history, though in a poetic form, and wanting the indispensable requisites of trustworthy annals. The facts might be so disguised as almost to cease to be facts—the personages so out of proportion to the space which they actually filled as to give the most erroneous impressions of the times. Truth and fiction in these legends are indeed so subtly interwoven, so incorporated with each other, that the most acute discrimination will hardly separate the one from the other. Now and then the poetic dress may be so loosely thrown over the transaction, that it will almost fall off of itself. Here and there fine philosophical discernment may discover where the reality ceases and the licence of the poet begins. But in general we must rest content with the axiom, an axiom which we think is almost invariable, that the ballad-poet takes his subject from real life—that there is some groundwork of truth in all his fictions: he will be a witness, therefore, whom History will by no means disdainfully reject, but whose testimony will be received according to rules of evidence altogether peculiar, and variable with the undefinable circumstances of the case.

Upon this principle the domain of *ancient Roman history*, from a region

region of utter darkness and confusion, in which it seemed almost condemned to lie, emerges into a region, not indeed of clear and distinct daylight, but peopled with real forms, though seen through a kind of rich and glowing haze, which disturbs their proportions, and brightens or darkens their real lineaments. Before, however, it is either rescued from or surrendered to this intermediate state, the two questions naturally occur—what evidence have we that this poetry, which thus assumes a right to take the place of history, ever existed in Rome; and if it existed—so copious, so various, so dear to all popular associations, as it must have been—how came it to perish so absolutely and so entirely as not to leave a trace, at least a distinct and undeniable trace, behind it?

On the first point, Mr. Macaulay urges, of course, the universal prevalence of this poetic history—the actual or fairly presumed existence of this popular ballad poetry in all nations at a certain stage of civilisation. Even Mr. Macaulay's memory has not exhausted the illustrations which might be adduced of, this almost unerring law of our intellectual development. But if from the steppes of Tartary to the shores of Peru—if in various degrees of excellence from the inimitable epics of Homer to the wild ditties of the South Sea islanders—scarcely any nation or tribe is without its popular songs, is it likely that Rome alone should have been barren, unimaginative, unmusical, without its sacred bards, or—if its bards were not invested in religious sanctity—without its popular minstrels; Rome, with so much to kindle the imagination and stir the heart; Rome, peopled by a race necessarily involved in adventurous warfare, and instinct with nationality, and with the rivalry of contending orders? In Rome everything seems to conspire which in all other countries, in all other races, has kindled the song of the bard. When, therefore, we find the history as it is handed down to us, though obviously, having passed through the chill and unimaginative older chronicle, still nevertheless instinct with infelt poetry, can we doubt where it had its origin?

'The early history of Rome,' observes Mr. Macaulay, 'is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettius Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions

actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Cloelia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the fall of Cremora, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legends about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

In the narrative of Livy, who was a man of fine imagination, these stories retain much of their genuine character. Nor could even the tasteless Dionysius distort and mutilate them into mere prose. The poetry shines, in spite of him, through the dreary pedantry of his eleven books. It is discernible in the most tedious and in the most superficial modern works on the early times of Rome. It enlivens the dullness of the Universal History, and gives a charm to the most meagre abridgment of Goldsmith.—pp. 5, 6.

Of these passages some few are mythic, and belong rather to the legendary lore of the priesthood; but others demand, as it were, a popular poet for their author: for in them, though the primary facts may be, and we think doubtless are, historic, the form, the accessory incidents, the whole tone and cast, seem essentially poetic. It may be said, indeed, that this earlier and half-barbaric state is in itself more poetical than a more regularly organized community, and that therefore its genuine history is of necessity of this more imaginative character. Poetry dwells on the individual: the sympathies of man are towards man, not men in general; and Poetry, which knows and feels its strength to lie in awakening these sympathies, delights in times when the individual is more prominent in valour, in subtlety, in power, even in suffering and in crime. The personal adventures of the king, or the warrior—who owes perhaps his kingship or his chieftainship to his personal character and prowess—are more intimately known and interest more profoundly the tribe or race: the insult, the wrong, the virtue of a noble woman, or even of any woman who commands respect or sympathy—the Lucretia or Virginia—spreads at once through the whole people; and the poet, instead of having to create, has only to keep up the excitement—to echo the general voice, rather than be himself that voice. A single combat, at this state of half-savage warfare, there can be no doubt, often decides a battle; and a single combat of itself is more poetical (as concentrating the interest on an individual, whom the imagination can picture forth in living distinctness) than a general battle, where all is confusion, and where there is nothing individual on which the mind can rest. The sister-art, as in Borgognone's battles, may illustrate this. In some indeed of these instances, according to the general tone of our observations, it is not in the incident itself, but in the manner in which it is told—not in the naked fact, but in the garb in which it is arrayed—that

that we find the poetry. What is there improbable in the defence of a narrow and almost unapproachable bridge against a whole army, by three brave men, who, when the bridge is broken up behind them, swim the stream? Is it *prima facie* unhistoric that a haughty prince should ravish the wife of one of his subjects, and the woman, in her agony and in her shame, should slay herself? or that such a crime should be the immediate stirring impulse to induce a bold people to throw off a tyrannical yoke? Still, however, there is every appearance that these stories have passed through a poetic state. We might, indeed, have suspected that the poet Livy (and in some qualifications Rome has hardly had a greater poet) may have breathed this vivifying change over the old legends of Roman glory but it is manifest that, in most cases, his fine imagination has only seized the more poetic version of the separate incidents, much of the picturesque, the dramatic, was already before his day absolutely incorporated with the legend, and had become an inseparable part of it.

All this is more remarkable, from its striking contrast; if there was almost from the first what we will venture to call a strong prosaic element in the Roman history. We cannot but think—and no one who reads the first part of Wachsmuth's work with attention will refuse to agree with us—that there was more documentary history, more of record (imperfect indeed and fragmentary, but still authentic) in the religious books, the laws, the inscriptions, and even the treaties of the earlier ages, extant at the time of the early chroniclers, or even of the later historians, than is at present commonly supposed. If the fall of the Tarquins and the wars of Porsena are deeply tinged with poetry, the Servian constitution is plain legal prose. Even if, like some of the old laws in Greece and in the East, we can suppose that all the old constitutional law was written in metre—if, as appears probable, many of the common formularies of justice retained a metrical cadence—they are no less in direct opposition with the imaginative character of the more poetic history. They have nothing of poetry; except, perhaps that they may show that Rome is no exception to the general law that verse is earlier than prose, and that all nations in the first stage of civilisation employ numbers in order to enfix upon the popular memory that which is to be of common usage, and to be treasured in the popular mind. We have made these observations as briefly as possible, merely in anticipation of an objection which has occurred to us, and may to others—viz., the improbability that a people so early predisposed to historic truth in a poetic form should yet lend itself so early to the illusions of popular poetry. The strongly poetical character

the larger portion of the history becomes under these circumstances even more unaccountable, if it had not a poetic origin.

The evidence of the existence of this ballad poetry in later writers is certainly somewhat scanty. That there was some poetry, ancient Saturnal poetry—solemn verses and other religious songs, and songs sung by young men at banquets, in celebration of the ‘great of old’—is clear, among other passages, from the contemptuous taunt of Ennius against his rival Nævius, for adhering to the antiquated measures of the Fauns and the Bards, and from the strongly-expressed regret of Cicero that none of these panegyric songs had come down to his day. Mr. Macaulay has rescued another of the most direct of these testimonies from grave suspicion. Niebuhr himself quotes Dionysius of Halicarnassus as asserting that some of the old songs, those relating to Romulus and the foundation of Rome, were sung in his day :—

ὡς ἐν τοῖς πατρίοις ὑμνοῖς ὑπὸ Ῥωμαίων ἔτι νῦν ἀδεται.

It always appeared to us very unaccountable that, either by good fortune or by industry, the dry Greek antiquarian of the age of Augustus should discover poetry in popular use, most likely in an antiquated dialect, of which Ennius spoke as almost out of date, and of which Cicero unquestionably had never heard a line. Mr. Macaulay, however, has perceived that Dionysius either translated the precise words, or, at furthest, paraphrased the language, of Fabius Pictor, one of the earliest of the Roman annalists; and thus what appeared to be a loose and incredible statement of Dionysius becomes a very valuable and trustworthy evidence.

We cannot refrain from introducing Mr. Macaulay's happy illustrations of the manner in which this popular poetry, by a natural transmutation, becomes history :—

“History,” says Hume, with the utmost gravity, “has preserved some instances of Edgar's amours, from which, as from a specimen, we may form a conjecture of the rest.” He then tells very agreeably the stories of Elfreda and Elfrida; two stories which have a most suspicious air of romance, and which, indeed, greatly resemble, in their general character, some of the legends of early Rome. He cites, as his authority for these two tales, the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the time of King Stephen. The great majority of readers suppose that the device by which Elfreda was substituted for her young mistress, the artifice by which Athelwold obtained the hand of Elfrida, the detection of that artifice, the hunting party, and the vengeance of the amorous king, are things about which there is no more doubt than about the execution of Anne Boleyn, or the slitting of Sir John Covel's nose. But, when we turn to William of Malmesbury, we find that Hume, in his eagerness to relate these picturesque fables, has overlooked one very important circumstance. William indeed tells both the stories;

stories; but he gives us distinct notice that he does not warrant their truth, and that they rest on no better authority than that of ballads.

Such is the way in which these two well-known tales have been handed down. They originally appeared in a poetical form. They found their way from ballads into an old chronicle. The ballads perished; the chronicle remained. A great historian, some centuries after the ballads had been altogether forgotten, consulted the chronicle. He was struck by the lively colouring of these ancient fictions: he transferred them to his pages; and thus we find inserted, as unquestionable facts, in a narrative which is likely to last as long as the English tongue, the inventions of some minstrel whose works were probably never committed to writing, whose name is buried in oblivion, and whose dialect has become obsolete. It must, then, be admitted to be possible, or rather highly probable, that the stories of Romulus and Remus, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, may have had a similar origin.

Castilian literature will furnish us with another parallel case. Mariana, the classical historian of Spain, tells the story of the ill-starred marriage which the King Don Alonso brought about between the heirs of Carrion and the two daughters of the Cid. The Cid bestowed a princely dower on his sons-in-law. But the young men were base and proud, cowardly and cruel. They were tried in danger, and found wanting. They fled before the Moors; and once, when a lion broke out of his den, they ran and crouched in an unseemly hiding-place. They knew that they were despised, and took counsel how they might be avenged. They parted from their father-in-law with many signs of love, and set forth on a journey with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. In a solitary place the bridegrooms seized their brides, stripped them, scourged them, and departed, leaving them for dead. But one of the house of Bivar, suspecting foul play, had followed them in disguise. The ladies were brought back safe to the house of their father. Complaint was made to the king. It was adjudged by the Cortes that the dower given by the Cid should be returned, and that the heirs of Carrion, together with one of their kindred, should do battle against three knights of the party of the Cid. The guilty youths would have declined the combat; but all their shifts were vain. They were vanquished in the lists, and for ever disgraced, while their injured wives were sought in marriage by great princes.

Some Spanish writers have laboured to show, by an examination of dates and circumstances, that this story is untrue. Such confutation was surely not needed: for the narrative is, on the face of it, a romance. How it found its way into Mariana's history is quite clear. He acknowledges his obligations to the old chronicles; and had doubtless before him the "*Chronica del Famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Campeador*," which had been printed as early as the year 1552. He little suspected that all the most striking passages in this chronicle were copied from a poem of the twelfth century, a poem of which the language and versification had long been obsolete, but which glowed with no common portion of the fire of the age. Yet such was the fact. More than a century and a half after the death of Mariana, this grand old ballad, of which

which one imperfect copy on parchment, four hundred years old, had been preserved at Bivar, was for the first time printed. Then it was found that every interesting circumstance of the story of the heirs of Carrion was derived by the eloquent Jesuit from a song of which he had never heard, and which was composed by a minstrel whose very name had long been forgotten.—pp. 31-36.*

How, then, did this Roman ballad poetry so utterly perish that no vestige should survive? Mr. Macaulay suggests the ordinary causes of decay—change of manners, of tastes, the complete domination of the Grecian over the Roman mind, the misfortune that no patriotic or poetic antiquarian rose in time, no Percy or Walter Scott, to search out and to record the fragments of old song, which were dying out upon the lips of the peasantry and of the people. There are, however, peculiar to Rome, some causes of the total obliteration of this kind of natural record which may also seem worthy of consideration. The Grecian ballad poetry, the Homeric (distinguished, in Mr. Macaulay's language, from all other ballads, and, indeed, from almost all other human compositions, by transcendental merit), had an inestimable advantage besides its other inimitable excellences. At the time of its earliest, undoubtedly of its most complete, development in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the wonderfully and naturally musical ear of the Greeks had perfected that most exquisite vehicle of epic song, the hexameter verse. From Homer to Nonnus this verse maintained its prescriptive and unquestioned right to be the measure of heroic and narrative poetry. None, indeed, could draw the bow like the old bard; but even in their conscious feebleness the later poets hardly ever ventured to innovate on this established law of epic song. The Saturnian verse was the native measure of Roman, or rather of Italian poetry. This Saturnian verse was unquestionably very rude, and, if we are to trust the commentator on Virgil, only rhythmical.† When, therefore, Ennius naturalized the hexameter in Latin poetry, it is no wonder that all eyes were turned on the noble stranger, who at once received the honours of a citizen, and from that time was established in supremacy over Latin as well as Greek narrative poetry. In this verse Ennius himself embodied all the early history of Rome; and we have only to pass from the fragments of his work, which, though yet indulging in certain licences which were dropped by Virgil and the later writers, has some lines of very free flow and cadence, to the few Saturnian verses which

* We cannot copy this allusion to the *Chanson del Cid* without expressing our earnest hope that Mr. Frere may one day give the world a more accurate and less fanciful version of it, some fragments of which appeared many years ago in the appendix to Mr. Doulay's *Chronicle of the Campesador*.

† *Carmine Saturnio metro compta ad rhythmum vulgari componere vulgare verbum*. *Caecilii in Georg. ii.* 226.

survive from the Punic War of his rival Nævius, and we shall not wonder that the Roman ear became fastidious and distasteful of its old native melodies. The ballads, if they had still survived in common currency, were superseded by the new and more popular poetic history of Ennius. The Saturnian verse was abandoned to farce and popular satire; though even satire soon began to set up for a gentleman, and, with Lucilius, to speak in hexameters. The Atellan farces (pantomimes in dialogue, according to our use of the word, not that of the classic writers) were still true to the Saturnian measure. But the Atellan farces were Italian, not properly Roman, entertainments: they were, perhaps, originally in the Oscan dialect; and whether or not they learned to speak Latin before they migrated to Rome, they were then taken up by popular poets, Pomponius and Novius, and became one of the regular amusements of the people.*

But probably the most extensively operative cause of the rapid extinction of the Roman popular poetry was the dissolution of the Roman people. The old plebeian families which survived had become a part of the aristocracy. As they had attained, and either, like Cicero, had struggled upwards into the higher rank, or had reached it by less honourable courses, whichever side they might take in the great contest between the senate and the democracy, they assumed patrician manners, tastes, and habits. Except here and there some sturdy 'laudator temporis acti,' some rough Cato, who affected the old republican manners, they belonged to that class which had surrendered itself—which prided itself on its surrender—to Greek influences. If family pride was still Roman in its reminiscences, if it delighted to recall its ancestral glories, it would disdain the rude old verse, and content itself with the chronicles which had now assumed the more authentic tone of history. It would appeal to more authoritative public records or private archives. The man of rank would be ashamed or afraid in a more prosaic age of resting the fame of his ancestors, or the truth of his genealogy, on such suspicious testimonies. Cicero might have taste and wisdom enough to regret the loss of these ancient songs, both as poetry and as trustworthy records of former times; but in his day they had entirely, and, it should seem, long, vanished from the more refined banquets of the higher classes: they found no place among the gorgeous magnificence of the Luculli, or the more enervating luxuries of the Clodii.

If, then, they lingered anywhere, they would be on the lips and

* The Saturnian was the common measure, no doubt, of all the rude Italic verse in its various dialects. Gellius and others have found it in the Umbrian inscriptions of the Fabule Eugubine. See a learned *Treatise de Fabulis Atellanis* by Dr. E. Mauk. Leipzig 1840.

in the hearts of the Roman people. But where were the Roman people? where was that stern, and frugal, and strongly-national plebeian race, which so long maintained the Roman character for order, virtue, freedom; and which, if factious and unruly, was factious for noble ends, and unruly in defence or assertion of its rights? In the city there was, as there always had been, a populace, which from the first, to a great extent, was not of Roman descent, the mechanics and artisans, the clients of the wealthy—now swelled in numbers, and, though always held in low estimation, debased in character by the constant influx of strangers, not merely from Italy, but from remoter regions. This half-foreign population was maintained in a kind of insolent pauperism by largesses of corn and other provisions, and by the distributions of the wealthy with political views. This hybrid and shifting race, largely formed of enfranchised slaves and men of servile descent, would be but precarious and treacherous guardians of national song, probably in an antiquated dialect: they would keep up the old Italic licence (so indelible, it should seem, in the Italian character) of poetic lampoon and pasquinade: any old traditions which heightened the fun and the revel of the Saturnalia might live among them: they would welcome, as we have seen, the low and farcical dramatic entertainments; but their ears would be unmoved, and their hearts dead, to the old stirring legends of the feuds and factions, the wars of neighbouring tribes, and the heroic deeds of arms of the kings or of the early republic. The well-known anecdote of Scipio Æmilianus may illustrate the un-Roman character of this populace of Rome. When the mob raised a furious clamour at his bold assertion of the justice of the death of Tiberius Gracchus, ‘Silence, ye step-sons of Italy! What! shall I fear these fellows, now they are free, whom I myself have brought in chains to Rome?’ These were the operatives (*operæ*) who flocked indeed, not merely from the workshops of Rome, but from all the adjacent districts, to swell the turbulent rabble of Clodius.*

The territory of Rome, the demesne-lands formerly cultivated by Roman citizens, in which resided the strength of the Roman people, had been gradually drained of the free population. For several centuries it had filled the legions, and those legions had achieved the conquest of the world. But that conquest was not won without enormous loss. The best blood of the Roman people had fertilized the earth, almost from the Euphrates to the Western Ocean. The veterans who remained received an

Vell. Patern. ii. 2; Valer. Max. vi. 2; ²⁷ *ad C. Patrem*, ii. 3.

* *Mercedibus emptis*.

Et filios operæ, quibus est mea Roma reversa. Tacit. v. 164.

portionments of land, but more frequently in remote parts of Italy: the actual Roman territory, therefore, that in which the old Roman language was the native dialect, and in which might survive that Roman pride which would cherish the poetic reminiscences of Roman glory, was now, for the most part, either occupied by the rising villas of the patricians, or by the large farms of the wealthy, and cultivated by slaves. The homestead, from whence a Camillus issued to rescue his country from the Gauls, may now have become a workhouse, in which crouched the slaves of some Verres, enriched with provincial plunder, or some usurious knight: a gang of Africans or Asiatics may have tilled the field where Cincinnatus left his plough to assume the consular fasces. For centuries this change had been gradually going on: the wars, and even the civil factions, were continually wasting away the Roman population; while the usurpation of wealth and pride was as constantly keeping up its slow aggression, and filling up the void with the slaves which poured in with every conquest. The story of Spartacus may tell how large a part of the rural population of Italy was servile; and probably the nearer to Rome, in the districts inhabited by the genuine Roman people, the change (with some exceptions) was most complete: the Sabine valleys might retain some of the old rough hereditary virtues, the hardihood and frugality; but at a distance from the city it would be their own local or religious traditions which would live among the peasantry, rather than the songs which had been current in the streets among the primitive commons of Rome.

Thus, both in city and in country, had died away the genuine old Roman people; and with them, no doubt, died away the last echo of national song. The extension of the right of Roman citizenship, the diffusion of the pride of the Roman name through a wider sphere, tended still more to soften away the rigid and exclusive spirit of nationality; and it was this spirit alone which would cling pertinaciously to that which laboured under the unpopularity of rudeness and barbarism. The new Romans appropriated the glories of the old, but disregarded the only contemporary, or at least the earliest, witnesses to those glories. The reverse of the fate of the Grecian heroes happened to those of Rome—the heroes lived, the sacred bards perished.

It is time, however, to close these desultory observations on a subject by no means exhausted, and to turn to Mr. Macaulay's imaginary lays. The first, and, we think, on the whole the finest, is the defence of the bridge over the Tiber, by Horatius Cocles, against the army of Porsenna. We do not quite agree with Mr. Macaulay in ascribing a poetic origin to this legend: we think it more consistent with ballad poetry to consider it the poetic version.

version of some real fact. Mr. Macaulay, as will be seen, endows his plebeian bard with a fine eye for the picturesque, as well as with familiar local knowledge of the Etrurian cities from which the ally of the Tarquins summons his confederates.

‘The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place ;
From many a fruitful plain ;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle’s nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine ;

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia’s snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky ;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia’s triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers ;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Ausser’s rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear ;
Best of all pools, the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Ausser’s rill ;
No hunter tracks the stag’s green path
Up the Ciminian hill ;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white deer ;
Unharm’d the water-fowl may
In the Volsinian mere

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap;
 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls,
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.'—pp. 48-50.

The Roman council on the walls, the approach of the Tuscan
 army, the determination of the consul to break down the bridge
 if it can be defended long enough, the self-devotion of Horatius
 and his two companions to this perilous service, and their valiant
 resistance, are dashed off with great animation:—

' But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts shuk to see
 On the earth the blood~~ed~~ corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three:
 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Runging the words to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack;
 But those behind cried "Forward!"
 And those before cried "Back!"
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
 Stood out before the crowd:
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud.
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!"
 Now welcome to thy home!
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
~~Thou~~ lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
 Thrice looked at the dead;
 And then came on in fury,
 And he turned back in dread:

And;

And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscan lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied ;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 " Come back, come back, Horatius ! "
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 " Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall ! "

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back :
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash the thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream ;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane ;
 And burst the curb, and bounded
 Rejoicing to be free ;
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before
 And the broad flood behind.
 " Down with him," cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 " Now yield thee," cried false Portena,
 " Now yield thee to our race."

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see :
 Nought spake he to Lars Porseus,
 To Sextus nought spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

" Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day !"
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side ;
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.'—pp. 67-72.

The reward of Horatius is thus given ; and, in our judgment, happily suggests the simplicity of the old bard, and of the times in which he is supposed to have sung his lay :—

' They gave him of the corn-land
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night ;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see ;
 Horatius in his harness
 Halting upon one knee :
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

And

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home ;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old,
 And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within ;
 When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit,
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;
 When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.—pp. 74-76

The 'Battle of the Lake Regillus,' which Niebuhr has pronounced to be a grand epopee, is done in a style more Homeric—in some respects too Homeric for our taste. It deals too much in continuous combat and slaughter, and the minute description of blows and wounds—the part of the Homeric battles from which, however wonderfully true and faithful, we are sometimes glad to escape. Mr. Macaulay supposes this legend to have been formed after the Romans had obtained some knowledge of the Homeric writings ; and unquestionably there is a singular coincidence in some of the details :—

But there is one circumstance which deserves especial notice. Both the war of Troy and the war of Regillus were caused by the licentious passions of young princes, who were therefore peculiarly bound not to be sparing of their own persons in the day of battle. Now the conduct

duct of Sextus at Regillus, as described by Livy, so exactly resembles that of Paris, as described at the beginning of the third book of the *Iliad*, that it is difficult to believe the resemblance accidental. Paris appears before the Trojan ranks, defying the bravest Greek to encounter him :

Τρῶσιν μὲν προμάχισεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
 Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους,
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δῆϊοσῆτι.

Livy introduces Sextus in a similar manner: "*Ferocem juvenem Tarquinium, ostentantem se in primâ exsulum acie.*" Menelaus rushes to meet Paris. A Roman noble, eager for vengeance, spurs his horse towards Sextus. Both the guilty princes are instantly terror-stricken:—

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
 ἐν προμάχοισι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ,
 ἀψ' δ' ἐτέρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ ἀλειίνων.

"Tarquinius," says Livy, "*retro in agmen suorum infenso cessit hosti.*" If this be a fortuitous coincidence, it is one of the most extraordinary in literature.'—pp. 83, 84.

This Lay, however, contains what strikes us to be the finest passage in the volume, the most truly poetic, yet in perfect keeping with the general style. The Latian chieftain, Mamilius of Tusculum, had been thus described:—

' Their leader was Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name;
 Upon his head a helmet
 Of red gold shone like flame:
 High on a gallant charger
 Of dark-grey hue he rode:
 Over his gilded armour
 A vest of purple flowed,
 Woven in the land of sunrise
 By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
 And by the sails of Carthage brought
 Far o'er the southern waters.'—p. 104.

In the fiercest of the conflict Mamilius engages Herminius, one of the defenders, with Horatius, of the Tiber bridge

' All round them paused the battle,
 While met in mortal fray
 The Roman and the Tusculan,
 The horses black and grey.
 Herminius smote Mamilius
 Through breastplate and through breast;
 And fast flowed out the purple blood
 Over the purple vest.

Mamilius

Mamilius smote Herminius
 Through head-piece and through head ;
 And side by side those chiefs of pride
 Together fell down dead.
 Down fell they dead together
 In a great lake of gore ;
 And still stood all who saw them fall ,
 While men might count a score.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
 The dark-grey charger fled :
 He burst through ranks of fighting men ;
 He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
 His bridle far out-streaming,
 His flanks all blood and foam,
 He sought the southern mountains,
 The mountains of his home.
 The pass was steep and rugged,
 The wolves they howled and whined ;
 But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
 And he left the wolves behind.
 Through many a startled hamlet
 Thundered his flying feet :
 He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
 He rushed up the long white street ;
 He rushed by tower and temple,
 And paused not from his race
 Till he stood before his master's door
 In the stately market-place.
 And straightway round him gathered
 A pale and trembling crowd,
 And when they knew him, cries of rage
 Brake forth, and wailing loud :
 And women rent their tresses
 For their great prince's fall ;
 And old men girt on their old swords,
 And went to man the wall.

But, like a graven image,
 Black Auster kept his place,
 And ever wistfully he looked
 Into his master's face.
 The raven-mane that daily,
 With bats and fond caresses,
 The young Herminia washed and combed,
 And twined in even tresses,
 And decked with coloured ribbons
 From her own gay attire,
 Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
 In carnage and in mire.

Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
 And seized black Auster's rein;
 Then Aulus swore a fearful oath,
 And ran at him amain.
 "The furies of thy brother
 With me and mine abide,
 If one of your accursed house
 Upon black Auster ride!"
 As on an Alpine watch-tower
 From heaven comes down the flame,
 Full on the neck of Titus
 The blade of Aulus came;
 And out the red blood spouted,
 In a wide arch and tall,
 As spouts a fountain in the court
 Of some rich Capuan's hall.
 The knees of all the Latines
 Were loosened with dismay
 When dead, on dead Herminius,
 The bravest Tarquin lay.

 And Aulus the Dictator
 Stroked Auster's shaven mane;
 With heed he looked unto the girths,
 With heed unto the rein.
 "Now bear me well, black Auster,
 Into yon thick array;
 And thou and I will have revenge
 For thy good lord this day."—pp. 117-121.

The appearance of the twin gods on their white horses follows with the same unflinching spirit, and then the flight of the Latins:—

' But under those strange horsemen
 Still thicker lay the slain;
 And after those strange horses
 Black Auster toiled in vain.
 Behind them Rome's long battle
 Came rolling on the foe,
 Ensigns dancing wild above,
 Blades all in line below.
 So comes the Po in flood-time
 Upon the Celtic plain:
 So comes the squall, blacker than night,
 Upon the Adrian main.
 Now, by our Sire Quirinus,
 It was a goodly sight
 To see the thirty standards
 Swept down the tide of flight.

Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow ;
So corn sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head :
And fast fled Ferentinum,
And fast Circeium fled.
The horsemen of Nomentum
Spurred hard out of the fray ;
The footmen of Velitæ
Threw shield and spear away.
And underfoot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before :
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Wholed his stately ranks
From where the apple-blossoms wave
On Anio's echoing banks ;
And Tullus of Arpinum,
Chief of the Volscian aids ;
And Metius with the long fair curls,
The love of Anxur's maids ;
And the white head of Vulso,
The great Arician seer ,
And Nepos of Laurentum,
The hunter of the deer
And in the back false Sextus
Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
Like a worm beneath the wheel.
And fliers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass ;
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass.'—pp. 124-126.

The Lay of Virginia, as we understand Mr. Macaulay, is avowedly the poetic version of an historic fact. It is supposed to be the work of a popular poet, strong on the plebeian side, during an election for tribunes. The minstrels, according both to Niebuhr and Mr. Macaulay, were usually on the popular side: yet, this being the case, it is rather singular that their songs should have been kept alive by recital at the banquets of the rich, and furnished matter for the funeral orations chiefly of the great patrician families. But be this as it may, it is impossible to place the conduct of the nobles in a more odious and unfavourable light, or to give a hotter tone to the firm and courageous freedom of the plebeian

plebeian party, than in the history of Virginia, as it is so inimitably told by Livy. It may be worthy of remark that, according to the authorities whom it was in his power to consult, the decree of Appius Claudius was so atrocious—at least its language—as to pass all credibility.* He gives therefore only its substance, discarding apparently the blacker hue in which it has been invested by popular hatred. Mr. Macaulay supposes his poet to bring forward and dwell on points which the historian leaves to the imagination of the reader: the grace and innocence of the victim, Virginia, are thus sweetly described in the Lay:—

‘Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or
harm;

And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.’

—pp. 152, 153.

There is great energy and vigour in the speech of Icilius:—

‘Now, by your children’s cradles, now, by your fathers’ graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance done on Tarquin’s evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Screvola’s right hand hies in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion’s den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate’s will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride;
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.

* Quem decreto sermonem protulerit, forsitan aliquem verum auctorem antiqui tradiderint. Quia nusquam ullum in tanta fœditate decreti verisimilem invenio, id quod constat nudum videtur proponendum.—*Liv. Hist. iii. 47.*

Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore ;
 Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore ;
 No fire when Tiber freezes ; no air in dog-star heat ;
 And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet.
 Heap heavier still the fetters ; bar closer still the grate ;
 Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
 But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
 Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love !
 Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
 From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings ?
 Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
 Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street,
 Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
 And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold ?
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife ;
 The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures ;
 The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours,
 Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride ;
 Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
 Spare us the inexorable wrong, the unutterable shame,
 That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,
 Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
 And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare.'

—pp. 155-158.

There is something very striking in the rapidity of the transaction as told by Livy ; the few hasty and emphatic words with which the father makes known his awful purpose—'*Hoc te uno quoque possum modo in libertatem vindico.*' Mr. Macaulay paraphrases this brief stern sentence into many lines, in themselves so beautiful, that we cannot wish them away, though we are not quite sure that they are in their place. We cannot, indeed, refrain from extracting them, as an example of his more touching vein :—

'Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
 Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
 Flows down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
 Hard by, a fisher on a block had laid his whittle down ;
 Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child !
 Farewell !
 Oh how I loved my darling ! Though stern I sometimes be,
 To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee ?
 And how my darling loved me ! How glad she was to hear
 My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year !

And

And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown;
 And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
 Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
 Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
 The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom;
 And, for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
 The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
 With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
 I'oul outrage which thou know'st not, which thou shalt never know.
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss,
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this.”
 With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.”

—pp. 158, 159

We will take the liberty of observing, in conclusion, that, though we gladly accept these *Lays* as the *amusements*—not unbecoming amusements—of a mind like Mr. Macaulay's, we expect much greater things from him. If, as is reported, we are about to encounter him as an historian, our only misgiving—as respects the matter of style—is, lest his almost unexampled wealth of imagery, of allusion, of all the treasures of a full-fraught yet ready memory, should betray him into prodigality. The excitement, produced by continuous brilliancy, and effectiveness of writing, which is stirring and pleasurable in a dissertation, or, as we technically call it, an article, may be too much for most readers, if maintained throughout a long narrative. History must flow on in its main course in a calmer and more equable current; our attention must not be overstrained or overwrought. Nowhere do fine pictures produce less effect than in the interminable unbroken succession of the Louvre Gallery; if they were all equally fine we should be utterly exhausted long before we could reach the end. *Φωτα ουετοδων.* The principle will apply to a historic picture-gallery,

ART. IX.—*A Bill to Amend the Laws which Regulate the Registration and Qualification of Parliamentary Electors in England and Wales.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 10th August, 1842.

IT is not usual for us to notice the pending proceedings of the legislature, or to consider them as within the jurisdiction of criticism, but the Bill now before us forms an exception to the rule, and, indeed, asks for our remarks. Introduced towards the close of the session, it was purposely allowed to stand over for the consideration, not only of the members, but of the public: an intimation was given that it was desirable that the Bill should be examined and discussed, before it should be again presented to the House. We therefore trust we shall not incur the imputation of presumption, if we venture respectfully to express our belief, that the projected scheme will only add to the number of the experiments hitherto so unsuccessfully made for securing the legal exercise of the parliamentary franchise. As yet, no measure adopted by the Legislature has accomplished the much-desired end, of submitting the rights of the electors and the election to a fair, able, and impartial tribunal.

Anterior to the reign of Queen Mary, the House of Commons had no jurisdiction over the return of the writ. Whoever had the jurisdiction, it is quite certain that the House had it not. In some cases, the cognizance of the matter seems to have belonged to the Chancery, into which court the writ is returnable. Various original writs of election anciently issued from the Chancery. Of these, the most important were, and, indeed, still are, the writ for the election of the *Coroner* of the shire, the writ for the election of the *Perdurer* of the forest, and the writ for the election of the Knight, Citizen, or Burgess to serve in parliament,* which

* Although it may appear, from a perusal of Prynn, that the Parliamentary writs formed a distinct class, such is not by any means the case. Like all other writs returned into Chancery, they were kept in *filicus*—that is to say, strung upon a string, or file, usually a kind of catgut, and tied up in bundles. From the mass, Prynn made his selections; but, diligent as he was, he only partially worked the mine. Many more were discovered in our time, and added in *Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs*, and at the present moment, an examination of the whole mass of the records in *filicus*, which were built up like a wall in the ancient council chamber of the White Tower, has been commenced; and it has been ascertained to contain more Parliamentary documents than we have, in the present article, carefully avoided all antiquarian discussions, but we shall venture to state an historical fact which we are sure will be highly interesting both to Mr. Hallam and his readers, viz., that amongst the unpublished documents is a writ addressed to the sheriff of Kent, dated at Chester, 1 Sept., 3 Ed. I., for the election of knights of the Shire to serve in Parliament to be held at Westminster in the convent of Saint Michael. The knights elected are Fulk Peyforer and Henry de Apeldreuf, or Apple-Tree-Field, names often occurring in the Kentish returns. This writ is now enrolled upon the 'Close roll,' and it is expected that the bundles in hands will furnish other important documents, of which no other record remains

several writs are *emanations*, so to speak, from one system, and guided by the same rules. But in early periods, the validity of the return was principally examined in relation to claims made by the member, *after* the dissolution of parliament, for his *wages*; and the question was thus brought before other courts, glancing off, as it were, from the Chancery. In the reign of Henry IV., the *Lords* in parliament inquired into the conduct of the returning officer, and examined the returns. Possibly this course was found insufficient, and a common law remedy was given by a statute yet in force, and according to which the return is made by indenture. Elizabeth attempted, but fruitlessly, to check the Commons in their 'impertinent meddling' with matters belonging, as her Majesty asserted, to her Chancellor. James renewed the contest: James was beaten; and the resolution of the year 1624, that 'it is the ancient and undoubted *natural* privilege and power of the *Commons* in parliament, to examine the validity of elections and returns concerning their house and assembly, and to cause all undue returns in that behalf to be reformed,' has been repeatedly confirmed by statute, and is now unquestionable law. It is rather an amusing example of the shortness of parliamentary memory, that this right, so resolved to be *ancient* in 1624, was not older than many of the members: yet we will not cavil at the term.

'*Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause*,'—whatever defect there may have been in the original title of the House of Commons to the jurisdiction, we are not prepared to assert that, considering the easy virtue of the Judges under the Tudors and early Stuarts, they should be blamed for having seized the power into their own hands. It may be that nothing short of such an *emanation* could have secured the rights and liberties of the Realm. But, having won the battle, the Commons ran riot in the exercise of their power. Their licence became intolerable even to themselves. When Mr. Grenville brought in his celebrated Bill (10 Geo. III. c. 16), the foundation of the present system, he observed 'That the great defects of the present manner of determining arose, first, from the number of the judges, as in all known courts of judicature in the world there was none so large as in the House of Commons; that the consequence of this large number was, that gentlemen, having no particular tie on them of oaths and honour, and the tediousness of some of the causes, contented themselves with giving their vote without examining the affair as they ought to do, sheltering themselves under the numbers who did the same.' *—*Debrett*, vol. xxvii. p. 270.

And, in a subsequent stage, he advocated the transfer of the power of the House to the Committee for this very reason:—

* Such of our readers as are not familiar with the early parliamentary debates may require to be told that the incoherencies and slovenliness appearing in these extracts are not the errors of our transcriber, but are to be found in the original.

That

'That the House at large might not have anything to do in the decision, to which it always proceeded in a manner so justly complained of, to the shame of the House, in a manner so justly reproached by all without doors, and gave such scandal to the whole world. That there was no method of curing this evil but by removing the trial from a court that was thin to hear, and full to judge; from a court, the members of which openly avowed that they decided not on the merits of justice, but as their engagements stood; and by deferring the *hearing and final judgment* also to a court consisting of a *select number*, of a few members responsible for their conduct, and acting under the sanction of an oath. That this situation was *exactly that of a jury* (!!)—that, whatever might be now the degree of profligacy and corruption in the world at large, yet juries, their proceedings and verdicts, still remained unimpeached.'—p. 282.

It is not necessary to trace the alterations which the Grenville tribunal—a panel of forty-nine, drawn by lot, reduced to thirteen by striking the surplus off, on either side, and increased by two nominees—has since sustained. And still less is it needful to observe, that the newly-modelled tribunal of seven selected members—a tribunal existing in a manner upon sufferance, the act having been continued only for one year (5 and 6 Vict., c. 73)—has not gained more credit than its predecessors, either in the House or with the common charge. Strong as is the language which has been employed by Lord Brougham in attacking the constitution of the Committee, it hardly goes so far as popular opinion is concerned, beyond the mark.

In order to analyse the causes of the incompetence of the tribunal, we must begin by endeavouring to obtain a full understanding of what an election committee is *not*. An election committee is *not* a trial by jury: it is *not* anything like a trial by jury. Mr. Grenville, as we have seen, exulted that he was establishing his court upon the principle of a trial by jury; and yet, when he so asserted that '*their situation was exactly that of a jury*,' the words had hardly been out of his mouth by which he had flatly contradicted himself. In explaining his bill, he had just shown that his committee-men were *judges*, having, as they still have, the '*hearing and final judgment*' of the cause. Furthermore, the peculiar character of our modern trial by jury—we say *modern*, because our present jury has nothing, except the name, in common with the ancient array of jurors from whom it is derived—does not arise from the tribunal being a '*select number*,' or from '*acting under the sanction of an oath*,' but because they sit at the feet of the Judge who hears the case with them, and determines the law for them, who assists them by his advice, and to whom they are virtually responsible for their conduct. Lastly, *Judge and Jury only form part of a court, by whom any fault*

fault which either may commit may be redressed. If the jury make a mistake in their decision upon evidence, the verdict may be set aside: if the Judge lays down bad law, you have a new trial; and, lastly, if a wrong judgment be given by the court itself, you have a writ of error to the Lords. But if the committee are puzzled, they can ask for no direction. No correction can be made, if they err on facts: no appeal, if they misunderstand the law.

It is the presence of the Judge which renders our jury trial so practically useful. From the union of Judge and Jury results the salutary power, so imperfectly appreciated amongst us, and which continental jurists do not understand at all, possessed by the jury, of '*doing wrong with just cause*;' that is to say, of measuring out the particular application of the law to each individual case, without disturbing the general principles of the law. A swindler brings his action against a newspaper for exposing his machinations. The Judge lays down the law: explains to the jury that the defendants have by no means been able to justify the libel; but, at the same time, he tells them that they will give the plaintiff such amount of damages as the justice of the case requires. Damages to the amount of one farthing is the verdict of the jury: the wholesome principle of the law, which punishes calumny upon the character of an individual, is maintained untouched, the shabby plaintiff walks out of court, and is sued by his attorney for the costs, the said attorney getting nothing for his pains but the non-assets, which, after a due period, appear in the insolvent's schedule. In criminal cases, equally, there is the same equitable adaptation, though worked in another way. The facts are proved: the Judge directs the jury to find the culprit guilty of the theft; but he listens to their recommendation, and pronounces a sentence of a week's imprisonment, after which the girl is to be sent home to her friends.—You fit the law to the case, without establishing any precedent which may destroy its stringency.

Now, in the Committee, which, as we shall show hereafter, is not a Committee of the House of Commons, there can be none of this adaptation, this flexibility: the members are judges of law and of fact, and the Court is so constituted as to afford the smallest possible chance of coming to a right decision upon either. It is a hopeless court; for, when a decision has been given, there is no mode of correcting the errors of the Judges if they have received improper evidence or rejected proper evidence, or misconstrued the law. Possibly, in many particular classes of questions (e. g. actions for nuisances), you may construct a very good and useful court, in which the judges shall decide law and fact; but in the formation of the election committees the Legislature has departed

departed from every principle by which Judges can be qualified for the station which they enjoy. An election committee is a court in which the judges are forbidden to acquire wisdom by their own experience. Our old proverb says, that 'experience makes fools wise,' which is not true—for a fool brayed in a mortar continues a fool; but it is true, that no wisdom can be acquired except by experience. In all other cases, the older a judge is, and the longer he has sat in court, the more skill and science he obtains; but in the case of an election committee, any modicum of experience your member has acquired by having once served as a judge is a disqualification from his further acting in that capacity; and you have a shifting court, which as soon as it has begun to learn its alphabet, as far as 'great A, little A, bouncing B,' never has another opportunity of trying its incipient skill. Permanent courts, however arbitrary, are in some degree ruled by their own precedents. The Alcade of Mogadore would not venture to decide that what was white yesterday shall be black to-day. The election committee is not bound by any precedents, neither from other committees, nor from any other court; and thus, whilst the judges have no stock of experience of their own, they refuse to profit of any one else. They do not know the road, nor will they take the help of any guide.

A judge is controlled and supported in his functions by the consideration and dignity attached to his permanent station. He acquires the *esprit de corps*, which makes him take a pride, and a very honest pride, in the exercise of his duty. He is not only morally, as well as legally, responsible for his conduct, but he is also restrained by the wish to sustain his character, and in proportion as he likes his duty, so does he perform it well. An election committee has no character to sustain; the members have no responsibility, and are brought into the committee-room by an operation not exceedingly dissimilar to that of sailors who are put on board ship by the tender mercies of a press-gang. To use a homely but intelligible expression, there is hardly one who would not rather shirk the duty if he could. Of course there are very many who do bestow great pains, and conscientious attention, in the discharge of the duties forced upon them, yet they would all rather be excused: they have been driven into a disagreeable task; and, according to the ordinary average of human nature, a disagreeable task is never well performed.

It is a court without any authority over the bar: it is a court which does not command the respect of the bar: it is a court not qualified either by knowledge or constitution to exercise that species of freemasonry, if we may use the expression, which keeps each and bar in a state of proper understanding with each other.

The

The mere breaking up of the court by 'Speaker at prayers' enables the learned counsel to work his pump against time, whenever such an expedient is required.

It is a court, in which, at the greatest expense, the client derives the least possible benefit from his counsel. In consequence of the simultaneous sittings of the committees, a bunch of barristers must be retained to secure the chance of catching one. If Mr. Austin could, like Kehama, split himself into eight Austins, and drive into all the eight gates of Padalon at once, he could hardly be present at the several committees for which his briefs are bagged—bagged, but not held. All the client can expect from Mr. Austin is the contingent remainder of a speech, and such assistance as he can give by advising upon the notes of evidence; and here, mark the snowball of expense increasing as it rolls. You are compelled to multiply your counsel, *because* they do *not* attend the trial; the very non-attendance, which you expect and pay for, necessitates a consultation every evening, in order that your leader may direct the morrow's proceedings according to the evidence which he has *not* heard: which same consultation inflicts upon the happy petitioner three fees to counsel, three fees to their three clerks, three additional briefs, and three fees to the agent or solicitor for 'attendances thereat' and so on, as long as the committee lasts.

It is a court in which the judges do not openly give their reasons for their judgments. We are *mad* after publicity in legal proceedings. We often open the doors when they ought to be closed; and close them in this case, where, of all others, the control of public opinion is required.

It is a court composed of an uneven number of judges, so as to give a casting vote; or, in other words, to enable, in very many cases, any clever manager first, to load, and then, to turn the scale without any appearance of gross partiality. This formation greatly dulls the moral sense of the judges. Hear Paley's opinion on this point:—

'I should prefer an even to an odd number of Judges, and four to almost any other number: for in this number, besides that it sufficiently consults the idea of separate responsibility, nothing can be decided by a majority of three to one; and when we consider that every decision establishes a perpetual precedent, we shall allow that it ought to proceed from an authority not less than this. If the court be equally divided, nothing is done; things remain as they were; with some inconvenience, indeed, to the parties, but without the danger to the public of a hasty precedent.'

It is a court without unity of feeling. Judges constituting a permanent bench know one another. They are acquainted with

one another's opinions. They compare notes—each man is aware of the tack and tact of his fellow. They learn to draw together. But the committee never become consolidated: they are brought together for once, and then never come together again.

Lastly, it is a court composed of *unpaid* judges. We are not inclined to maintain that no judicial duties can be discharged efficiently except by salaried functionaries, or that good salaries always make good judges; but, verily, a good salary goes a good way.

To this court, so imperfectly constituted, are assigned *two* branches of judicature essentially different from each other: the one is criminal, the other is civil.

In cases of bribery and corruption, the election committee is a *criminal court*. It has to decide whether the elector has committed a misdemeanor, which deprives him of the right of giving his suffrage. This verdict is penal. Bribery committed by the member, treating, misconduct of returning officers, are all misdemeanors, and followed by punishment.

In cases of scrutiny, the election committee is a *civil court*. It has to adjudicate whether the elector has made out a good title to his franchise. His right depends upon a great number of incidents, and facts, from which his qualification proceeds.

Now, both these courts, in which respectively the business requires a wide difference of treatment, are amalgamated together, and dealt with after the same procedure. It is true that, in either branch, the result is the same. All that the Petitioner seeks is—to get his seat; he dodges and shifts his ground from the criminal to the civil side, just as the way best opens for the attainment of that end. All that the committee see in prospect is—the member retaining his seat, or the member losing his seat; and they never clearly discern the great difference of the two principles by which the result of *ouster* or *non-ouster* is obtained. They are always more or less in a haze. Any one who takes the trouble to watch the proceedings of committees, will observe how very widely the influence of this confusion of ideas extends.

Let us now consider the means by which the Legislature, fully acknowledging the imperfections of the court, and yet hitherto determined to retain it, attempts to make it work somewhat more satisfactorily, both to the conscience of the House and to the public opinion of the community.

In aid of the criminal jurisdiction, the Legislature has been satisfied (4 and 5 Vict. c. 57) with relieving the petitioner from the necessity of proving agency, before giving evidence of the facts by which the charge of bribery is to be sustained; and by appointing

pointing, in certain cases, a public prosecutor (5 and 6 Vict. c. 102). More facility has been given to the means of discovering truth, but no additional means for enabling them to form a right judgment.

In the exercise of the civil jurisdiction of the committee, Parliament has attempted to aid them by establishing some means of testing the validity of the vote, before it comes to be discussed before them. And here, a great practical difficulty has arisen from the sweeping change in the fundamental principles of the elective franchise, consequent upon our semi-radical reform; and with this difficulty Parliament has now to contend.

Whatever may have been the common language of conversation, whatever may have been spoken in Parliament, whatever may have been written or printed, sung or said, our Constitution did not recognize the principle of representation of the people. Real property was represented. communities were represented; but there was no representation of masses of population, merely *because they resided* within a common boundary. They were to be united by something more than mere locality, by some common interest or bond. Even scot-and-lot voters, even potwallopers, only made apparent exceptions, inasmuch as those who were originally connected with the Court Leet or the borough. There was no such thing as a mere naked right of voting. Whether this fundamental principle of the old constitution, which made the parliamentary right always the adjunct or the appurtenance of some other right or some other obligation, was beneficial or detrimental it is not our business to discuss; we notice the old order of things simply in connexion with our present practical inquiry. Under this old Constitution, the parliamentary franchise arose either from certain tenures defined, or which could be defined, by legal rules, or from the *status* of the voter as a member of a corporation, whose rights also were either defined, or could be defined, by legal rules. Moreover, in the latter case, the courts of common law had a very considerable jurisdiction over the Parliamentary right. It is true, that the King's Bench could not meddle with the man as a *Voter* at the hustings, but the Court had him in their tight grasp in his capacity of a *freeman* of the borough. The common-law jurisdiction of Westminster Hall goes to the very root of the old Parliamentary franchise. The mandamus makes the voter, by compelling the corporation to admit him as a burgess; and the *quo warranto* takes away his vote, by disfranchising him, if he has no title to the borough freedom. In dealing with the main body of electors, you could, to a great extent, guide yourselves upon the common law, or be aided by it.

On the other hand, the new franchise, by which the old constituency is swamped or destroyed, is made up of odds and ends. It is a complicated right, partly arising from mere casual inhabitancy or occupancy, partly from value, partly from payment, partly from time, partly from distance, and partly from acts done by other parties, over which the voter has no control; consequently, leaving you to expatiate in a wide field of uncertainty, in which you are deprived of the former legal basis. This difficulty was anticipated, though imperfectly, when the Reform Bill was framed. Hence arose the law of registration (*provisionally* so called), which many people were willing to consider as a scrutiny before the poll, and therefore, to a considerable extent, anticipating the labours of the committee. How entirely the *so-called* registry has disappointed this expectation it is unnecessary to say; and, surely, never was any scheme more inartificially devised. The task has been assigned to two sets of Registrars, primary and secondary, who botch up the *so-called* Register between them. The court of the Revising Barrister is a species of court of appeal from the overseers, who, at the same time, may be considered as the Barrister's ministerial officers, and yet officers over whom he has no check or control. The overseers begin the work, and the Barrister; but he is not placed over them until *after* their work is performed. A duty requiring great accuracy and great labour is imposed upon a class of men, who, with whatever respect we would speak of all constituted authorities, and of the march of intelligence, are not peculiarly qualified for such a task. They are left to stumble through it without inspection, without direction, without any official superior who can assist them by his advice, or direct them by his superintendence. The functionaries, who are to perfect the *so-called* Register, by their revision, have the name of a Court without any of its real attributes, and are constituted Judges, without any bond of unity by which consistency of jurisprudence can be preserved. Each Reviser is more than an autocrat over the law, in his own fragment of a shire.

The proposed Bill seeks to diminish these evils: one portion will receive unqualified approbation; it is that which, being declaratory, will, at all events, prevent the recurrence of conflicting decisions upon certain contested points, arising out of the obscure legislation of the Reform Bill. The successive occupation of lands and tenements in Counties is not to invalidate the voter's right (§ 70).—Joint occupiers in Counties may vote, if the yearly rent for which they are liable, when divided by the number of such occupiers, shall give 50*l.* for each (§ 71).—Mortgagees not in possession are not to vote.—Trusts are not to vote;—but the vote is to be given by the *cestui qui trust*, or the

the person who is entitled to put the rents and profits of the pews of the meeting-house into his pocket, although he may receive the money through the hands of the trustees (§ 72).—Misnomers, or inaccurate descriptions of borough-voters, are not to invalidate the vote (§ 73).—Lastly (§ 74), the great dispute between the *Crow-men*, or those who calculate distances as the bird flies, and the *Highway-men*, or those who calculate by measuring the way according to the nearest high-road, is appeased for ever. The *Crow-men* have it all their own way. The seven statute miles are to be measured in a straight line.

All these settlements of the law are fairly conformable to the spirit of the Reform Bill: at all events, they set matters at rest. But these declaratory enactments are not sufficiently extensive; and the framers of the Bill have not noticed some other points which are left in great uncertainty, particularly in the city of London. Shortly after the last general election (1841), a gentleman of considerable note and respectability made, in our presence, an open declaration in these terms:—‘My father, and our partner, and I, voted before half-past eight o’clock, our three votes being bad. We knew it, and know it; but the clerk of our company put us upon the register, and so we went to the poll accordingly. — Whether these voters were Whig, or whether they were Tory, is nothing to the purpose; any party would and will play the same game. Such bad votes have recently (August, 1842) been declared good by the revising barrister. His argument is clever and acute, but quite inconclusive. We wish his decision could be justified: but it is utterly at variance with the plain meaning of the Reform Bill; and a trap is left open, into which, unless it be closed by Parliament, some unlucky candidate will certainly fall.

The new Bill proposes that the registration process shall sustain many changes in form, but none amending its real defects. There is one alteration, however, which many will consider to be of great importance. It is well known that the existing act imposes the payment of a shilling by the claimant to the overseers. This payment keeps away many an honest man from registering, probably when he thinks he cannot contrive to get twelve-pennyworth of gold in exchange for twelve-pennyworth of silver; and, except so far as these shillings extend, all the expenses of the overseers are paid, as the act directs, out of the ‘*monies collected for the relief of the poor!*’ At present these shillings help, in a small way, to defray the expense. But, in future, all the shillings which are to reimburse the overseers, town-clerks, and secondaries, for their trouble and outlay as electoral registrars, are to be paid out of the same monies collected for the relief of the poor! We must also, let

our readers, who will perhaps learn the fact for the first time, that the expenses and remunerations of the registrars, under the birth, marriage, and burial registration act, are in like manner paid out of the monies *collected for the relief of the poor!!!* Such legislation forms an instructive commentary upon the Poor Laws. It may be quite right to render the poor-rate a species of consolidated fund, so as to prevent the necessity of a direct Parliamentary grant for paying the expenses of the overseers and the salaries of the dissenters' registrars; yet, instead of calling the rate the 'Poor-rate,' it might perhaps be more satisfactory to the rate-payers to give it its right title, viz., '*A rate for the relief of the poor and of Parliamentary electors, and of those who, dissenting from the Church of England, do not receive her rites and ordinances of baptism, marriage, and burial.*'

Dogberry is still to continue lord of the ascendant. The primary lists, as before, are to be made by the overseers. Eighty-five barristers are to revise in circuits; but instead of, as at present, being paid by the day, they are to receive what Lord Brougham calls a 'slump' sum of 200*l.* for their remuneration, including their travelling and other expenses. This will overpay them in some cases, and underpay them in others. The alteration is, however, upon a right principle: it is not creditable to pay public functionaries at so much a-day—and their beer: yet, oddly enough, the system of payment, put right in this part of the Bill, is put wrong again in another, as we shall find hereafter. These barristers are to have much greater power than they now possess. Some of the new provisions are improvements, as far as any system which runs entirely in a wrong channel can be said to be improved; but this portion will require so much revision, that to comment upon it clause by clause, taking the subject simply within the four corners of the bill, would require far more space than we could afford.

We shall therefore pass at once to the main defect in the system, and which, we regret to state, has been *entirely overlooked* by Parliament,—the absolute nullity of the *so-called* register for any of the purposes which it ought to perform. Before the Reform Bill, the qualification was, as we have observed, the possession of a property or the membership of a community: the qualification required no further act to perfect it; and such qualification might be well defined by its simple description. 'William Woolley, freeholder in the parish of Hampstead'—'Simon Martin, freeman of the corporation of Norwich'—'Christopher Cobb, Burgess of the borough of Yarmouth'—all you all you had to know. But the Reform qualification, as we have before noticed, is an aggregate of facts and acts; some positive, some negative. It is made up of

of locality, of domicile, of payment, of time, of value, of distance. If the notice is to be sufficiently significant—and if the register, which should contain all the contents of the notice, is to be of any use—both notice and register should be composed of answers to *every question which can be propounded*, to ascertain whether the voter is possessed of the *aggregate* which the law requires. Each voter should, before he is put upon the register, virtually answer an adverse interrogatory. He should be compelled to make out the whole of his case. He should give his opponent full opportunity of *bulgering* him. He should disclose all the particulars upon which *his title* depends, and give to the Court, as well as to the objector, the means of discovering every flaw. And this, for the best possible reason—that, until he is registered, he is out of possession, and, so to speak, he is trying to obtain a judgment in his favour—he brings an action to recover possession of the right he claims.

Let us, for example, take the case of the city of London. Before the passing of the Reform Bill, the right of voting was in freemen of the city of London, being also liverymen of a company.

First, as to freedom: there are practically three modes of becoming free of the city:—by patrimony, that is to say, as the son of a freeman born *after* the father has acquired his freedom;—by apprenticeship, that is to say, by serving seven years to a freeman;—and by redemption, that is to say, the payment of a sum of money to the city.

Next, as to livery: besides the city freedom, the livery must be added. Without the livery, the qualification is incomplete; and this livery is obtained from one of the livery companies. All the companies are not livery companies. Some are livery companies by prescription: others have their livery by royal charter: others by grant from the city; and therefore the court of aldermen can make new livery companies if they choose. After a company has acquired a livery, the city has nothing more to do with it. The company is a corporation quite independent of the city corporation; and you become a member of the company by a distinct admission, either as the son of a freeman, an apprentice, or a redemptioner. The company's livery is conferred upon a city freeman, after he is admitted into the company, by what is termed a *call* from the court or governing body. A fine is paid upon taking up the livery. In the larger and opulent companies, some degree of selection is exercised: in the smaller companies, they never turn away anybody's money. In fact, they live upon the admission-fees, just as our learned and scientific societies do upon their compounders. Before the Reform Bill, whether the freedom had been acquired by patrimony, or by apprenticeship,

ship, or by purchase, was indifferent; anyhow the vote was good. The voter might reside wherever he chose. The franchise had no connexion with locality; it followed the person; and name of party and name of company conveyed nearly all the information required. But how stands the matter now, as to all persons not, freemen *and* liverymen, previous to the 1st of March, 1831?

1. The freedom must have been acquired by *birth or servitude*, and NOT BY PURCHASE, *since* that day.

2. If the freedom has been acquired subsequently to the 1st of March, 1831, it must be either by birth or by servitude—that is to say, he must be either the son of a freeman or the apprentice of a freeman, and *not* a redemptioner. The title of the father or the master, from whom the title of the voter is derived, is subject to the same rules. If the father or the master was admitted to the freedom *before* the 1st of March, 1831, he may have acquired his right by birth, servitude, or purchase: if admitted *since* the 1st of March, 1831, the title of such father or master must depend upon birth or servitude, and *not* upon redemption; and in the third and all ascending degrees, the title of every *ancestor* or *antecessor* will also be subject to the same rules.

3. The admission to the freedom is the act of the city: the call to the livery is the act of the company. Every liveryman *ought* to be a freeman before he is called to the livery; but it is quite in the power of the company to *accommodate* the voter by calling him to the livery, although he has no freedom in the city; and in one company they make no great difficulty in so doing. The vote, therefore, is not good, unless the freeman by birth or servitude has been duly admitted to city and company, and called into the livery of his company—that is to say, the company of his father or master—nor unless his father or his master has also been duly admitted to the city and company—nor unless also the admission of such father or master has been in conformity to the before-mentioned rules.

4. The individual uniting in his person the characters of freeman and liveryman, derived according to the foregoing rules and provisions, must, previously to the last day of July in each year, have resided for six calendar months within the city of London, or within seven miles from Guildhall: which provision lets in all the complicated questions arising out of domicile by residence, constructive domicile by carrying on business, or the like—questions frequently of great nicety. Now, every one of the foregoing particulars, positive or negative, as the case may be, is an indispensable element in the qualification of the London voter. The absence of any one element renders the vote bad: if the notice

notice of claim is to enable an objector to contest the title of the voter—or to give to the revising barrister the means to judge of such title, though no objection may be raised—it should disclose all the facts, dates, and circumstances, which the voter is bound to prove. They are all within his knowledge, whilst a stranger may not be able even to guess where the voter's title is defective. And yet for this purpose, so indispensable to the integrity of election, no provision is made.

It is true, that, under the proposed bill, the clerks of the respective livery companies are required to make out alphabetical lists of claims in the form given below,* and that the lists are to be affixed in Guildhall by the *Secondaries*, to whom they are to be transmitted. Yet all this absolutely amounts to *nothing*, as regards the real discovery and discussion of the rights of the voter.

The transmission to the *Secondaries* was possibly intended to secure some kind of check on the part of the city; but if this be the reason, the lists are sent to the *wrong* officers. The *Secondaries* are the officers of the Sheriffs, who have nothing to do with the admission of city freemen, and their functions give them no kind of *knowledge* of the qualifications of the voters. The *Secondaries* have no place in Guildhall. The lists might as well be sent to the Horse Guards or the Admiralty. The city officers, properly cognizant of the qualifications, are the Town-clerk and the Chamberlain, but the latter alone has in his possession the records by which any fact relating to the city freedom can be proved or disproved. However, even if this error (which probably arose from a want of knowledge of the details of the city constitution) be corrected, *nothing* is gained. The notice of claim is so vague and meagre as to be quite beside the mark. It does not give the objector any fair chance of discovering the defects in the title, and is only calculated to throw dust in his eyes. Supposing, for instance, that the three gentlemen, father,

* List of Claimants to be published by the Secondaries of the City of London.—The following persons claim to have their names inserted in the List of Persons entitled to vote as Freemen of the City of London, and Liverymen of the several Companies herein specified in the Election of Members for the City of London :—

Christian Name and Surname of Claimants, as in the Claim.	Name of the Company.	Place of Abode.

Dated the _____ day of _____

(Signed)

A. B. Secondaries of the City of London.

son, and partner, who gave their bad votes before half-past eight in the morning, were liverymen of the worshipful company of *Pinnmakers* (we name a company which does *not* exist, to avoid personalities), and that the sharp Clerk, the stout 'Prime-warden,' the jolly, 'Renter-warden,' and the jovial Court of the Company had an understanding with the voter, the objector may be left in entire obscurity as to the *title* under which the voter acquired his freedom *and* livery, and as to the *time* or *times* of the acquisition of freedom and livery, upon which all depends. In such a constituency as London, nothing short of the most jealous and stringent precautions can fairly guard the poll from the deceptions arising out of fraud or collusion.

Lastly, supposing an objector gets scent of a defect, how is he to substantiate his opposition? By the proposed Bill (§ 39) the Secondaries, Town-clerk, and Clerks of the Livery Companies, are to produce all documents, papers, and writings, in their *custody, possession, and power*, touching any matter required for revising the lists of voters. And in what manner will this clause operate?

1. The *Secondaries* have *no such documents* in their custody, possession, or power.

2. ~~Neither~~ has the Town-clerk any such documents; for they are in the *possession of the Chamberlain*.

3. And, as to the Clerk of the Worshipful Company of *Pinnmakers*, the documents are all in the *power* of the Court; and if they transfer the possession and custody to the *Prime Warden* and the *Renter Warden*, as they are fully empowered to do, a return of *nihil* may safely be made by the Clerk who put the three bad votes upon the register.

The clause is therefore a nullity.

We must now advert to the 'Court of Appeal,' constituting the principal feature of the new bill (§ 55-68), and from which it is expected that the greatest benefit will be derived,—the projected mode of treatment, for effecting a complete cure of the present imperfections and uncertainties of the register. This tribunal will have to deal with a sudden burst of business at the opening of each new parliament: afterwards, it will enjoy a lull of nearly undisturbed repose. To render such an occasional court independent, efficient, and respectable, is evidently a matter of great difficulty; and we more than doubt whether the framers of the Bill have solved the problem, even to their own satisfaction. The three Chiefs of the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer are jointly to appoint three barristers to be the Judges of the Court of Appeal, which arrangement practically amounts to each Chief having his nominee. All who feel the value of ancient precedent, will, we apprehend, deprecate this strange new

new plan of having Judge-made Judges, as an entire departure from the forms as well as the principles of the constitution. Some slight improvement might however be made by giving the appointment to the *Bench* of each Court, instead of the Chiefs thereof. These Appeal Judges are to possess all the immunities of the Judges of Westminster Hall: they are to hold their offices during good behaviour, subject only to removal on an address from the two houses of parliament; and they are to be sworn to the due execution of their offices before the Speaker, if that can possibly be called an oath, in which *the appeal to the Almighty, constituting the very essence of an oath, is omitted*; and what renders the matter more strange, is, that in the form of oath to be taken by the voters (§ 79), the adjuration which constitutes the oath is added in the proper and legal form

The powers of this court of appeal are limited in a singular manner. The appeals are to be on points of law affecting the claims or decisions, and not upon *matters of fact*; and therefore, if the revising barrister has received improper or rejected proper evidence, or if he has decided against evidence, it should seem that his judgment cannot be questioned, and no remedy is provided. If our construction be incorrect, the Bill should be more clearly worded. It should be recollected that the stage called an *appeal* is really a new trial. In an appeal to the House of Lords the law and the evidence are all opened again before them.

The condition of the Judges is left in considerable obscurity. The Judge of the court of appeal is not to hold any office or place of profit under the crown, nor to be capable of sitting in parliament: these provisions will not prevent him from holding any office in a court of justice, *of which the salary is paid out of fees or the sutors' fund*; still less will they prevent him (nor, as we collect, is it intended to prevent him) from practising at the bar. Now, when the Welsh Judges were abolished, the impropriety of allowing the same individual to be a Judge upon the bench to-day, and a fee'd counsel to-morrow, was very strongly insisted upon, as one of the reasons for the suppression of that jurisdiction. Whatever were the objections in the case of the Welsh Judges, and they are too obvious to require our enlarging upon them, if they existed in that case, are they diminished in the present?—Is it advisable that the 'Judge of the court of appeal'—whose independence you labour to secure, by putting him, as to permanence, upon a level with those who are the constitutional guardians of life and liberty—should this week decide the law of parliamentary franchise, and next week appear as a counsel before a railroad committee?

These Judges are to be paid at a certain rate per day, so long as they shall be called upon to sit; and here we may notice a remarkable inconsistency. The payment, *per diem*, of the commissioners of the court of bankruptcy, and of the commissioners of lunacy, was considered as not being calculated to increase the respectability of the functionaries; and, consequently, has been altered for a fixed salary. The same precedent is followed, in the *very bill*, with respect to the revising barristers, who are to receive a fixed sum in place of payments *per diem*; and yet in the case most open to objection, the House of Commons is to wheel about, and contradict itself in this same bill, by renewing the practice which they have, in an anterior clause, abolished.

It will be sufficiently apparent, from the preceding statement, that the point which has perplexed the framers of the Bill has been the difficulty of providing for the Appeal Judges when unemployed. The simple answer to this difficulty is, that, supposing a court of appeal be needed, there is not the slightest necessity for the creation of special Judges, or for any new tribunal. If we consult the statute-book (which seems a sealed volume to our Legislators), we shall find the best possible court of appeal ready-made to our hands, composed of the highest and most responsible functionaries, requiring no salary, constantly in operation in deciding appeals brought before them in a manner closely analogous to those which would come up from the revising barristers, able and willing to exercise the duties with ease to themselves and entire satisfaction to the community.

We allude to the method long since provided by statute, for adjudicating upon cases of appeal stated and signed by the assessed-tax commissioners at the instance of parties appealing from their decision (4 Geo. IV. c. 2). Two or three of the puisne Judges usually meet for a day after term, and decide, without counsel or argument, upon the several cases brought before them.—The decision of the Commissioners is RIGHT:—the decision of the Commissioners is WRONG:—no expense is incurred, no trouble or vexation to the parties: the decisions are annually laid before parliament, and thus quietly are growing up into a complete code of tax-law. Nothing would be more easy or more satisfactory than to adopt the same plan, with reference to the decisions of the revising barristers; and it might be declared that such judicial opinions, after being laid for a certain number of days upon the table, should, unless the house dissented from the same, acquire the force of an enactment. Thus, the law of parliamentary franchise would receive its authoritative explanation, as often as any specific doubt or difficulty arose. We venture to ask our parliamentary readers to consider attentively how extensively this simple,

simple, and yet most efficacious, mode of proceeding might be applied to the clearing up and amendment of many other portions of the law.

One very important clause (§ 84) in the proposed bill, remains to be considered. It is a clause which, if we construe it rightly, is intended to give a species of finality to the register. It should seem that the committee are to be precluded from opening, examining, or deciding upon the right of any vote, except on the ground of legal incapacity, or such as are marked, by having become the subject of a special decision of the revising barrister, or of the court of appeal. Now, the proposed clause would prevent the possibility of any *correction of the errors of the revising barrister, deciding without or against sufficient evidence*, in cases where, from the neglect of parties, no objection was made before him; and, however shaped, a register, having the character of finality, would inflict upon the country the perpetual recurrence of the election fever in the month of August throughout the year, without any possibility of diminishing its intensity. Important as it is to fight the battle in the register courts, still you have a chance in the committee. But if every vote is to become conclusively good, unless objected to, the register must be constantly watched with ten times more vigilance than it is at present. In the court of every revising barrister there must be a Radical attorney-general and a Conservative attorney-general in constant pay, under a perpetual retainer: the candidates never, as it were, can be out of the field. These agents now receive from 100 to 300 guineas each, and as the new system would require more inquiry and vigilance, their fees must be increased accordingly. It is, without doubt, very important to give encouragement to the profession; and since 800 smart young attorneys are, on the average, added annually to the stock of about 8000 which we now possess, there cannot be any doubt but that, sinking all party differences, such an expansion of the present profitable system cannot fail to be highly popular amongst that influential branch of the community.

It is far more easy in all cases to discover faults than to suggest remedies. Here we have to contend with unusual difficulties, arising from the peculiar complexity of the present system of elective franchise, and the unsound base upon which we *must* let it rest;—an unsound base,—and, as far as any government not being *openly* and *decidedly* revolutionary is concerned, *always* an unsound base; for, whatever inconveniences may be sustained, it is quite out of the question tampering any more with the system of representation. The Reform Bill franchise is *a done thing*, and there the question must be left, at least so long as 'lords spiritual and temporal and commons' continue to assemble
in

in the high court of parliament: the remedies for the disturbance given to the principles of the monarchy must and will be found in another way.

Let us examine what is the nature of the document which, in this bill and in the Reform Bill, is called a 'register.' Parliament must often obey the higher authority of custom—the *jus et norma loquendi*. It was quite right that 'cad' should be made good English by statute, in order that, when Mr. Byers or Mr. Stowell appear to lay their informations, the police-justice may take cognizance of the nomenclature of the road. The law which compels the turnpike-toll-taker to 'consider two oxen or one cart as one horse' does not follow the grazier to Smithfield. The clause in the revenue act which defines 'operation' to mean 'a quantity of tobacco' is unobjectionable, because you have at least the parliamentary explanation annexed to the parliamentary term, saving all trouble to future parliamentary lexicographers. They will know that it is not such an 'operation' as is performed by Sir Isaac Goldsmid in 'Mexicans' on the Stock Exchange, or by Mr. Macmurdo on a limb in St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

So far is well—but if you give the name of 'registration' to that which is not registration, but a complicated transaction, of which the writing or printing is merely the formal incident, you inevitably produce a constant swerving from any correct estimation of the means which are to be adopted for rendering such transaction conscientious and correct. Registration, in its real and proper sense, is a mere ministerial act, in which the registrar is not invested with any power of taking cognizance of any facts, except such as come before him in the exercise of his duty. He is destitute of any power approximating to a judicial power. If a Middlesex Registrar should be perfectly certain that a deed brought before him to be registered is forged, still, if the party offering himself as the attesting witness persist in making the oath, the registrar would have no discretion—he must register the deed. In a parish register, the Minister puts upon record the act which he himself has performed. But the parliamentary registration is quite another thing: it involves a discussion, an unravelment of the inchoate rights, which, when perfected by registration, create the franchise—it is a decision, a judgment. The registration is the form or ceremony provided by statute, to enable the individual having such rights to pass from the condition of a non-voter to the condition of a voter.

The act, performed by joint agency of the overseer and the revising barrister, is entirely analogous to the admission of a freeman into an ancient corporation, *e. g.* that of London, the only one which still is (and long may it be so!) unaltered and unreformed.

formed. The several conditions imposed by the Reform Act for conferring a vote *do not make the voter*, but they give him an inchoate right to *become a voter*, which inchoate right is perfected by means of the register. His title as a voter is completed by his being placed and retained upon the register, but not before. Now, in the case of a London freeman, the act of admission is performed, always virtually, and in many cases literally, by the governing body or the corporation. In ordinary cases, the admission is made by the Chamberlain, one of the highest officers of the corporation, and who admits the party upon proof of his having acquired the rights into which he, the Chamberlain, examines according to the city law, of which the Chamberlain for such purposes is the Judge. The entry in the Chamberlain's book is the record of his judgment; and, should the case be special, the admission is made by the express vote or decision of the aldermen or common council.

Following this analogy—instead of having a ‘claim’ made by the voter, which, as in the present shape, does not at all disclose the elements of his title, so as to show an adversary how to sift it—he should put in a document containing answers to every interrogatory which could be administered to him, upon all the points on which his electoral title depends.* He should exhibit the *whole* of his title. He should furnish the data whereby the *functionary*, from whom he requires the admission, may judge whether he has made out a *primâ facie* case for admission, and, further, to enable such functionary to call for evidence—if he thinks fit—in support of the

* The following is an *imperfect sketch* of what would be needed in London: to complete it, four or five more heads of inquiry would be required:—

1. Name of voter.
 2. Place of birth.
 3. Date of birth.
 4. Date of admission to city freedom.
 5. Title of admission to city freedom, viz., whether by
 - Birth (a).
 - Servitude (α).
 - Redemption.
 6. Company.
 - * 7. Date of call to company's livery.
 8. Place of residence within the statutory distance.
 9. Any other place of residence.
 - (α) If the party claims by admission upon birth or apprenticeship since 1st March, 1831, state in addition—
 10. Name of father or master.
 11. Date of father's or master's admission to city freedom, and whether by
 - Birth.
 - Servitude.
 - Redemption.
 12. Father's or master's company.
 13. Date of his admission to company.
- And so on as to every person through or from whom the title to the freedom had been derived.

claim.

claim, although no objector should appear; and in case of any wilful mis-statement, he should incur a very heavy penalty, to be recovered by summary process, for the benefit of the informer.

In place, therefore, of the registry, there should be a 'court of admission,' of which the judge shall *ex officio* be bound to sift the title of the claimants; and this 'court of admission' should be held before a functionary of the same rank and station as the revising barrister: one or more to be appointed for each county, who should make circuits through the different unions. With the other details it is not necessary to trouble our readers. The expense will, probably, not greatly exceed the charges now incurred; yet, if it does, there will be no reason to grudge it, although the money may come—not from the poor-rates but—from the consolidated fund. And the court of appeal from the court of admission would be the Judges of Westminster Hall, as before proposed.

The next step would be, to give the most efficient powers for having a scrutiny *at the time of the election, at the option of the defeated party*; and that, not at his expense, so far as the payment of the assessor, clerks, and other officers is concerned, *but at the public expense*. It is not a private affair. The correctness of the return is really and truly a public concern. The present Bill (§ 79) declares that no scrutiny shall be henceforth allowed. This, we apprehend, is a most mistaken course. The denial of a scrutiny deprives parliament, and the party, of one of the most efficient and convenient remedies. The bringing justice to every man's door used to be the pride of the English constitution. Conduct your inquiry upon the spot, whilst the matter is fresh, and a great number of the questions by which the time of committees is wasted and worn, such as personation, change of residence, and so on, will be immediately and satisfactorily determined. One of the greatest impediments to committee investigations is the enormous expense attending the giving of evidence. An efficient scrutiny will intercept the expense; and instead of the tremendous *avanie* inflicted upon the petitioner, by the need of keeping and cooping the witnesses for weeks and weeks in the hotels in Palace Yard, the whole inquiry may be perfected when the parties have been naturally brought together for the purpose of the election.

Lastly, we arrive at the court of ultimate resort, the court which is to decide upon the validity of the returns. Can any one, after the failure of all the various amendments in the mode of forming the Committee, expect that any means of correcting its defects will succeed? And may we not rather hope that, when the House of Commons calmly consider the question, they will use the propriety

propriety of giving up the fancy—for it is nothing more—which makes them suppose that, because they elect the members of the election committee, they are exercising any jurisdiction over elections? *In fact, they are exercising none.* They have, so long as the Grenville system prevails, divested themselves of all jurisdiction. How strangely are wise men deluded by words! It is true, the members of the committee sit in a room belonging to the House, and they report their decisions to the House. But the House, as a distinct branch of the legislature, has absolutely departed with all that constitutes jurisdiction. The House gives no one power to the overseers, no one power to the revising barristers, no one power to the committee. The House has no authority to judge of the return. When the election committee is once nominated, the committee is as completely severed from the House of Commons, as the Court of Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce. The election committee is *not* a committee of the House of Commons. The House, by the Speaker, issues process for the committee; but in so doing, or when they order the clerk of the crown to attend with the writ and to amend the return, the acts, whether of House or Speaker, with whatever form they may be clothed, are simply ministerial. The House is the *officer* of the committee, and nothing more: the jurisdiction of the committee does not proceed from the House of Commons, but, like that of Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, from King, Lords, and Commons. The committee is no more a House of Commons' tribunal than the Vice-Chancellor's Court. They have no more to do with the Report made upon the petition, than they have with the equity decree: they have entirely abdicated all power therein. This was clearly and forcibly shown by Mr. Dyson, in the debate upon the Grenville Bill. He

'objected first, as the mode was novel and contrary to the usage and custom of parliament, and inconsistent with the constitution thereof, that the House, by coming into such a proposal of establishing a committee, WHICH WAS TO DECIDE INDEPENDENT OF THE JUDGMENT OF THE HOUSE, DID NOT* DIVEST ITSELF OF THE POWERS ESSENTIAL TO IT AND ITS JURISDICTION, but that the doing it by act of oath† was still more dangerous. *That this doing it by an act, so far as it had a tendency to render the House of Commons dependent on the other branches of legislature in the exercise of its judicial powers, and particularly in matters of its own exclusive rights and privileges, had a direct tendency to destroy the balance of power between the several branches of parliament, and must so far obstruct the freedom and even existence of parliament: that therefore, if he could see removed the insurmountable objections which lay in the way of the mode of the proposal, he could yet never give his consent to the doing it by Act of Parliament.* That he disapproved the several

* Something is wanting here—perhaps the word 'only'; but, as we have before observed, the whole is reported with wonderful exactness.

† See *qu. but?*

regulations proposed, some as impracticable, others as inefficient; he thought the various regulations prescribed for the forming the committee, as proposed in the bill, intricate and impracticable, and gave his reasons in the particular discussion of each: he said further, that he thought that partiality might creep into this committee equally as well as exist in the House at large, especially by means of the two additional members to be nominated by the parties. He was apprehensive that some of these regulations might draw into dangerous consequences, which the House was no longer at liberty, or had the power, to remedy, *when it should once thus have delegated its judicial power to a court, to be formed by Act of Parliament.*—*Debrett*, vol. xxvii. p. 282.

Welbore Ellis took the same ground with equal emphasis:

That the idea of reverting to the old parliamentary system of trials by a select committee did not hold on this plan; for there, though the committee tried, the House determined: *whereas, in this bill, the determination of the committee was final.* That the trial of controverted elections might be as well referred to the twelve judges, as to such AN INDEPENDENT COURT (FOR I WILL NOT CALL IT A COMMITTEE) as this bill proposes, secluded by Act of Parliament from all communications with the House. That this proposed measure was very material—it was an essential alteration of the constitution of parliament—A TOTAL ABROGATION OF ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT RIGHTS AND JURISDICTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. That he doubted whether the representatives chosen under the possession of these rights, and having and using the exercise of the jurisdiction which they had always used in matters of disputed elections, *he doubted,* he said, ‘*whether they could give them up.*’—*Debrett*, vol. xxvii. p. 294.

But they have given them up. The rights and jurisdictions are abrogated. And at this present moment, all that the House of Commons gains by adhering to what they suppose to be their privilege is, that the validity of the return is tried by an independent court, composed of seven gentlemen, each of whom enjoys the privileges of being permitted to eat his beef-steak at Bellamy’s, and of receiving his prepaid letters post free, he being addressed with M.P. tacked to his name.

Mr. Sheil, we believe, has suggested that a master in chancery, added as an assessor, might give more stability to the Committee; but such an assessor would naturally end by being everything. Like Mr. Hobler at the Mansion House, who is perpetual Lord Mayor, so would the assessor absorb the committee; and we believe that no efficient mode will be found of remedying the present most defective state of the law, except by considering how the two branches of jurisdiction, which, as we have before mentioned, exist in the committee, can each be separately dealt with by a separate form of process. Both should be brought before a regular tribunal, composed at least in part of the common-law judges. Perhaps there should be special circuits for parliamentary

liamentary purposes only; and these should take place between the elections and the sitting of the Parliament. (We believe something like this was suggested by Sir Robert Inglis and opposed by Mr. Williams Wynne.) As the law now stands, the fate of a ministry, or of the succession, or of the constitution, might be decided by members illegally returned by gross corruption, by intimidation, by barefaced violence. We will not say that any thing like this ever really occurred, but it might; and Parliament should look to it whilst they have the power. The Commissioners in each commission should sit as a Bench of Four. We should see no objections to putting any other competent persons in the parliamentary commissions in addition to the Judges, nor to this being done by a vote of the House in the *preceding* parliament. In this case, each member should only be entitled to vote for half the number of commissioners required,—an excellent mode of protecting the interests of the minority; and which, by the way, we would apply to all municipal and parochial elections. Possibly, some of the forms of the common law might require to be modified; but such is the wonderful good sense and consistency of its system—once so prized, and now in fast progress towards becoming as obsolete as the Doms of Ethelbert and Ina—that no real difficulty would be found in adapting them to the peculiar cases which arise under election laws. And we may add more—we believe, and we make the assertion most deliberately—that there is hardly a single secular want of our present age, which the common law system, *wisely expounded*, would not supply. Let only those who are engaged upon the task, endeavour to be enabled to reject all party politics, all conventional language, and, without slavishly adhering to the forms of our ancient jurisprudence, attempt to guide themselves by its reason—and all may yet be well.

NOTE.—A friend, from whom we have received many valuable suggestions and much useful advice, and whom we would most gladly quote by name if etiquette permitted us so to do, is still of opinion that a good tribunal might be formed by a paid Committee of the House of Commons. Four members from each side of the House to sit *de die in diem*—and in case of equality of votes, each of the four in rotation to have the casting vote; but with an appeal in all cases in which the Committee is not unanimous to another Committee appointed in like manner—members of either Committee to deliver their judgments as judges in open Court, with their reasons—with, on difficult questions of law or evidence, power to state a case, as the Lord Chancellor does, for the opinion and certificate of any of the Superior Courts in the manner before suggested. We give this opinion because it results from one who has had very great practical experience; but we object to the casting-vote; and we cannot help preferring the scheme which we have suggested, of taking the matter wholly out of the walls of the House, and adjudicating on the spot by Parliamentary circuits, as above proposed; besides which the Committee plan does not provide a remedy for what we consider the greatest evil, namely, the opening of the Parliament without a previous verification of the powers of the members.

ART. X.—*American Notes, for General Circulation.* By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1842.

WE heartily wish—and for more reasons than are at first sight obvious—that the morbid sensibility of our Trans-Atlantic cousins to the opinion of English visitors could be moderated. We wish it for our own sakes as well as theirs, for it imparts to all their intercourse with us—whether literary or political—a jealous aspect and a captious spirit, painful to themselves, and therefore embarrassing to us. If we were disposed to flatter our own national pride, we might represent it as a kind of voluntary tribute to our superior taste and judgment—but it is a tribute of such dubious value that we would willingly waive all claim to it—

——it not enricheth us,
And makes them poor indeed.

The truth is, that instead of being the result of any rational deference or good will towards the father-land, it has a very opposite origin, and tends to directly contrary results.

It seems at first sight somewhat unreasonable that Americans of education and good manners should feel so painfully, as they certainly do, criticisms on those other classes which must in all countries be expected to exhibit some coarse peculiarities—why should they be more offended at such observations than French or English gentlemen are at exhibitions of the manners of La Rapée or Wapping? The true explanation is, we believe, that this susceptibility is a natural effect of their political institutions. The principle of universal *equality* tends not only to make society very miscellaneous, but it creates a feeling of *co-partnership*, as it were, among all ranks of Americans in the results, whether good or bad, which foreigners may attribute to that fundamental doctrine of democracy. And this, on the other hand, is one of the chief motives of the peculiar interest which the English public take in the working of the social machine in the United States. The curiosity on one side, and the soreness on the other, on many topics apparently very trifling, have a deeper root than any kind of personal jealousy; they are in fact indications of that natural and, we will say, laudable anxiety with which all mankind are now watching every step of the great experimental contest between democratical and monarchical government. It is not, therefore, as the Americans are too apt to suppose, any personal animosity, nor any desire to disparage their individual qualities, that sharpens the curiosity and criticism with which Englishmen are disposed to look at their social system; nor can they reasonably expect

expect that we—who, like themselves, admit that the test of a good form of government is the degree of civilization, intelligence, comfort, and general happiness which it may confer on the great mass of the people—should refrain from inquiring pretty closely into the practical effect of their political institutions on national morals and manners. It is only by an appeal to such facts that the relative merits of the adverse theories can ever be decided. American writers have no scruple in observing pretty freely on the aristocratical manners of Europe—how can they wonder that Europeans use the same freedom with the democratic habits of America? All that either party has a right to require is that the facts should be told with truth, and the argument conducted with temper.

It is in this spirit that we are always disposed to deal with American topics, and while we gladly receive every successive addition to the facts—however minute—which may give us a fuller insight into their social life, we have no desire to see such subjects satirically or even lightly treated. What may be wrong we cannot affect to think right, nor can we always repress a smile at what may appear ridiculous; but we are sincerely anxious to avoid on our own parts, and, as far as our influence might go, to discountenance in other writers, any idle or wanton offence to their private feelings, or even their national prejudices.

Both Englishmen and Americans should consider that our common origin and language, which theoretically ought to be a bond of moral connexion, are in practice very liable to produce a hostile and jealous spirit between the two nations. When a French traveller, however cynical, visits America, he is aware that he is visiting a foreign land—and feels no surprise that the idiom and manners of New York differ from those of Paris; and if he should happen to make any unfavourable observations, they are buried, as it were, in his own foreign tongue: the busy men of *Broadway* neither know nor care what the idlers of the *Palais Royal* may be scribbling or jabbering about them. But with an Englishman the case is altogether different. The identity of language, which promotes commercial intercourse and creates a community—to a certain extent—of literary taste and of moral feeling, has a proportionably bad effect where anything like a personal difference happens to arise. The mutual language then becomes a double weapon—the common fountain overflows on each side with the waters of bitterness. We think that, in discussing this subject on some former occasion, we said that when people write or talk against one another in different languages they are like boxers sparring in stuffed gloves; but when the English and Americans squabble in their common tongue it is like

like *hitting home* with the naked fist—every blow gives a black eye or a bloody nose.

It was therefore, we confess, with no particular pleasure that we heard ~~we~~ were to have a picture of America from the pen of Mr. Dickens. Mr. Dickens is, as everybody knows, the author of some popular stories published originally in periodical parts—remarkable as clever exhibitions of very low life—treated how~~ever~~ even, generally speaking, with better taste and less vulgarity* than the subjects seem to promise. We must say, *en passant*, that we have very little taste for the class of novels that take their heroes from Newgate and St. Giles's. Even in the powerful hands of ~~Fielding~~ Jonathan Wild has always both disgusted and wearied us, but Fielding professed to have a moral object, and *practically* his revelations may have done good—at least, they never could have operated as an incentive to the same class of crimes, which is more, we fear, than can be said for some of the novels and dramas of the new school, whose Parnassus is a police-office, and whose Helicon the neighbouring tap.

Of Mr. Dickens, however, it is but justice to say that little or nothing of this offensive character can be charged against him—he manages his most *ticklish* situations with dexterous decency—his scenes, though low, are not immoral—his characters are original without being unnatural—the pleasantry is broad, but never indelicate, and seldom forced—the pathos is frequent and touching, but not maudlin—and in the peculiar walk which it has been his taste or his chance to adopt, he has, we think, fewer faults and more merits than any of his imitators or competitors. But we must confess that we doubt whether the powers—or perhaps we should say the habits of his mind—are equal to any sustained exertion. His best things, to our taste, are some short tales published under the absurd pseudonym of Boz—in which a single anecdote, lively or serious, is told with humour or tenderness as the subject may require, but always with ease and felicity. His longer works owe, we are afraid, much of their popularity to their having been published *in numbers*. There is in them, as in the others, considerable truth, but in the long run somewhat of sameness; and the continuous repetition of scenes of low life—though, as we have said, seldom *vulgarily* treated—becomes at last exceedingly tedious. We at least can say for ourselves that we followed the earlier portions of 'Nickleby,' as they were

* This, however, must be taken *cum grano*—for Mr. Dickens's works afford a noble exemplification of the difference between *describing vulgar objects and describing vulgarly*. His low-life—his Weller, Noggs, or Mantellin—is never vulgar—it is real; but the vulgarity of his attempts at the aristocracy—his lords and baronets—

published, with that degree of interest and amusement which serves to while away what the French so appropriately call '*les momens perdus*;' but it happened that we did not see the latter half till the whole had been collected in a volume—and then, we must confess that we found some difficulty in getting through, in this concentrated shape, a series of chapters, which we have no doubt we should have read, at the usual intervals, with as much zest as we had done their predecessors. In short, we are inclined to predict of works of this style both in England and France (where the manufacture is flourishing on a very extensive and somewhat profligate scale) that an ephemeral popularity will be followed by early oblivion.

But, however this may be, there is, we think, little doubt that it was Mr. Dickens's reputation as a kind of moral caricaturist—a shrewd observer and powerful delineator of ridiculous peculiarities in diction and in manners, that suggested the idea of his undertaking a voyage to America and this consequent publication. Certain it is that the American public was considerably excited, not to say alarmed, at the supposition that he was coming amongst them with the design of making and preserving in a more lasting form the same kind of satirical sketches of Transatlantic manners which Mr. Mathews had so ludicrously dramatized.

Extravagant as it may seem, we can assure our readers that before the publication of this work we ourselves heard from a most respectable person, well acquainted with America, a grave and really heartfelt apprehension, whether '*Mr. Dickens's book might not counterbalance all the good that had been done by Lord Ashburton's mission!*'

But with whatever intention, whether serious or comic—Mr. Dickens may have undertaken his tour, the result, we think, will equally disappoint those who feared and those who hoped that he would exhibit the interior of American life with the same shrewd perception of the ridiculous, and the same caustic power of describing it, for which he had become so celebrated at home. In fact the work has very little of Mr. Dickens's peculiar merit, and still less, we are sorry to say, of any other. It seems to us an entire failure; and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, the failure is probably more creditable to his personal character than a high degree of literary success might have been. We have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, and know nothing of the secret history of his publication, but we think we can trace the general insipidity of his work to very honourable sources. He seems to have been hospitably received into American society, and could hardly fail to see the painful anxiety which was, as we are informed, very generally felt, and very clearly

clearly exhibited, as to the colour which his picture of America was likely to take. We can easily imagine that he may have been much embarrassed between his original literary object and the delicacy of his personal position—between sincerity and gratitude—and he seems to have made, at least during the greater part of his book, the prudent compromise of avoiding as far as possible anything that was likely to give offence. He seems also to have had a delicacy—not very usual amongst modern travellers—as to mentioning *anything* whatsoever about private persons, or even private life. No one can complain in his case of civilities ill returned—of privacy violated—of confidence betrayed. He does not, we think, mention one individual name.* He does not afford the slightest glimpse into private society; nor does he, that we recollect, repeat anything that he saw or heard under any roof save those of taverns, hospitals, or gaols; nor make mention—good or bad—of any more interesting persons than the governors of prisons, the captains of steam-boats, the drivers of omnibuses, and the motley inmates of such receptacles and vehicles. Now this, with all our approbation of Mr. Dickens's principle, we cannot but think, is carrying it rather too far. We cannot doubt that he might have given us, without any breach of the laws of hospitality—without revealing individual names, or any circumstances that could tend to identify the parties of whom anything disagreeable might be said—some general idea of the interior of American society as he saw it—something of the manners and feelings of the no doubt respectable class with which it was his good fortune to associate—and of whom we hope and believe he might have told much that would have amused and informed us, without offending them—at least individually. His not doing so tends in a double way to defeat his kind intentions; for such extraordinary reserve might lead to an injurious suspicion that he is silent because he has nothing agreeable to tell:—and, then, what he has to tell—of such low persons as he does mention—is necessarily of a *coarser yarn*, and gives to the whole work an aspect decidedly unfavourable to the American character—which a little insight into better society would have softened and relieved.

But this strange and, as we think, ultra-delicate determination that it should not be discoverable from his book that he had ever partaken of one private meal, or even entered one private house (or not more than one), has forced Mr. Dickens to eke out his volumes with such common and general topics as we have had

* It is hardly an exception that he once mentions Dr. Channing as having preached one day, when Mr. Dickens could not attend to hear him, and 'his dear friend Mr. Washington Irving,' whom he accidentally saw at the President's levee, when he was about to receive a diplomatic appointment.

over and over again from other travellers, and by most of them, we think, better handled. It would be impossible to exhibit, *by extracts*, the extent to which Mr. Dickens pushes the practice of dwelling on certain classes of subjects which, we think, might have been much more succinctly treated, and of *skurring* over other matters on which we should have been desirous to hear his opinion; but the following synopsis of the topics treated in the first half of his first volume, including his sojourn at Boston, and of the space allotted by him to each subject, will explain the manner in which the book has been concocted.

His visit to Boston—the city of all America in which he gives us to understand—and we believe justly—that society (including, of course, literature, manners, arts, &c.) is on the *best*, and most satisfactory footing, concludes with the 142nd page—and these 142 pages are thus occupied:—

Topics.	Pages.	
'Passage out'	53	
Cases of a boy and girl in the Blind Asylum	32	
General observations on prisons, hospitals, and houses of correction	30	
Religion, its various sects and influence—including two pages of a sermon by a sailor turned preacher	8	
General description of the city of Boston	6	
Courts of law and administration of justice	5	
Hotels—furniture, attendance, style of living in them	2	
University of Cambridge—excellence of its professors, and beneficial influence on society	1½	Lines.
'Social customs' and general modes of life	0	17
The ladies, their beauty, education, moral qualities, and amusements	0	14
The theatres	0	4
Appearance and proceedings of the Senate and House of Representatives	0	3
'Tone of Society in Boston' (not quite)	0	2
State of literature	0	0!
Fine arts	0	0!!
Material, moral, and political condition, occupations, manners, &c. of the various classes of the people	0	0!!!
Trade, commerce, finance, public works, army, navy, professions, dress, equipages, government, &c. &c. &c.	0	0!!!!

Of New York, 'the *beautiful metropolis of America*,' as he designates it, his account is still more meagre. In the thirty-nine pages dedicated to that city, there is no intimation that he ever entered a private house, saw a private gentleman, or that there even exists any kind of civilised society—except what may be inferred from a couple of sentences—to wit:

'The tone of the best society in this city is like that of Boston. [which he had dispatched in less than *two lines*]: here and there, it may be, with a greater infusion, of the mercantile spirit, but generally polished and refined, and always most hospitable. The houses and tables are elegant; the hours later and more rakish; and there is, perhaps, a greater spirit of contention in reference to appearances, and the display of wealth and costly living. The ladies are singularly beautiful.'—vol. i. p. 229.

While all that he says on higher society and intellectual subjects is thus condensed into a few lines, *five pages* are given to gaols and lunatic asylums, and all the rest, thirty-three pages, are *out-of-door* descriptions of the grotesque, squalid rabble—the very refuse, it would seem, of humanity—that swarm in its streets. And even in the description of this motley crowd there is nothing peculiar or characteristic; for a '*mulatto land-lady*' and a '*black fiddler*,' the main figures in this New York panorama, might be seen in Paris or London;—but again, as at Boston, of private life, of arts or science—literature or politics—law or commerce—public works or individual enterprise—national feelings or social manners—not a word. On all such topics his account of the 'beautiful metropolis' is as barren as if he had been bivouacking for a single night in some embryo village of the western wild; and this is the more extraordinary, because New York is not only, as he admits, a very remarkable city, hitherto imperfectly described, but it has *recently* received, and is still receiving, a vast extension not merely of commerce and population, but of public works of great utility and magnificence:—for instance—there is, we are informed, just on the point of completion a very fine church in the Gothic style—a *minster*, indeed, we may almost call it—~~erected~~ by our Anglican brethren of New York; and there is, also *nearly finished*—at the cost, we are told, of 3,000,000 sterling—an aqueduct for conveying an enormous supply of water from a distance of above forty miles into the city, which rivals the solid utility of the old Roman works, and promises to vie in its ornamental details and adjuncts with Parisian splendour. No private delicacy can be alleged as an excuse for his silence on such objects as a cathedral and an aqueduct—which, from their importance, their *character*, and the taste in which they are executed, seem to mark an era in the architectural, and even the moral, history of the States. It would not have been indifferent to the inhabitants of London to have heard by whose suggestion and designs, from what funds, and under what regulations and management this great aqueduct has been erected and is to be maintained; and still more interesting would it have been to have had some account of the state of the *American Church* in America—of the means by which, and the congregation

congregation for which so noble a temple has been erected. Instead of anything of this kind, Mr. Dickens tells us with much detail that he saw in New York—besides the ‘mulatto landlady’ and ‘a black fiddler’—‘one barrel-organ’—‘one dancing-monkey’—and, he adds by way of climax, ‘not one *white mouse*.’ All this, we presume, is meant for pleasantry; but indeed the utter inanity of Mr. Dickens’s pages as to all topics of information, or even rational amusement, is not more to be regretted than the awkward efforts at jocularity with which he endeavours to supply their places.

We might, in return, be very facetious in exposing Mr. Dickens’s bad taste, but we prefer seriously remonstrating with him on nonsense so deplorable that we are almost ashamed to give *one* other specimen. We have already stated that of the account of New York a few lines only are given to a general view of society in that city, while several pages are employed on the lowest and most trivial topics; but our readers will hardly be prepared for such stupid puerility as we have now to produce. It seems that the streets of the ‘beautiful metropolis’ are very much frequented by pigs. This gives Mr. Dickens the opportunity of dedicating not merely to pigs in general, but to *one individual and selected pig*, three pages of his ‘*American Notes*,’ being, we calculate, six times more space than he has given to the statesmen, orators, literators, artists, and heroes of America all put together:—

‘Here is a solitary swine, lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear; having parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it; and leads a *roving, gentlemanly, vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our club-men at home*. He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through his day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house again at night, like *the mysterious master of Gil Blas*. He is a *free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig*, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and small-talk of the city, in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and *bearing no tails* but his own: which is a very short one, for his old enemies, the dogs, have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by. He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and *mingling with the best society, on an equal, if not superior footing*, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall, if he prefer it.’—vol. i. p. 205.

And so on for three pages! Our readers will, we think, excuse us from producing any further specimens of this species of pleasantry, and will only wonder how any man, *with a title of Mr.*

Dickens's cleverness and a grain of tact, could publish such trash.

We have already admitted that a considerable share of Mr. Dickens's failure—the failure is unquestionable—may be attributed to his laudable reluctance to abuse the confidence of private society, and to the consequent necessity of filling up his pages with—no matter what; but we think also that in no circumstances would he have written a good book of travels. Artists of the pen, like artists of the pencil, have generally a style which is proper to themselves, and from which they can seldom deviate with success: Jan Steen never could have become a *Landseer*, nor Morland, another great painter of pigs, a *Reynolds*; and the author of 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby' must, we suspect—as he indeed may well—be content with the brilliant, though circumscribed, successes of Boz. This opinion, to which we had from the first pages a kind of instinctive inclination, has been strengthened by a closer consideration of his narrative; of which the best parts—or, to speak more truly, almost all that are tolerable—are scenes and descriptions in the style and character of the sayings and doings of Messrs. Samuel Weller and Newman Noggs. In stage coaches, omnibuses, steam-boats, and taverns, he is in his natural element; he draws them with spirit, and, we have no doubt, with accuracy, and in a *con-amore* minuteness and length of detail that would fill very well the periodical number of one of his novels, though they occupy a great deal too large a space in the canvass of a picture of the United States. The best of these passages have been so generally quoted in the newspapers, and are moreover so disproportionately prolix, that we hesitate about reproducing them; but having extracted a few of the worst parts of Mr. Dickens's book, it is but fair that we should endeavour to make room for some of the best: they are of a very slight texture, but they are sometimes curious, and generally amusing. We should have given a description of an American stage-coach and its black driver, which would have astonished Mr. Weller, senior, but we have seen it in so many papers, and it is, besides, so long—no less than seven pages—that we must satisfy ourselves with shorter specimens:—

'Whenever the coach stops, and you can hear the voices of the inside passengers; or whenever any bystander addresses them, or any one among them; or they address each other; you will hear one phrase repeated over and over and over again, to the most extraordinary extent. It is an ordinary and unpromising phrase enough, being neither more nor less than "Yes, sir;" but it is adapted to every variety of circumstance, and fills up every pause in the conversation. Thus:

'The time is one o'clock at noon. The scene, a place where we are to stay

stay to dine on this journey. The coach drives up to the door of an inn. The day is warm, and there are several idlers lingering about the tavern, and waiting for the public dinner. Among them is a stout gentleman in a brown hat, swinging himself to and fro in a rocking-chair on the pavement. As the coach stops, a gentleman in a straw hat looks out of the [coach] window :—

' *Straw Hat* (to the stout gentleman in the rocking-chair).—I reckon that's Judge Jefferson: a'n't it?

' *Brown Hat* (still swinging; speaking very slowly, and without any emotion whatever).—Yes, sir.

' *Straw Hat*.—Warm weather, Judge.

' *Brown Hat*.—Yes, sir.

' *Straw Hat*.—There was a snap of cold last week.

' *Brown Hat*.—Yes, sir.

' *Straw Hat*.—Yes, sir.

' A pause. They look at each other very seriously.

' *Straw Hat*.—I calculate you'll have got through that case of the corporation, Judge, by this time, now?

' *Brown Hat*.—Yes, sir.

' *Straw Hat*.—How did the verdict go, sir?

' *Brown Hat*.—For the defendant, sir.

' *Straw Hat* (interrogatively).—Yes, sir?

' *Brown Hat* (affirmatively).—Yes, sir.

' *Both* (musingly, as each gazes down the street).—Yes, sir.

' Another pause. They look at each other again, still more seriously than before.

' *Brown Hat*.—This coach is rather behind its time to-day, I guess.

' *Straw Hat* (doubtingly).—Yes, sir.

' *Brown Hat* (looking at his watch).—Yes, sir; nigh upon two hours.

' *Straw Hat* (raising his eyebrows in very great surprise).—Yes, sir!

' *Brown Hat* (decisively, as he puts up his watch).—Yes, sir.

' *All the other inside Passengers* (among themselves).—Yes, sir.

' *Coachman* (in a very surly tone).—No, it a'n't.

' *Straw Hat* (to the coachman).—Well, I don't know, sir. We were a pretty tall time coming that last fifteen mile. That's a fact.

' The coachman making no reply, and plainly declining to enter into any controversy on a subject so far removed from his sympathies and feelings, another passenger says "Yes, sir;" and the gentleman in the straw hat, in acknowledgment of his courtesy, says "Yes, sir" to him, in return. The straw hat then inquires of the brown hat, whether that coach in which he (the Straw Hat) then sits is not a new one? To which the brown hat again makes answer, "Yes, sir."

' *Straw Hat*.—I thought so. Pretty loud smell of varnish, sir?

' *Brown Hat*.—Yes, sir.

' *All the other inside Passengers*.—Yes, sir.

' *Brown Hat* (to the company in general).—Yes, sir.

' The conversational powers of the company having been by this time pretty heavily taxed, the Straw Hat opens the door and gets out; and all the rest alight also.—vol. ii. pp. 153-156.

This

This is good farce, and the better because it 'savours strongly of the reality.'

It seems from several passages that Mr. Dickens, while travelling in those conferences, was not very careful to preserve his incognito; and indeed the public curiosity about the celebrated B. seems to have extended even to what in Europe would be called the lower classes of society:—

'We stopped to dine at Baltimore, and after dinner took our seats in the cars for Washington. Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious in foreigners, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat; let down all the windows, thrust in their heads and shoulders, hooked themselves on conveniently by their elbows, and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when it is viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satisfied by *exercising their sense of touch*; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were seldom satisfied even by that, but would return to the charge over and over again. Many a budding president has walked into my room with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours; occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water-jug; or by walking to the windows, and inviting other boys in the street below to come up and do likewise; crying, "Here he is!" "Come on!" "Bring all your brothers!" with other hospitable entreaties of that nature.'

We fear that few English folks of a similar class ever took the same lively interest about Washington Irving as he sat in a coach or coffee-room at the White Horse Cellar; but we flatter ourselves that any who did would have shown it in a rather less impressive way. All travellers are agreed as to the *free and easy* style with which every individual American thinks himself authorised to *catechise*, on the most private and personal details, any stranger he may happen to fall in with; but this is, we think, the first instance we have met of an actual *imposition of hands*.

One scene, and one only, as we recollect, in the whole book, seems to exhibit some trace of individual character.

On board a steam-boat, plying from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, the commander had chosen to admit a number of passengers belonging to another line of conveyance, which very much crowded and inconvenienced the proper passengers of the boat; this brought forward one individual who had not been before observed:—

'A thin-faced, spare-figured man, of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty

a dusty drabbish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey: indeed, I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are.*

At the introduction of these extra passengers—

“Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard, nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger: he cleft a path among the people on deck (we were nearly all on deck), and, without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows:—

“This may suit *you*, this may; but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with *Down-Easters* and *Men of Boston raising*;* but it won't suit my figure, no how—and no two ways about *that*; and so I tell *you*. Now! I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I am*; and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little: it don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, *I am*. I ain't a *Johnny Cake*. There are no smooth skins where I live: we're rough men there—rather. If *Down-Easters* and *Men of Boston raising* like this, I'm glad of it; but I'm none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little *fixing*, it does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I am*. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up a little too mountainous, this is.” At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again.

“It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester; but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the *Pioneers* [the intruders] as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of. When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, “Much obliged to you, sir:” whereunto the brown forester (waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before) replied, “No, you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may: I have p'inted out the way. *Down-Easters* and *Johnny Cakes* can follow, if they please. I an't a *Johnny Cake*, I an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I am*.” And so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services; and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey.”—*ibid.* ii. pp. 58-60.

This also makes a good comic scene, which is that Mr.

* *Down-Easters*, *Men of Boston raising*, and *Johnny Cakes*, are, it seems, the contemptuous terms by which the wilder men of the West express the very unfounded opinion that the folks of the Eastern States are deficient in spirit and shrewdness.

Dickens intended; but a less *sketchy* traveller would probably have inquired on what latent means of redress the brown forester's ejaculatory remonstrances were founded—as his mere soliloquizing up and down the deck could not have had the *talismanic* effect of expelling the intruders; nor does Mr. Dickens make any attempt to explain the strange gratitude and humility with which his passengers accepted his contemptuous protection, and swallowed like sugar-plums the insulting epithets of *'Down Easters'* and *'Johnny Cakes.'*

This leads us to notice, as a remarkable discrepancy, that while Mr. Dickens's general statements are in the highest degree complimentary to American society, every individual instance he adduces has a direct contrary tendency. For instance, the hotels are, for the most part, described as very magnificent establishments—but the details, when we arrive at them, have rather an uncomfortable aspect. The hotel at Boston,

'a very excellent one, is called the Tremont House. It has more galleries, colonnades, piazzas, and passages than I can remember, or the reader would believe; and is some trifle smaller than Bedford Square.' Very fine; but the modes of life in this great establishment do not seem to be in a very polished taste.

'The bar is a large room with a stone floor, and there people stand and smoke, and lounge about, all the evening; dropping in and out as the humour takes them. There too the stranger is initiated into the mysteries of *Gin-sling, Cocktail, Sangaree, Mint Julep, Sherry-cobbler, Timber Doodle*, and other rare drinks. The house is full of boarders, both married and single, many of whom sleep upon the premises, and contract by the week for their board and lodging; the charge for which diminishes as they go nearer the sky to roost. A public table is laid in a very handsome hall for breakfast, and for dinner, and for supper. The party sitting down together to these meals will vary in number from one to two hundred: sometimes more. . . . Our bedroom was spacious and airy, but (*like every bedroom on this side of the Atlantic*) *very bare of furniture.*'

These and such like uncomfortable habits seem to prevail everywhere. On board the canal-boat (vol. ii. p. 7)

'the washing and dressing apparatus for the passengers generally consists of two jack-towels, three small wooden basins, a keg of water and a ladle to serve it out with, six square inches of looking-glass, two ditto ditto of yellow soap, a comb and brush for the head, and *nothing for the teeth.** Everybody uses the comb and brush, except myself. Everybody *stares to see me using my own*; and two or three gentlemen are strongly disposed to banter me on my prejudices, but don't.'

* An American critic might take his revenge on Mr. Dickens, by asking what general provision for cleaning passengers' teeth he expected the steam-boat proprietors to have made; and we may add that we have heard of clubs in London that accommodate their members with common combs and hair-brushes.

There is another peculiarity that former travellers have not failed to observe, but which naturally enough seems to have made a deeper impression on a man of Mr. Dickens's facetious turn—we mean the melancholy monotony of manners and absence of everything like gaiety and good humour that seems to pervade all classes of people and in all circumstances—even at table, where the most reserved European relaxes a little of his gravity. Take, as an example, one dinner out of many possessing the same characteristics—

'Nobody says anything at any meal to anybody. All the passengers are very dismal, and seem to have tremendous secrets weighing on their minds. There is no conversation, no laughter, no cheerfulness, no sociality, *except in spitting*, and that is done in silent fellowship round the stove when the meal is over. Every man sits down, dull and languid; swallows his fare as if breakfasts, dinners, and suppers were necessities of nature never to be coupled with recreation or enjoyment; and having bolted his food in a gloomy silence, bolts himself, in the same state. But for these animal observances you might suppose the whole male portion of the company to be the melancholy ghosts of departed bookkeepers who had fallen dead at the desk: such is their weary air of business and calculation. Undertakers on duty would be sprightly beside them; and a collation of funeral-baked meats, in comparison with these meals, would be a sparkling festivity. *The people are all alike too. There is no diversity of character.* They travel about on the same errands, say and do the same things in exactly the same manner, and follow in the same dull, cheerless round. All down the long table there is scarcely a man who is in anything different from his neighbour.'—vol. ii. pp. 76, 77.

Nor were the manners in other respects more satisfactory. Some of the company would 'pile up on one plate beet-root, dried beef, yellow pickle, maize, apple-sauce, pumpkins, sweet preserves, and roast pig'—but those who do not take all these dainties on their plate *at once*,

'and who help themselves several times instead, *usually suck their knives and forks* meditatively, until they have decided what to take next; then pull them out of their mouths, *put them in the dish*, help themselves, and fall to work again.'—vol. ii. p. 76.

But worse, if possible, than all this, is that most remarkable peculiarity of American society—which is so nauseous that we are reluctant even to allude to it, and would rather have confined ourselves to repeating Mrs. Trollope's modest observation, that '*spitting is carried to an excess that decency forbids one to describe*;' but it forms so large a feature in Mr. Dickens's picture, and seems to have increased, even since Mrs. Trollope's visit, to so monstrous an extent, that we cannot pass it over in silence. Mr. Dickens first mentions it in his railroad journey from New York

York to Philadelphia, and treats it with a kind of levity and bad taste which displeases almost as much as the subject of his misplaced drollery.

'My attention was attracted to a remarkable appearance issuing from the windows of the gentlemen's car immediately in front of us, which I supposed for some time was occasioned by a number of industrious persons inside, ripping open feather-beds, and giving the feathers to the wind. At length it occurred to me that they were only spitting, which was indeed the case; though how any number of passengers which it was possible for that car to contain, could have maintained such a playful and incessant shower of expectoration, I am still at a loss to understand—notwithstanding the experience in all salivatory phenomena which I afterwards acquired.'—vol. i. p. 338.

But it soon became so serious as to taint, though not quite subdue, Mr. Dickens's propensity to inopportune pleasantry:—

'As Washington may be called the head-quarters of tobacco-tinctured saliva, the time is come when I must confess, without any disguise, that the prevalence of those two odious practices of chewing and expectorating began about this time to be anything but agreeable, and soon became most offensive and sickening. In all the public places of America this filthy custom is recognised. In the courts of law, the judge has his spittoon, the crier his, the witness his, and the prisoner his; while the jurymen and spectators are provided for, as so many men who in the course of nature must desire to spit incessantly. In the hospitals, the students of medicine are requested, by notices upon the wall, to eject their tobacco juice into the boxes provided for that purpose, and not to discolour the stairs. In public buildings, visitors are implored, through the same agency, to squirt the essence of their quids, or "plugs," as I have heard them called by gentlemen learned in this kind of sweetmeat, into the national spittoons, and not about the bases of the marble columns. But in some parts this custom is inseparably mixed up with every meal and morning call, and with all the transactions of social life. The stranger, who follows in the track I took myself, will find it in its full bloom and glory, luxuriant in all its alarming recklessness, at Washington. And let him not persuade himself (as I once did, to my shame) that previous tourists have exaggerated its extent. The thing itself is an exaggeration of nastiness, which cannot be outdone.'

Even in the legislative assemblies it seems to be at least as bad as in the times when 'decency forbade' Mrs. Trollope to describe it. (See vol. i. p. 294.) It seems, indeed, to have become a habit as strong and irresistible as opium-eating in Turkey, and more so than the worst and most degraded cases of dram-drinking amongst us. In that most extraordinary case of the Somers national brig-of-war which is now under examination, amidst a crowd of more awful circumstances, we observe that the Commander stopped the tobacco of the suspected mutineers, and that under

under this infliction the spirit of Mr. Spencer, the alleged leader of the enterprise—who is represented as having planned murder and mutiny, and faced danger and death with the most stoical serenity—sank at once into feminine weakness.

‘Having observed,’ says Captain Mackenzie in the wonderful narrative which he has given of the affair, ‘that Spencer was endeavouring to hold intelligence with some of them, I directed the faces of the prisoners to be turned aft, and that no tobacco should be allowed them when the supply they had upon their persons at the time of their arrest should be exhausted. I told them that I would see that they had everything necessary for their comfort; that each should have his ration; that they should be abundantly supplied with everything necessary for their health and convenience. But I told them that tobacco was only a stimulant, and that, as I wished their minds to become as quiet and tranquil as possible—[he meaning to hang them up at his leisure, without any form of trial]—I could not allow them to use it.

‘The day after Spencer’s tobacco was stopped, his spirit gave way. He would sit for a long time with his face buried in his cloak, and when he raised his head, his face was bathed in tears.’—*Capt. Mackenzie’s Narrative.**

In short, no place—no time—no company—are exempt from this abomination. It goes on night and day—abroad and at home—in private and in public—at the President’s court—in visits of ceremony—at the dinner-table—in bed—and even in female society. Mr. Dickens tells us—and it is very agreeable to us to repeat—that there is a very general deference and respect to the fair sex even in the lowest ranks of men; but he does not say whether habit has so blunted the finer feelings of the American ladies, that they are become indifferent to this vile practice, which we cannot but consider as a peculiar mark of ill manners and disrespect towards them, not only from its nastiness, but because it obtrudes upon them a selfish indulgence on the part of the men, in which they cannot participate. In short, we must confess that we cannot understand how society affecting to call itself civilized can tolerate so filthy a nuisance.

To the unfavourable impressions that all these details must give of American society, there is one obvious palliative answer,—namely, that similar stories might be told of any similar class of persons in Europe; and that it is as unjust to measure American manners by the standard of stage-coaches and public-houses, as it

* This Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie is, it seems, the ‘Young American,’ whose ‘Year in Spain’ was so favourably noticed in our 64th vol. p. 321. Nothing in the tone or sentiments of that work could have led us to anticipate such a spirit of cold-blooded and canting cruelty as this, his own exculpatory narrative, seems to us to exhibit. We, and we believe we may say the whole civilised world, await the result of this affair with more painful anxiety than any question of mere naval discipline could have created.

would

would be in France or England. There is, no doubt, some truth in this observation, and it leads us the rather to regret that Mr. Dickens has not given us the more favourable view which private society would no doubt have afforded—but truth obliges us to say that this apology cannot at all apply to the odious practice we have last noticed; and that with regard to the other offensive habits, the comparison with the stage-coaches and public-houses of Europe, and particularly of England, is not altogether just. In the first place, though we admit that very coarse manners are to be found in large portions of the population of this as of every country, we think we may assert that no American traveller has ever seen in any English steam-boat, stage-coach or public-house such practices, as Mr. Dickens complains of; but, in the next place, we believe that the class of persons who travel by such public conveyances are very different in America and England. Here, when you find low manners it will be in low company, and persons of a better taste need hardly ever subject themselves to such disagreeable associations—but it is not so in America. From the nature of their institutions, and the feelings that these generate, there seems to be comparatively less private life there than we have ever heard or read of in any other part of the world; and we apprehend that if the best bred lady and gentleman in America were disposed to make the same tour that Mr. and Mrs. Dickens did, they must have used the same conveyances, and fallen into the same society. In fact—and this is our reason for dwelling on so disagreeable a subject—these offensive manners—of which the main and worst feature is that they arise from an overweening egotism and a selfish disregard of the feelings of others—are the natural consequences

‘De ce rêve d’évieux qu’on nomme ÉGALITÉ.’

Such equality is, really, nothing but an assumption of individual superiority. It is this arrogant selfishness that makes an American think that he has a right to require every stranger he meets to gratify his curiosity to any extent. It is this that inflated the *Brown Forester* into such loud contempt for ‘*Down-Easters*’ and ‘*Johnny Cakes*,’ and deluded him into an imagination that the sun shone brighter on him and his than on the rest of mankind: it is this that leads an American to *suck his own knife* and then thrust it into the common dish—it is this that soils a lady’s carpet and stains the marble columns of the Capitol with saliva—it is, in short, to this self-indulgence, self-flattery, and self-worship, in all things, great and small, that we may trace, without any strained inference, almost everything that is offensive in American manners, as well as some graver imperfections in the national character, to which we must now allude.

After

After Mr. Dickens has concluded the too-superficial narrative of his tour, he adds a couple of chapters of general remarks on American character and manners, which seem to be intended as a summary of the opinions which he formed in those private societies to which he did not think proper to introduce us in the course of his journey. One of these chapters is dedicated to the subject of domestic *slavery*, on which Mr. Dickens had already indulged in several occasional tirades, which read to us as if, having reluctantly bottled up his opinions on so many other matters, he was glad to give them vent on that of slavery. We trust we are not less sincere—we certainly are somewhat older—enemies of slavery than Mr. Dickens, but we can by no means bring ourselves to adopt the easy process by which he is inclined to account for all the worst features in the American character by the existence of slavery in some of the States.

He has republished a collection of advertisements of runaway slaves, a

‘catalogue with broken arms, and broken legs, and gashed flesh, and missing teeth, and lacerated backs, and bites of dogs, and brands of red-hot irons innumerable’—(vol. ii. p. 266.)

which is, as he says, ‘*sufficiently sickening* ;’ and which forms, indeed, a sad commentary on the doctrines of civil and religious liberty professed by the model republic ; but when ‘he turns to,’ as he says, ‘*another branch of the subject*,’ and produces a catalogue of murders committed during his residence in America, some of them not in slave states and others arising out of mere political violence, we hesitate to attribute, as Mr. Dickens does, these individual crimes to the general demoralization produced by *slavery*.

We readily admit—indeed who does not?—the brutalising tendencies of a system of slavery ; but the great majority of the cases produced by Mr. Dickens are, we think, much more distinctly traceable to the political institutions of the whole country. Negro slavery is not the only, nor even the worst, slavery that exists in the United States. Here is one extract from Mr. Dickens’s catalogue :—

‘*Horrible Tragedy*.—By a slip from the *Southport Telegraph*, Wisconsin, we learn that the Hon. Charles C. P. Arndt, member of the council for Brown county, was shot dead on the floor of the council chamber, by James R. Vinyard, member from Grant county. The affair grew out of a nomination for sheriff of Grant county. Mr. E. S. Baker was nominated and supported by Mr. Arndt. This nomination was opposed by Vinyard, who wanted the appointment to rest in his own brother. In the course of debate, the deceased made some statements which Vinyard pronounced false, and made use of violent and insulting language,

language, dealing largely in personalities, to which Mr. A. made no reply. After the adjournment, Mr. A. stepped up to Vinyard, and requested him to retract, which he refused to do, repeating the offensive words. Mr. Arndt, then made a blow at Vinyard, who stepped back a pace, drew a pistol, and shot him dead. . . .

Judge Dunn has discharged Vinyard on bail.—vol. ii. p. 268.

We need not give more of this catalogue—since, in reviewing not long ago Mr. Combe and Mr. Buckingham, we quoted largely from an exactly similar one. The whole picture is very frightful: the instances of assassination, in various forms and on various pretexts, are frequent and appalling; but we see much more reason to attribute them to the fierce and ungovernable temper created in the people by the frequency and violence of their political contests, and to a general spirit of indiscipline and disorder—which they mistake for independence—than to the indirect effect of slavery, particularly in districts remote from slavery and its baneful influences. But, moreover, domestic slavery is as old as America itself, and has been (we hope) gradually reduced, both in extent and intensity; yet these assassinations were unheard of (at least very rare) under the old régime, and they now seem to grow every day more frequent and atrocious, particularly in the new States—a practical proof, we think, (of what might have been expected *a priori*.) that these bad passions and the crimes they generate are the result of that restless, reckless, and insulting egotism of which we have already given so many specimens. It is, we believe, the republican Cicero who says—and higher moralists than Cicero have inculcated—that the best guide to moral improvement is to control, and, as far as possible, subdue all *violent, sordid, and selfish* passions and impulses; but an American citizen seems to think that a directly opposite course is the best proof of dignity and independence.

But, after all, it turns out that Mr. Dickens is of our opinion: for in the very last chapter he gathers courage to speak out a little more than he had hitherto done; and—after a due preamble of compliments to his individual friends—he gives us as unfavourable a view of the moral state of society as any former traveller, and indicates, not obscurely though somewhat reluctantly, that these *national defects* are closely connected with *national institutions*. After stating generally that he believes the American people to be, '*by nature, frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate,*' which we are satisfied is as true of them as it would be of any other nation, he proceeds to say that these *natural qualities*

'are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass; and that there are *influences at work* which endanger them still more,

more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration, is a truth that ought to be told.'—vol. ii. p. 208.

Mr. Dickens's exposition of these bad influences and of the real working of their political institutions on private morals and manners are by much the best—as they are almost the only serious and thoughtful—passages of his work; and they come with the greater authority from one who was evidently reluctant to find fault with America, and by no means unwilling, we are sorry to say, to disparage British institutions. And we should have made large extracts from them, but that we have the same subjects treated, very much in the same style, by an *American* authority, which we think our readers will be more curious to see, and to which we shall proceed presently; but we cannot conclude with Mr. Dickens without observing the force with which he directly charges whatever is most blamable in American manners or character to that circumstance which is the most marked feature—in a peculiar degree—the *child and champion*—of her political institutions—a licentious and uncontrollable newspaper press. As this is a point on which his testimony may be considered as peculiarly valuable, we will quote his final remarks:—

'Among the gentry of America; among the well-informed and moderate; in the learned professions; at the bar, and on the bench; there is, as there can be, but one opinion in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals. It is sometimes contended—I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such a disgrace—that their influence is not so great as a visitor would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying that there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstance tends directly to the opposite conclusion.

'When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks, when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honour is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon, and crush it openly, in the sight of all men; then I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long

long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works be plainly visible in the Republic.*—vol. ii. pp. 294-296.

Our readers will now have seen that however inferior Mr. Dickens's work is to those of Captain Hall, Mr. Hamilton,* or Mrs. Trollope, and however different the points of view from which these several writers looked at the picture, he and they all arrive finally at the same conclusion—a conclusion highly unfavourable to the state of society in America. No one supposes that physically or mentally the Americans are inferior to their European kindred: on the contrary, we believe that they are gifted with their full share of personal and intellectual advantages. When they come amongst us they are hardly distinguishable from ourselves, and the difference, when perceptible, has been in many remarkable instances not unfavourable to them. It is with no personal prejudice, therefore, against the Americans, that we dwell on the defects, the blemishes, the errors of the national character. We see in them the result of their political and municipal institutions—the fruits, in short, of a *despot-democracy*, which we believe to be essentially hostile to the advance of civilisation—the refinement of manners—the purity of morals—the growth of the human mind, and the consequent extension of human happiness. We believe that *society*, in the civilised meaning of the word, could not maintain itself in any European country under such a system, and that even in America it is visibly and rapidly descending to a lower scale—that its energies are taking a most dangerous direction, and would probably ere this have arrived at some violent crisis and explosion, but for the great *safety-valve* of western emigration; and as that resource, though inexhaustible for many years to come, is already sensibly diminished, the existence of the federal republic is, we believe, at least as problematical as that of any European government. That the great Anglo-American people are immortal, we gladly acknowledge—that they have before them an interminable vista of power, happiness, and glory, we hope and believe; but not—we are equally convinced—under their present institutions.

In this conviction—founded, we think, on both the soundest theory of political science and the best attested experience—we are confirmed by all that we can learn of the opinions of the most respectable citizens of the republic themselves—who, proud of their country, glorying in its strength, and anticipating a vast increase of its physical greatness, appear to entertain considerable

* We regret to say that, as we are writing, we hear of the decease of this amiable and ingenious gentleman—a gallant soldier, a well-read scholar, and a writer of remarkable terseness and elegance. He died at Pisa in December, 1842.

anxiety concerning its moral and political condition, and especially the fitness and efficacy of some prominent parts of its present constitution for the purposes of good government. We have before us '*An Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, 4th July, 1842, by Horace Mann, Secretary of the Massachusetts Education Board,*' which seems to us to be on many accounts a very remarkable production. This oration was delivered on the grand national festival of the anniversary of the declaration of Independence, and very naturally turns on the political and social consequences of that great event. Mr. Mann of course looks at the event itself with veneration, and its consequences with strong predilection; and this renders his evidence as to the defects of the political machine produced by that revolution the more valuable. Mr. Mann looks, as we had done before we saw his publication, at the constitution of the United States as 'the great experiment of the principle of republicanism—the capacity of man for self-government.' He of course decides in the affirmative, but on conditions and under limitations with the help of which we can go almost the whole length of his opinion. He would have the man intrusted with any share of self-government *educated* (this is Mr. Mann's main object) *ad hoc*—so as to be duly impressed with the religious, social, and political obligations of his station in the commonwealth; and, certainly, the 'abstract capacity of *such* men for self-government' it is not for us or any other friend of representative government to deny; but, on the other hand, Mr. Mann, in his honest zeal for the spread of education, and sound religious, moral, and political instruction among the people, is led to show that the present condition of the United States does by no means satisfy the conditions on which such a popular government can be safely based. Though he is himself an *anniversary orator*, he begins by some rather caustic observations on the national vanity that exhibits itself in such proceedings. But hear him open the real question:—

'The great experiment of republicanism—of the capacity of man for self-government—is to be tried anew, which, wherever it has been tried—in Greece, in Rome, in Italy—has failed through an incapacity in the people to enjoy liberty without abusing it. Another trial is to be made, whether mankind will enjoy more and suffer less, under the ambition and rapacity of an irresponsible parliament, or of irresponsible parties; under an hereditary sovereign, who must, at least, prove his right to destroy by showing his birth—or under mobs, which are like wild beasts, that prove their right to devour by showing their teeth. A vacant continent is here to be filled up with innumerable millions of human beings, who may be happy through our wisdom, but must be miserable through our folly.

'In this exigency I affirm we need far more of wisdom and rectitude than we possess. Every aspect of our affairs, public and private, demonstrates that we need, for their successful management, a vast accession to the common stock of intelligence and virtue.'—p. 3.

One of the boasted merits of a republican government is its simplicity. This, however, is not realised in the United States.

'However simple our government may be in theory, it has proved in practice the most complex government on earth. It is now an historical fact, that more questions for legislative interposition, and for judicial exposition and construction, have arisen under it during the period of its existence, ten to one, than have arisen during the same length of time under any other form of government in Christendom.'—p. 5.

Though this may be with Mr. Mann a matter of regret, we do not think that it can be one of either surprise or complaint. The laws and constitutions of old nations have grown up with them and about them; discordant principles and circumstances have been mutually reconciled and amalgamated by long experience. Not so America. She was suddenly called on at full growth to extemporise a constitution for immediate use, in which old practical habits were to be subjected to new theories; and it is no wonder that—as in France, under somewhat similar circumstances—there should have been a great deal of conflict and confusion in the working of the heterogeneous system. But though the cause be innocent, the result is—we agree with Mr. Mann—a serious deduction from the merits of the republican government, and this is more particularly felt in its *federal* and *international relations*, which, as we have lately seen, are in a very complicated and perilous state of legal uncertainty. But much more serious and important is Mr. Mann's exposure of the means by which the government is constituted, and of the utter practical failure of all the plausible theories on which it was founded:—

'The questions which arise for decision are submitted, not to one man, nor to a triumvirate, nor to a Council of Five Hundred, but to millions. The number of votes given at the last presidential election was nearly two millions and a half. When the appointed day for making the decision arrives, the question must be decided, whether the previous preparation which has been made for it be much or little, or none at all. And what is extraordinary, each voter helps to decide the question as much by not voting as by voting. If the question is so vast or complicated that any one has not time to make up his mind in relation to it—or if any one is too conscientious to act from conjecture in cases of magnitude, and therefore stays from the polls—another, who has no scruples about acting ignorantly, or from caprice or malevolence, votes, and, in the absence of the former, decides the question against the right.

'The founders of our government, indeed, intended to increase responsibility

sponsibility by limiting the number of its depositaries in the last resort. Hence, in framing the constitution, they gave a two-years' tenure of office to the representatives; one of six years to senators; and of four years to the president: and, in their contemporaneous expositions of that instrument, they declared that the incumbents of these offices, during their official term, should act according to their own best knowledge and ability, irrespective of the vacillations of party, or the gusts of popular clamour. Indeed so runs the oath of office.

'But, through the practice of extorting pledges from a candidate before the election—through the doctrine, or right of instruction, as it is called, while one continues in office—and emphatically by the besom of destruction with which a man who dares to act in accordance with the dictates of his own judgment and conscience, against the will or whim of his constituents, is swept into political annihilation—the theoretical independence of the representative, senator, president, is to a great extent abrogated. Instead of holding their offices for two, six, and four years, respectively, they are *minute* men; and many of them examine each mail to see what their oaths mean until the arrival of the next.'—p. 6.

Mr. Mann goes on to expose the fallacies, both theoretical and practical, of the doctrine of *universal suffrage*, with some originality (a merit on so trite a subject), and great truth and effect, and turns with some dexterity against themselves the arguments of the antagonists of monarchy and aristocracy:—

'We laugh to scorn the idea of a man's being *born* a ruler or law-giver, whether king or peer; but men are born capable of making laws and being rulers just as much in the *old* world as in the *new*. *With us every voter is a ruler and a law-maker*, and therefore it is no less absurd to say here that a man is fit to be a voter, by right of nativity or naturalisation, than it is, in the language of the British constitution, to say that a man shall be sovereign or lord by hereditary descent. Qualification, in both cases, is something *superadded* to birth or citizenship; and hence, unless we take adequate means to supply this qualification to our voters, the Bishop of London or the Duke of Wellington may sneer at us for believing in *the hereditary right to vote*, with as good a grace as we can at them, for believing in *the hereditary right to rule*.'

He then exhibits, with equal force, the practical effects of the *ballot* system—for the introduction of which into the British constitution there used, not long since, to be, *proh pudor!* an annual motion in the British House of Commons:—

'In a republican government the ballot-box is the urn of fate, yet no god shakes the bowl, or presides over the lot. If the ballot-box is open to wisdom, and patriotism, and humanity, it is equally open to ignorance and treachery; to pride and envy, to contempt for the poor, or hostility towards the rich. It is the loosest filter ever devised to strain out impurities. It gives equal ingress to whatever comes. No masses of selfishness

selfishness or fraud, no foul aggregations of cupidity or profligacy, are so ponderous or bulky as to meet obstruction in its capacious gorge.'—p. 9.

But he proceeds to wider and still more awful views of the whole state of American society :—

' When an election is coming on, whether State or National, then the rival parties begin to play their game for the ignorant, and to purchase the saleable. Mass-meetings are held. Hired speakers itinerate through the country. A thousand tireless presses are plied, day and night. Newspapers and pamphlets are scattered thick as snow-flakes in a wintry storm. Reading-rooms and committee-rooms are opened, and men abandon business and family to fill them. The census is taken anew, and every man is labelled or ear-marked. As the contest approaches, fraud, intimidation, bribes, are rife. Immense sums are spent to carry the lame, to hunt up the skulking, to force the indifferent to the polls. Taxes are contributed to qualify voters, and men are transported, at party expense, from one State to another. Couriers are despatched from county to county, or from State to State, to revive the desponding with false news of success. . . .

' For the last ten years such have been the disastrous fluctuations of our National and State policy, on the single subject of the currency, that all the prodigality of Nature, pouring her hundreds of millions of products annually into our hands, has not been able to save thousands and thousands of our people from poverty; and in many cases, economy, industry, and virtue could not rescue their possessor from want. . . .

' During all this time the course of our government, on this and other great questions of policy, has been vacillating—enacting and repealing, advancing and receding, baffling all the plans of the wisest. . . .

' And this series of disasters, under which we are suffering, must lengthen to an interminable train: those anxieties which the wealthy and the educated now feel for their purse, they must soon feel for their characters, their persons, and their families; the whole country must be involved in wider and deeper calamities, until a more noble and Christian policy is pursued. . . .

' I have shown—if not an incurable, yet, unless cured—a fatal malady in the head: I must now exhibit a not less fatal malady in the heart. *I tremble at the catalogue of national crimes which we are exhibiting before heaven and earth!* The party rancour and vilification which rage through our newspaper press—the fraud, falsehood, bribery, perjury, perpetrated at our elections, and the spirit of wantonness or malice, of pride or envy, in which the sacred privilege of voting is exercised! The practice of *double voting*, like parricide in Rome, unheard of in the early days of the republic, is becoming more and more frequent. Although in some of the States a property qualification, and in some even a landed qualification, is necessary, yet the number of votes given at the last presidential election equalled, almost without a fraction, one-sixth part of the whole free population of the Union. In one of the States the number of votes exceeded, by a large fraction, one-fifth of the whole population, men, women, and children. Will it not be a new form of a republic,

republic, unknown alike to ancient or modern writers, when the question shall be, not how many voters there are, but how many ballots can be printed and put surreptitiously into the ballot-box? Then there is the fraudulent sequestration of votes by the returning officers, because the majority is adverse to their own favourite candidates, which has now been done on a large scale in three of the principal States in the Union! The scenes of violence enacted, not only *without* but *within* the Capitol of the nation; and the halls, which should be consecrated to order, and solemnity, and a devout consultation upon the unspeakable magnitude and value of the interests of this great people, *deseccrated by outrage, and Billingsgate, and drunken brawls (!)*;—challenges given, and duels fought, by members of Congress, in violation or evasion of their own lately-enacted law against them; and within the space of a few days, a proud and prominent member, from a proud and prominent state—the countryman of Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison—put under bonds *to keep the peace*, like a wild, fresh-landed Carib. In two of our legislative assemblies *one member has been murdered by another member* in open day, and during the hours of session:—in one of the cases the deed being perpetrated by the presiding officer of the assembly, who descended from his chair and pierced the heart of his victim with a bowie-knife,—*and still goes unpunished, though not unhonoured*. What outbreaks of violence all over the country;—the lynching of five men at one time at Vicksburg;—the valley of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans, lighted almost as with watch-fires *by the burning of human beings*;—the riots and demolitions at New York, at Philadelphia, at Baltimore, at Alton, at Cincinnati;—yes, and the spectacle of our own more serene part of the heavens crimsoned at midnight by a conflagration of the dwelling-place of women and female children! . . .

‘And, in addition to this barbarian force and lawlessness, are not the business relations of the community contaminated more and more with speculation and *knavery*? In mercantile honour and honesty, in the intercourse between buyer and seller, is there not a luxation of all the joints of the body commercial and social? The number of fraudulent bankruptcies; the rapacity of speculation; the breaches of private trust; the embezzlement of corporate funds; the abscondings with government property; the malversations of government fiduciaries, whether of a United States Bank or of a Girard College; the repudiation of state debts; and that other class of offences which combines the criminality both of fraud and force—such as the shooting of a sheriff who attempted to execute civil process—or the burning of a bank with all its contents, *by a company of debtors, in Mississippi, because their notes had been lodged in it for collection!*’—pp. 23-25.

Mr. Mann here pauses in what he justly calls ‘this terrific array of enormities,’ because, though his catalogue was not exhausted, he refrained from noticing some other matters ‘ominous’ to the very existence of the Union—these being implicated with party politics, from which he had resolved to abstain. But has he not said enough—ten times more than enough—to justify the regret and

and apprehensions with which we look to the progress and prospects of a people, destined, beyond all doubt, to have a vast influence on the future destinies of mankind?

Mr. Mann appears to see no remedy for the enormous danger that he describes so forcibly but *education*—and, theoretically, he is right; an educated people would not tolerate such a system of government—but education can be at best but a slow and future remedy, while the evils are present, urgent, violent, and will far outstrip the schoolmaster and the lecturer. But, moreover, education is of different degrees—the religious and moral education with which Mr. Mann would fertilize the hearts of his countrymen could hardly be expected to reach the masses in whom he has shown all political power to be lodged. Such an education, indeed, would of itself constitute a species of aristocracy—but we doubt whether mere reading and writing, even if suddenly extended amongst the electoral body, would in any considerable degree improve the working of the constitutional machine, which exhibits, we confidently believe, the ‘terrific enormities’ deplored by Mr. Mann—not because universal suffrage and the ballot-box are given to tongues that cannot read and to hands that cannot write—but because universal suffrage and the ballot-box exist at all. With such elements there can be no good government. Where or how this great and growing nation is to find its remedy for these fundamental defects in her organization we know not—but scarcely, we think, by the slow processes of education. It may more probably arise from the condensation of population, the increased difficulties of emigration, and the rivalry of states. It may be accelerated by accidents of war, of faction, of patriotism, or of ambition. We can only express—with our best wishes for her welfare and happiness—our own fixed conviction that unless they will allow something in the nature of an aristocracy to *create itself* in the bosom of their society—some more permanent depository of public opinion—some more responsible guardian of national character than can be supplied by *universal suffrage* and the *ballot-box*, they can never attain that stability and integrity of public councils, public credit, and public principles which are essential to the dignity, the honour, the prosperity, and, we may even add, to the civilised existence of a people.

ART. XI.—*Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart.; interspersed with Sketches from his Note-books of distinguished contemporary Characters.* By Bransby Blake Cooper, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1843.

SIR ASTLEY was of respectable parentage. His grandfather enjoyed reputation as a surgeon at Norwich. His father, the incumbent of Yelverton, in Norfolk, afterwards of Great Yarmouth, seems to have been an accomplished and benevolent man. It appears that, shortly after the publication of Cowper's 'Task,' the Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D., produced a poem with the same title: of this we had never before heard, nor indeed is it now stated distinctly that it was ever printed; but our author records, with natural pride, that Dr. Parr preferred it to its namesake—witness an epigram *ex cathedra*:—

'To Cowper's Task see Cooper's Task succeed;
That was a Task to write, but this to read.'

This oracle will probably remind our readers of a classical prototype— 'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse;'

and some may still hesitate in what manner to interpret the 'hum' from the vaporous tripod of Hatton. To write a good poem must always demand time and strenuous exertion:

Ἐν μυρίοις τὰ καλὰ γίγνεται πόνοις:

but it seems a dubious compliment to tell a poet that the reading of his piece is Task-work. Almost the only other circumstance related by our biographer to the special honour of Parr's poetical favourite, appears to us, we must own, of equally questionable character. It is, that the vicar of Yelverton drove to the parish-church every Sunday morning in a coach drawn by 'four powerful long-tailed black horses.' If the distance was not unusually great, we are inclined to think the family might as well have performed their sabbath-day's journey on foot; but unless they were all constructed on the model of Cheyne or Daniel Lambert, what pretext could there be for putting more than a pair of the blacks to the carriage? The story says more for the Doctor's living than for his life.

His wife, an amiable and elegant lady, enjoyed in her own time a literary reputation more extensive than that of the Norfolk *Task*. One of her novels, *Fanny Meadows*, must have been familiar to ourselves at some early day, though we do not pretend to remember more of it than the title: of the rest, text and margin, all memory seems to have perished. Mr. B. Cooper does not intimate that he ever saw a copy of any of his grandmother's numerous works.

This

This couple had a large family to fill their coach—and our author devotes a lengthy chapter to brothers and sisters, and even sisters-in-law, before we have a word about Sir Astley. We rather hesitate as to the propriety of this arrangement; but there can be no doubt that the collateral details so introduced are wholly devoid of interest. Mr. Bransby Cooper might have waited for some fitter opportunity to do justice to the character of his own mother, of whom his uncle could have seen but little; and his transcriptions of the epitaphs of sundry infant Coopers would have been inexcusable had they belonged to the blood of Cowper.

At last, after fifty pages, we reach the birth of the hero—August 23rd, 1768, and his baptism ‘on the 9th day of the succeeding month, as appears from the parish registers’—with the Shandean addition, that ‘Mrs. Cooper, while pregnant with him, experienced more suffering than with any of her previous children, or than she did with any of those born after him.’ *Tanta molis erat.* Then come copious particulars of the infancy and boyhood of the future Surgeon-surgeon. Our readers may perhaps be satisfied to know that he was a handsome, good-humoured, spirited lad, distinguished for the skill and courage with which he rode, first the cow, then the pony, and in due season one of the four black-tailed horses. His village celebrity, however, resulted chiefly from his audacity in climbing trees for birds’-nests, and capering along bridge-parapets or the roof of the barn, for mere sport. Many a page is given to miraculous leaps and tumbles, hairbreadth escapes, maternal alarms, and fatherly rebukes. These tricks and scrapes were, as may be guessed, the salient features of a period of idleness—and he found favour with no teacher except a poor dancing Frenchman, who included the vicarage in his weekly peripatetics. All this is told with painful minuteness and solemnity. If Sir Astley had risen to eminence in any department of letters, such details might have had their curiosity. Was it worth while to exhibit with elaborate circumstantiality that a man who scarcely read anything had no turn for books when a boy?

Let us, however, give one specimen of his pranks:—

‘A very laughable occurrence took place betwixt Master Astley and a Mr. —, who had an imbecile wife, and was, consequently, obliged to manage his domestic affairs himself. It came to the ears of Master Astley that this gentleman was much inclined to take unbecoming liberties with his maid-servants, and, resolving to ascertain the truth of this report, on hearing that Mr. — had a vacancy in his establishment for a maid-servant, Master Astley took the resolution of disguising himself as one, and applying for the situation. For this purpose he
borrowed

borrowed a dress of one of the servants in the Doctor's house, and, accoutred in her habiliments, proceeded, in the dusk of the evening, to Mr. —'s house. Arrived, he was introduced to Mr. —, who, pleased with the appearance of the supposed maid-servant, engaged *her* for the vacant situation, and, indeed, was apparently so pleased with *her*, that he accompanied *her* part of the way home, holding a conversation till they arrived at a stile where they were to part. Previously to this taking place, however, Mr. — endeavoured to impress a kiss on the lips of his companion, when Master Astley suddenly discovered himself, and said, "Now, Mr. —, I have often heard you were fond of the maids, but I am Astley Cooper;" and then, bidding him good night, said, "I shall say nothing about it to the Doctor."—vol. i. p. 53.

Strong attachments of every sort come usually by slow growth from obscure and unsuspected beginnings; but it is never so with the love of a modern romance, and very seldom with the professional devotion of a modern biography. Mr. Bransby Cooper, accordingly, must trace his uncle's choice of the surgical calling to some one definite incident of his early days; and we are informed that he happened to call at his foster-mother's cottage one fine evening, anno ætatis thirteen, just after her son, the playfellow of his childhood, had met with a bad accident in the reaping-field: the femoral artery had been cut—the poor people knew not how to arrest the hæmorrhage—life was ebbing fast away: young Astley Cooper took a silk handkerchief from his neck, and bound it so adroitly round the limb, that the flow of blood was stopped until a medical man reached the spot. To the praise which this presence of mind and cleverness of hand brought him, and still more to the pleasure he felt in saving his humble friend and companion, we owe, of course, the selection of Sir Astley's walk in the business of life. That the biographer considers as indubitable—his only doubts are, first, whether his uncle could ever at that time have heard of a tourniquet; and secondly, whether, supposing him to have heard the instrument described, we ought to admire the less on that account his readiness in devising and applying a substitute. But Mr. Bransby forgets two circumstances, both of them recorded by himself—to wit, that the old surgeon of Norwich, having retired from practice, was an inmate in the vicar's house during the later years of his life; and, secondly, that the old surgeon's son, William Cooper, by far the most prosperous and remarkable person in that generation of the family, was an eminent London surgeon, lecturer in Guy's Hospital, and an annual visitor at Dr. Cooper's parsonage (vol. i. p. 89). With such connections, but especially as domesticated under the roof with a retired practitioner, how could Astley have failed to have his boyish curiosity excited on the subject of surgery? How unlike all other grandfathers must his have been,

if

if he had never heard at least of a tourniquet. But is it likely that the old gentleman had so entirely dropped his trade as not to retain about him its commonest implements in case of domestic accidents? We should be surprised, if the truth could be expiscated, to find that a tourniquet had not been among young Astley's playthings. For the rest, we have it in a subsequent page from Sir Astley himself, that at Norwich, two or three years later, he chanced to visit the hospital, and 'saw Mr. Donnece operate (for the stone) in a masterly manner; and it was this,' he says, 'which inspired me with a strong impression of the utility of surgery, and led me to embark in it as my profession.' (vol. ii. p. 421.) So much for Mr. Bransby Cooper's story of the foster-brother's ligature—

'one of those *unaccountable* occurrences in which an individual, by a single action, seems to display an intuitive knowledge of a principle which it has taken others, in the progress of science, years to arrive at; and, in this instance, seems to justify the application to the surgeon of the observation usually applied only to the poet—*Nascitur, non fit.*'—vol. i. p. 54.

Nor is the last incident in Astley's Norfolk history a whit less extraordinary. It appears that in his seventeenth year he conceived a tender admiration for a neighbouring clergyman's pretty daughter of the same age; and so violent was the passion, that he borrowed, on a false pretence, one of the long-tailed horses, and actually rode twenty-four miles to see his nymph and back again the same summer evening. Portentous exertion! But the biographer proceeds:—

'What it was that prevented this *evidently mutual* attachment from leading to their future union, their ages and position in life being so similar, I never heard: their youth, and the fact of their being at so early a period separated from each other, were probably the only circumstances which presented an obstacle to their *apparently mutual* wishes.'—vol. i. p. 83.

Cruel Mr. B. Cooper affords us no hint as to the subsequent fate of the heroine: it is so unusual a thing for a boy and girl to be enchanted with each other at sixteen, and yet not found at six-and-twenty in the relation of man and wife, that we have reason to complain of this silence; but he is too good a biographer not to make amends by communicativeness on topics apparently less in his way:—

'During my late visit to Norfolk, I went to this parsonage, and there saw the very room, the only one which has not undergone alterations since that period, in which Miss Wordsworth and her father were sitting when young Astley made his appearance after his long ride. It was then used as the dining-room, and, small as it is, the present incumbent, a relative

a relative of the late Mr. Wordsworth, informed me, that persons of the highest rank in the county, at that time, frequently met there and partook of his relation's hospitality; for Mr. Wordsworth was distinguished for his powers of conversation, and held a high reputation for profound classical attainments, as well as solid worth of character.

But enough of this nonsense. In 1784 the London surgeon paid the usual visit at the parsonage. The biographer now thinks fit to tell us that this Mr. William Cooper was not only a skilful practitioner, but a man of lively conversational talents—that he was pleased with Astley, and assured the desponding Vicar that many a lucrative career had begun with horror of book-learning—that Astley was captivated with his descriptions of Life in London—and, finally, that a very natural proposal on the part of the uncle, that the nephew should be articled to himself and accompany him to town, was unanimously approved of by the family party. The youth travelled to London accordingly—but the biographer is of opinion that, after all, he had been more smitten with the probable freedom and gaiety of a metropolitan existence under the roof of an agreeable bachelor uncle, than with the charms and attractions of anatomical science. On the other hand, it seems that the uncle, though very willing to amuse and be amused in the intervals of business, had a profound respect for Number one and the main chance, and not the slightest idea of allowing his own interests or avocations to be interfered with by the domestic accommodation of a young gentleman of pleasure about town. We gather that during several months there was a pretty constant succession of squabbling in the establishment; but the connection received its *coup de grace* from the occurrence thus related :—

‘ One day he had obtained the uniform of an officer, and in this disguise was walking about town, when, on going along Bond Street, he suddenly observed his uncle advancing towards him. Not having time to avoid meeting, he, with the utmost presence of mind, determined to brave out the affair, should his uncle recognise him. Mr. Cooper, divided between the familiar countenance and strange dress, for a few moments could not decide in his mind whether it was his nephew or not; but, soon convinced that it was he, and this one of his pranks, he went up to him, and, in an authoritative tone, commenced a somewhat angry address about his idleness and waste of time. Astley, regarding him with feigned astonishment, and changing his voice, replied, that he must be making some mistake, for he did not understand to whom or what he was alluding. “Why,” said Mr. Cooper, “you don’t mean to say that you are not my nephew Astley Cooper?” “Really, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing any such person. My name is — of the —th,” replied the young scapegrace, naming, with unflinching boldness, the regiment of which he wore the uniform. Mr. William Cooper

Cooper apologized, although still unable to feel assured he was not being duped, and bowing, passed on.'—vol. i. pp. 104, 105.

Very speedily after the detection of this masquerade, the articles were transferred from Mr. William Cooper to Mr. Cline—and Astley, on becoming an inmate in that great surgeon's house, appears to have in good earnest resolved on no longer trifling with his position. He soon acquired favour with Mr. Cline by the zeal with which he took to the practice of dissection; and his genius for adventures displayed itself in the acquisition of subjects for experiment. *Exempli gratiâ*—thus writes a fellow-pupil:—

'I recollect one day walking out with him, when a dog followed us and accompanied us home, little foreseeing the fate that awaited him. He was confined for a few days, till we had ascertained that no owner would come to claim him, and then brought up to be the subject of various operations. The first of these was the tying one of the femoral arteries. When poor Chance, for so we appropriately named the dog, was sufficiently recovered from this, one of the humeral arteries was subjected to a similar process. After the lapse of a few weeks, the ill-fated animal was killed, the vessels injected, and preparations were made from each of the limbs.'—vol. i. p. 142.

Mr. Bransby Cooper follows up his anecdotes of this class and date by a philosophical disquisition on the use and advantage of dissecting living animals: the chief argument being that

'the surgeon's hand becomes tutored to act with steadiness, while he is under the natural abhorrence of giving pain to the subject of experiment, and he himself is thus schooled for the severer ordeal of operating on the human frame.'—vol. i. p. 144.

He goes on to quote his 'friend Dr. Blundell,' who 'has eloquently discussed *this question*:'—

'Men (says he) are constantly forming the most erroneous estimates of the comparative importance of objects in this world. Of what importance is it now to mankind whether Antony or Augustus filled the imperial chair? And what will it matter, a few centuries hence, whether England or France swept the ocean with her fleets? But mankind will always be equally interested in the great truths deducible from science, and in the inferences derived from physiological experiments.'—vol. i. p. 145.

Now we do not feel it to be necessary to enter into the eloquent Blundell's discussion, for it has nothing to do with the question which alone Mr. B. Cooper's clumsy narrative suggests. That question is not whether the dissection of living animals may or may not be justifiable under any given circumstances, but whether it is justifiable in the case of apprentices of seventeen, who have not yet acquired any knowledge worth mentioning from the dissection of dead subjects, either animal or human. And we believe
Mr.

Mr. B. Cooper may rest assured that *this* question will receive but one answer beyond the precincts of Guy's. In young Astley Cooper's case it is very evident that 'the natural abhorrence of giving pain' was a slender influence. However, he, ere long, under Cline's tuition, became an expert carver, and made rapid progress in all the knowledge requisite for his profession. The biographer adds with regret that the society of the master's house was less beneficial than his anatomical instruction. In later days, Sir Astley himself thus sketched the character of Cline :—

'Mr. Cline was a man of excellent judgment, of great caution, of accurate knowledge; particularly taciturn abroad, yet open, friendly, and very conversationable at home. In politics a democrat, living in friendship with Horne Tooke. In morals thoroughly honest; in religion a Deist. A good husband, son, and father. As a friend sincere, but not active; as an enemy most inveterate.'—vol. i. p. 98.

* A most amiable picture of a highly useful friend and benefactor!—But let that pass. The Rev. Dr. Cooper and his worthy wife learned presently, to their great grief and dismay, that their son had embraced the politics of his master and his friends, Thellwall, Horne Tooke, and Co. Our author admits that he took up the religious opinions or no-opinions of the set with equal docility; but there is no evidence that the good folks in Norfolk were ever at all enlightened on that score.

We now begin to be favoured with those 'sketches of distinguished contemporaries' which eventually are found to occupy a full half of these 'Memoirs of Sir Astley Cooper.' Some are from the note-books of Sir Astley—others from various correspondents of his biographer—the greater part by Mr. B. Cooper himself. The earliest subjects for this species of dissection are fellow-pupils at Mr. Cline's—and most elegant youths, to be sure, most of them had been. For instance :—

'Clarke was a singular character: he was an admirable scholar; but a very idle fellow, and never studied his profession. His father died during his pupilage, and left him a thousand pounds, and he bought a commission in the Royals. He drank hard. When in the West Indies he fell in love with the Colonel's daughter; and, to ingratiate himself with her, he became the soberest man in the regiment, and the Colonel used to point him out as a pattern of excellence: so he succeeded in marrying Miss Duncan, and in imposing himself upon her father as a man of fortune. He brought his wife to Dublin, and was drunk nearly the whole of the passage, &c. &c.'—[died in a ditch].

'Mr. S—— also lived at Mr. Cline's. He was desperately in love with Miss C——, who refused him, and he went into Essex disconsolate: there meeting with a Mrs. B——, a widow, he offered to her, a fortnight after her husband's death, but she said she had been engaged three weeks.

weeks. However, she jilted the man she had promised, and married S——'—[ditto].—vol. i. pp. 146, 149.

It had been stipulated in the articles of apprenticeship that Cooper should be at liberty to spend one winter at Edinburgh—and he chose to do so in 1787—being then nineteen years of age, and already well advanced in anatomy and practical surgery. He had good introductions, and, besides attending diligently on Dr. Cullen's medical course, Fyfe's anatomical lectures, and Black's chemistry, found time to be a rather active member of the 'Speculative Society,' a debating club then and afterwards of considerable celebrity and influence, which was recruited from students of all classes, and was also indeed the favourite arena of as yet briefless barristers. Each evening opened with an essay. The only recorded one of Astley Cooper's was meant to demonstrate the *non-existence of matter*—probably a *Clinical* theory. The connections thus formed must have been highly useful—his notes indicate some on which any man might have been proud to look back:—

'Dugald Stewart was beyond my power of appreciation,—metaphysics were foreign to my mind, which was never captivated by speculation;—but Dr. Black's lectures were clear, and I knew enough of the subjects he treated upon to understand them. Never shall I forget the veneration with which I viewed Cullen: he was then an old man; physic may have much improved since his time, but, if Hippocrates was its father, Cullen was its favoured son.'

'Fyfe I attended, and learned much from him. He was a horrid lecturer, but an industrious, worthy man, and good practical anatomist. His lecture was, "I say—eh, eh, eh, gentlemen; eh, eh, eh, gentlemen—I say," &c.; whilst the tallow from a naked candle he held in his hand ran over the back of it and over his clothes: but his drawings and depictions were well made and very useful.'

'Adam Smith was good-natured, simple-minded, unaffected, and fond of young people. Lord Meadowbank was a sharp man, something like Wollaston. Charles Hope was a man of reading, a gentleman, and dignified, and very eloquent.'—vol. i. p. 171.

Of Dr. Gregory we have some good anecdotes in this chapter—the best from the biographer's own recollection—for he, too, in after-days was an Edinburgh student.

'It was the custom for each professor to receive at his own house the fees from the new pupils. One day Dr. Gregory, thus engaged, had used all his blank tickets, and was obliged to go into an adjoining apartment to procure another for a student whom he left sitting in his consulting-room. The accumulated money was lying on the table, and from this sum, as he was re-entering the room, he saw the young man sweep a portion, and deposit it in his pocket. Dr. Gregory took his seat at the table, and, as if nothing had occurred, filled up the ticket, and gave

gave it to the delinquent. He then accompanied him to the door, and when at the threshold, with much emotion, said to him, "I saw what you did just now; keep the money, I know what must be your distress; but for God's sake never do it again, it can never succeed." The pupil in vain offered him back the money; and the Doctor had the satisfaction of knowing that this moral lesson produced the desired impression on his mind.—vol. i. p. 162.

The session over, Cooper made a solitary tour into the Highlands on horseback, and then resumed his quarters at Mr. Cline's, and the regular course of his attendance at the best schools in the metropolis. He is said to have attracted much notice at Edinburgh by his superiority to the other surgical students of similar standing—especially by the skilfulness already of his diagnosis—the fruit of watchful observance of Cline's precepts and practice. He now attended John Hunter, and that eagerly, and with vast profit.

In 1789 he was appointed demonstrator at St. Thomas's Hospital; and his time seems to have been fully occupied in the duties of this office, and study of his profession, until 1791, when Mr. Cline paid him the high compliment of procuring his nomination as joint lecturer with himself in surgery and anatomy. From this date the career was one of rapid and uninterrupted advancement. It was by and by found advisable to give him a distinct course of lectures on surgery; and by degrees, though he was not as yet anxious for private practice, a share of that also came to his hand.

His elevation at the hospital seems to have given satisfaction to everybody but the eloquent Dr. Blundell's uncle, Haighton—the 'merciless doctor' of the 'Pursuits of Literature.'* This gentleman, however, was soon appeased by his own promotion to another chair, and the social intercourse of the rivals resumed its usual channel. One of our biographer's correspondents furnishes him with a pleasing after-dinner anecdote of the period. Astley Cooper asserted, *inter pocula*, the impossibility of any animal's surviving a certain operation. Haighton took the opposite side—the dispute waxed warm. It was terminated against Cooper by Haighton's sending for a pet spaniel of his own.

He asked Astley to notice his bulk, his healthy aspect, and his good keeping, and, this done, put a period to his existence in a moment. He then at once demonstrated the results of a most careful and rigid operation to which the unfortunate animal had been subjected some three or four years preceding this *dénouement*. If ever he had a favourite in ani-

* See in Dialogue Fourth—

'I spurn unfeeling Science—cruel tales
Of virgin rabbits and of headless snails,' &c.;
with the long note about Spalanzani and other amateur-butchers.

mal life, this poor dog was one : his *Tendo Achillis* had been cut asunder ; his *Femoral artery* had been left to nature's curative process, having been subjected to operation ; and his *Recurrent nerve* (a nerve connected with the power of voice) had been divided,—I rather think, to prevent his making known his subsequent sufferings ; and it may be truly said the faithful animal had fairly won his honours. But to confute a rival in a question of science and physiology, my much-valued old friend and master made not the slightest scruple to sacrifice the only animal I ever knew him to be in the least degree attached to. With all his foibles, and they were all of a *little and trifling nature*, Dr. Haighton was a most superior man in his perfect knowledge of the *MACHINERY* of the human structure.'—vol. i. pp. 201, 202.

This hellish story immediately precedes the tender one of Astley Cooper's courtship. Miss Anne Cock (we believe a handsome and clever lady) was the daughter of an intimate friend of Cline's, a rich retired merchant, inhabiting a villa at Tottenham. Thither Cline often went on Sunday—his favourite pupil occasionally accompanied him. The care of Mr. Cock, during a fit of gout, was principally devolved on the young surgeon—and it is not difficult to understand the consequences. Towards the end of 1791 the wedding-day was fixed, when Mr. Cock was taken ill—so ill, that his intended son-in-law had to announce the total absence of hope. The old man received the intelligence with calmness, called for his cash-book, summed up the current page, 'to save his executor trouble,' and expired in the arms of Cooper and Miss Anne. He died the very day that had been settled for the marriage, November the 21st. Mr. Bransby must give the rest of the romance.

'A short time subsequent to this bereavement the friends of the young people considered it advantageous that their marriage should be no longer deferred. In December a christening was to take place from the house of Mr. Cline, and he thought that this would afford an excellent opportunity for his young friends to be united, without attracting much observation, as they might join with the christening party on its way to church. The marriage was solemnized, and they afterwards retired, as if they had been merely witnesses of the christening. On the evening of the same day Mr. Cooper delivered his surgical lecture with all the ease of manner which characterized him on ordinary occasions ; and the pupils dispersed without a suspicion of the occurrence. After lecture he went to the house in Jefferies Square, which Mr. Cock, promising to himself the happiness of seeing his daughter surrounded with every comfort, had but a short time before his decease purchased and furnished for them.'—vol. i. p. 208.

Under these circumstances the wedding trip was put off till June, 1792 ; and then the happy couple, neither of whom had ever before been on the Continent, proceeded to Paris. They remained

remained there during three terrible months—Mr. Cooper witnessed the 10th of August and the 2nd of September, and many of the horrors that intervened and ensued; but though, in the few extracts which his nephew produces from his journal, he expresses some disgust with the atrocities brought under his eye, they were not able to divert him from the two great objects of the nuptial excursion—namely, to gratify his curiosity by attendance at the debates of the National Assembly, &c., and to improve his professional knowledge by comparing the Parisian practice of surgery with our own. It must indeed have been a very favourable season for anatomical researches in the case of a student of his temper. No scarcity of subjects certainly. He seems to have gone to the hospitals daily, being decorated with a democratic badge, which ensured his personal safety in the streets, and politely welcomed in the interior by some of the leading surgeons, of whom the Journal has one or two entertaining anecdotes: *c. g.*—

‘I once saw Desault dissect out a diseased absorbent gland from the neck of a boy, and, having succeeded in its removal, he began to extirpate another; but his assistant suddenly looked up in the face of M. Desault, and said, “Monsieur, le garçon est mort.” The boy was removed from the operating-table, but the cadavre was brought in the next day in order to show us that no great vessel had been wounded.’

He could have learnt no lessons either of humanity or of modesty in this school—though he may have treasured up some flourishes of dexterity and graces of the scalpel.

Nor did his Parisian experience at all disturb Mr. Cooper in his adhesion to the ‘views which he had imbibed from Mr. Cline and the talented but misguided men with whom he had associated’ (p. 218): on the contrary, immediately after his return he is found in regular attendance at Thelwall’s ‘Classical Lectures.’* And Mr. Travers bears testimony that he ‘went a step beyond Whiggism, being an active steward at the festival of the Revolution Society of London, in 1793.’

Our readers have by this time discovered that Mr. Bransby Cooper’s present work is by no means intended in the main for readers of his uncle’s and his own profession. The Introduction, in fact, announces a separate work, devoted exclusively to the history of Sir Astley’s researches in anatomy and surgery—the only sciences to which he ever applied himself with any zeal—and the development of his skill as an operator. What we now have is avowedly that part of his history which must, in the biographer’s opinion, be acceptable to all who feel a curiosity about eminent men of their own day, in whatever department they may have

* See ‘Pursuits of Literature’ (notes 34 and 210)—on the impudent wickedness of these ‘Lent Lectures’ and Thelwall’s ‘School of Reason.’

attained their eminence. We need not therefore offer many apologies for passing very rapidly over the strictly professional topics which do find here and there a place in the pages now before us. There is, for example, at the stage we have now reached, a neat enough disquisition, by Mr. B. Cooper, on the doctrines of John Hunter, and the manner in which the bold adoption and clever exposition of these by Astley Cooper contributed to fix public attention on him, and, in fact, coupled with his constant and most skilful use of the cases which his pupils might themselves trace in the hospital at the moment, made his fortune as a lecturer. There can be no dispute that he very soon took rank with the most instructive surgical teachers the world has ever seen. His first appointment to the professorship at Surgeons' College occurred in this year, 1793; and he filled the chair with such applause that he was re-elected to it by the Royal College, year after year, as long as he could place his services at their disposal. Though still far from pushing for private practice, the name he had acquired of course told powerfully in that direction; and before the close of the century he had reached, both as lecturer and as practitioner, an eminence with which any man of his standing might well be contented.

The secret was *industry*. We may see how he felt this from what he writes about one who added industry to genius:—

“Mr. Hunter was, as Lavater said, *a man who thought for himself*; but he was more: he was the most *industrious* man that ever lived. He worked from six in the morning till twelve o'clock at night, and sometimes later. He would stand over the most minute object for three or four hours before breakfast, dissecting and exploring it. His vast museum is a proof of what industry can accomplish, for it contains matter for seven years' investigation. He worked, at each thing for himself, although he might have heard about it by his brother's lectures, or by men who read for him. I went with him to the dissection of a whale, and he examined every part for himself, caring nothing about dirt or trouble, and taking out parts of the animal for minute subsequent examination.”—vol. i. pp. 288, 289.

The following statement from Sir Astley's sec-book is curious:—

“My receipt,” says he, “for the first year was 5*l.* 5*s.*; the second, 26*l.*; the third, 64*l.*; the fourth, 96*l.*; the fifth, 100*l.*; the sixth, 200*l.*; the seventh, 400*l.*; the eighth, 610*l.*; the ninth, 1100*l.*” He himself appends a remark, which sufficiently shows his feeling on this subject:—“Although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery.”

Blessed with vigorous health, buoyant spirits, an affectionate wife, extending reputation, and yearly increasing profits—he had, however, his share of losses and griefs even during this bright early period. Above all, the only child Mrs. Cooper ever gave birth

birth to was soon taken from them; and this affliction seems to have left a deep trace behind it. Another sensible distress was the expulsion of his friend Thelwall from a certain Physical Society, the majority of whose members did not approve of the philosopher's pertinacity in urging on their attention his grand doctrine of Materialism. Thirdly, his practice was interrupted for part of 1798, in consequence of a severe fall he had when riding 'one of the carriage-horses' in the city. The head was much damaged, and life for some time despaired of:—

'Mr. Cooper was, one morning after the accident, when in the full belief that he was about to die, lamenting to Mr. Cline the event, not so much on his own account, as because it arrested a train of professional inquiry in which he was then engaged, and which he thought would prove of the highest public benefit. "Make yourself quite easy, my friend," replied Mr. Cline; "the result of your disorder, whether fatal or otherwise, will not be thought of the least consequence by mankind." The eager aspiring ambition of the young patient, and the calm philosophic coolness of his preceptor, form a curious contrast; but at the same time the anecdote exhibits feelings highly characteristic of each of the two parties.'

It is a pity that Mr. Bransby Cooper cannot write with a little more precision. The man who uses words so absurdly can hardly be supposed to see things clearly. For 'but at the same time,' in this last sentence, *lege* 'in other words.' The story deserved better treatment. Old Cline understood the world.

The next great step, the appointment as surgeon to Guy's Hospital, in 1800, was not unopposed. Astley Cooper's French politics were extremely offensive to many of the electors; but the difficulty was got over by his giving a distinct pledge to the treasurer that he had 'determined to relinquish the companionship and intimacy of his late democratical friends, and abandon for the future all participation in the strife of politics and party.'

'His maxim became, and this he never failed to inculcate in the younger portion of his acquaintance, "That, as the duties of a surgeon extend alike to men of all parties and views, it must be most unwise for him to attach himself to any one particular set, and thus render adverse to him all maintaining contrary opinions."—vol. i. p. 298.

All this is well; but we find nothing to justify the biographer in going on to speak of 'this important change in his political feelings,' as one that must have given 'joy' to his loyal-hearted parents in Norfolk. They might well approve the prudence of his change in conduct. He was elected without further demur; and Dr. Roots says strongly, but truly,—

'From the period of Astley's appointment to Guy's until the moment of his latest breath, he was everything and all to the suffering and afflicted: his name was a host, but his presence brought confidence

and comfort; and I have often observed that, on an operating day, should anything occur of an untoward character in the theatre, the moment Astley Cooper entered, and the instrument was in his hand, every difficulty was overcome, and safety generally ensued.'

This is, we repeat, most true. It was the result of his retaining the most perfect possession of himself in the theatre. He was, indeed, a great actor in more senses than one. His admirable manual dexterity was not more obvious than the love of display that he brought to the most critical of incisions. His nephew, we see, produces two extracts from his note-book, in which he says that for certain classes of operation he had 'too much feeling.' (vol. ii. pp. 474-5.) But we believe no really great artist ever quite satisfied himself; A satirical Sawbones thus sung many years ago:—

' Nor Drury Lane nor Common Garden
Are to my fancy worth a farden;
I hold them both small beer:
Give me the wonderful exploits,
And jolly jokes, between the sleights,
Of Astley's Amphitheatre.'

About this time Cline removed to the west end of the town, and Cooper succeeded him in his spacious premises in St. Mary Axe. He of course succeeded also to a great share of Cline's city practice—and that was in those days most lucrative. As yet the great merchants of London had not, generally speaking, abandoned the old custom of having their town residences in connection with their places of business. They had comfortable, sometimes magnificent, villas within a few miles; but the stately mansions, with their quiet interior quadrangles and little patches of garden, approached through massive folding-doors from some narrow street or lane in the heart of the traffic of this our Babylon—mansions which had originally, in many cases, been erected and tenanted by the nobility of the seventeenth century—these were still kept up in splendour, and blazed with hospitable light all through the winter. They are now, with hardly an exception, warehouses—their masters flown to the precincts of the Regent's Park, or Pimlico, or Dr. Chambers's favourite locality, the splendid new city springing up on the estate of the see of London, towards Bayswater. In 1800 St. Mary Axe was about as different from what it is in 1843, as the Strand of 1800 was from the Strand of Burleigh or Buckingham. Mr. Cooper was in the centre of a most intelligent and opulent society; and he lived to regret the days when his dealings were chiefly with our merchant princes. They seldom, it seems, had much loose cash about their persons; and
' You

'You know,' said SIR ASTLEY, 'when a man writes a cheque, he can hardly make it for less than five guineas.' By and by he became accustomed to munificent fees. One ancient merchant, Mr. Hyatt, when pronounced all right again, tossed his nightcap to the surgeon, who, bowing politely, put it in his pocket, and on entering his chariot found pinned inside a bank-note for 1000*l*. We doubt if any duke ever had heart for the like of this. It beats even the 'big bag of gold' which Cromwell's pious son-in-law, Ireton, when in a scrape, offered to old Hamey.* Others regularly paid him liberal annuities—a Mr. Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long course of time gave him 600*l*. every Christmas.

He was now in high practice, and of course thrown constantly into familiar contact with the most eminent physicians of the time. His notes supply some shrewd sketches and some lively anecdotes:—

'I recollect many of the physicians of my early time; and they were all empirics. With Dr. Curry there was only one organ diseased, the liver; and only one medicine to be prescribed, calomel. He could not be corrected: for if one of his patients died, and was examined, and Dr. Curry was told that there was no disease of the liver, he replied that he had cured it.† Dr. Fordyce was a coarse man, a bad lecturer, got drunk every evening, and, Mr. Oline said, was not over-careful about truth. He himself said he was the only Scotchman he ever knew that had entirely lost his native dialect; and this he would assert in the broadest Scotch it could be spoken in.'

'Dr. Fordyce,' adds the biographer, 'was one evening, at a late hour, called to see a lady of title who was supposed to have been taken suddenly ill. Arrived in the apartment of his patient, he seated himself by her side, and, having listened to the recital of a train of symptoms which appeared rather anomalous, next proceeded to examine the state of her pulse. He tried to reckon the number of its strokes, but in vain; the more he endeavoured to effect his object, the more his brain whirled, and the less self-control could he exert. Conscious of the cause of his difficulty, in a moment of irritation he inadvertently muttered out an exclamation, 'Drunk, by ——!' The lady heard the remark, but remained silent; and, having prescribed a mild remedy, one which he

* We believe the handsomest fee on record is that which Dr. Dimsdale of Hertford received from the Empress Catharine for inoculating her children. He had 12,000*l*., it is said; besides a snuff-box and the rank of a Russian Baron.

† Mr. B. Cooper adds, 'With respect to himself, Dr. Curry always believed he was labouring under a disease of the liver, and one of a peculiar nature; for he thought that there was a worm in the gall-bladder. The supposed attempts which this worm every now and then made to effect its escape through the duct created considerable irritation, and constituted one of the Doctor's hepatic attacks. For these he immediately flew to his favourite remedy, calomel. The reason which he gave for always failing in getting rid of the worm was amusing; for he said "That directly the creature felt the influence of the mercury it ran back again to its gall-bladder." I remember, when I was a pupil at Guy's, that a report prevailed that Dr. Curry sprinkled calomel on the meat in the sandwiches which he ate for luncheon.'—vol. i. p. 310.

invariably used on *such occasions*, the Doctor shortly afterwards took his departure. Early the next morning he was roused by a somewhat imperative message from his patient of the previous evening, to attend her immediately; and he at once concluded that the object of this summons was either to inveigh against him for the state in which he had visited her on the former occasion, or perhaps for having administered too potent a medicine. Ill at ease from these reflections, he entered the lady's presence, fully prepared to listen to a severe reprimand. The patient, however, began by thanking him for his immediate attention, and then proceeded to say how much she had been struck by his discernment on the previous evening; confessed that she was occasionally addicted to the error which he had detected; and concluded by observing that the object of her sending at so early an hour was to obtain a promise that he would hold inviolably secret the condition in which he had found her. 'You may depend upon me, madam,' replied Dr. Fordyce, with a countenance which had not altered its expression since the commencement of the patient's story; 'I shall be silent as the grave.' Dr. Fordyce's patient was a lady of fortune and influence, and proved of essential service to him, by introducing him into the circle of her acquaintance.

Sir Astley says—it is, no doubt, a passage rich in *innuendo*—

'Matthew Baillie was remarkable for his kindness to the whole profession, but especially so to the junior members of it: he knew his frown could chill their aspiring hopes, or a contemptuous word crush and destroy them. They had no fear of *his* seeing their patients without them, as they knew no word of censure would escape his lips. He was not an assassin, who would proffer one hand in friendship and stab in the back with the other. His integrity was as remarkable as his consideration and kindness. The candour of Baillie was another striking feature in his character. It was his cultivation and knowledge of morbid anatomy, and numerous opportunities in practice, which gave to medicine the scientific character it now holds.'—p. 308.

But we must return to Astley Cooper himself, as professor to the Royal College, and surgeon at Guy's. In his later days he used to say that he had instructed 8000 surgeons; and, in fact, not only in every corner of England, but almost in every considerable town in the north of Europe, there is at this moment some flourishing pupil of his school. He was a kind as well as careful master: this is apparent from all the reports, without exception, with which his biographer has been favoured by those who had sat at his feet, especially those who had been his dressers, assistants in the hospital, or, as the phrase is, had 'carried a box under Cooper.' The most valuable of these reports comes from one of the most distinguished of them all, Mr. Travers; but it is far too long to be copied here. By a few sentences, however, and especially by one happy phrase, which we mark with italics, he sets the man before us to the life:—

'Astley

'Astley Cooper, when I first knew him, had decidedly the handsomest, that is, the most intelligent and finely-formed countenance and person of any man I remember to have seen. He wore his hair powdered, with a queue, then the custom, and having dark hair, and always a fine healthy glow of colour in his cheeks, this fashion became him well. . . . He was remarkably upright, and moved with grace, vigour, and elasticity; nor was he altogether unconscious of the fine proportions of his frame, for he would not unfrequently throw his well-shaped leg upon the table at lecture, when describing an injury or operation of the lower limb, that he might more graphically demonstrate the subject of his discourse. . . . He would look at particular or urgent cases before and after lecture;—and he generally went round, *à loisir*, as a florist would visit his *parterre*, with two or three elder students, on a Sunday morning.'

But the private *parterre* at St. Mary Axe was his paradise, the constant object of his care and scene of his delighting study. He had a set of rooms over a long range of stabling fitted up entirely for dissection. There he was to be found at peep of day; and if by chance he had an unoccupied hour in the evening, there it found the ardent florist, luxuriating over some choice specimen. We cannot liken it to a *hortus siccus*. John Hunter, we have heard, when a young man from the country asked his advice about the study of anatomy, said, 'The first thing is to conquer your nose.' This triumph no one ever achieved in higher perfection than Astley Cooper. Among other purveyors that he had in pay were several eminent fishmongers, who sent regularly to St. Mary Axe whatever article of any mark or dignity had been kept too long for the manipulations of the cook. With him all was fish that came to the net. An elephant died in the Tower. He begged the carcase, and it was safely delivered in his court-yard, but no effort could hoist the huge spoil into the rooms over the stable. Mr. Cooper had a tall *hord* erected in front of the house, as if repairs were going on, and day after day, with a chosen band of pupils, cut and carved away—season, the height of summer—until every fragment of the putrid mass had been dealt with. The skeleton is now in the Royal College. But the poor dogs paid for their confidence in mankind; they were the chief victims. A pupil states that he remembers as many as thirty dogs of various degrees, all tied up at one time, in an outhouse, waiting their turns to be experimented on, and finally killed, and, if finely boned, articulated for the museum. The biographer intimates that the supply depended principally on the professional dog-stealers; but his own servants, it is confessed, were all dabblers in the trade. The coachman and footman had their eyes about them while he was paying a visit; and many an unsuspecting pet was lured into the

the odorous basket beneath the hamercloth. The peccant parts of the patients themselves were of course lawful prize. Mr. Travers evidently smiles over his recollection of the trophies they used to carry home from a *post mortem* examination:—‘a curious but not over-fragrant part of the old lady,’ and so on. Peradventure the business did not always rest here. When at the height of his fame and fortune, Sir Astley could safely tell a Committee of the House of Commons, ‘No person dies in London, no matter of what rank or station, but I could have his body in my dissecting-room if I chose.’

Upwards of one hundred pages (being an eighth part of this work) are devoted by Mr. Bransby Cooper to one particular class of his uncle’s ‘distinguished contemporaries;’ and who are these? physicians, surgeons, or patients? They have their space; but it is more moderate. The favoured heroes are the body-snatchers, or, to adopt their own technical designation, the ‘resurgam hominos,’ on whose exertions Astley Cooper, while at St. Mary Axe, relied mainly for what the same dialect calls ‘things.’ We cannot deny that the biographer might justly consider this subject within his province; for he proves abundantly that his uncle had really a most close and confidential connexion with several of the most infamous desperados of his time; that he was so intimately mixed up in their transactions, that, when they had been tried and imprisoned, he acknowledged their perfect right to depend on him for pecuniary support to themselves, and for pensions to their families; but nevertheless we must wish the affair had not been dealt with in such detail. The fact, we cannot but suspect, is, that Mr. Bransby Cooper was educated by his uncle exactly when the trade of the resurrection-men was in its most palmy state. He was himself thrown into association with these daring ruffians at a time of life when adventure, of whatever sort, has its charms; and now that the system is at an end—we trust for ever—he could not resist the temptation of a soft indulgence in the ‘pleasures of memory.’ His picture of the traffic, moreover, may prove a popular feature. We should not be surprised to see it drawn upon liberally by the masters of our Jack Ketch school of romance.

In these odious chapters we find a few—but a few—quotable things. It appears that during the Peninsular war the London resurrectionists frequently followed the march of our armies. Had steam-boats been in fashion, the parterres at Guy’s and St. Mary Axe would, indeed, have shown a plentiful succession. But that was out of the question. The object was more limited. Towards the end of the struggle Mr. Bransby Cooper was himself attached to one of our regiments. One day a face, not to be forgotten,

forgotten, presented itself at his quarters, near Sarre. This was one of the leading purveyors, bearing this laconic note from the patron :—

‘ My dear Bransby,—Butler will tell you the purport of his visit. I hope you are well and happy. Your affectionate uncle, ASTLEY COOPER.’ And what was the purport of his visit?—

‘ Oh, Sir, only let there be a battle, and there’ll be no want of teeth. I’ll draw them as fast as the men are knocked down.’—*Ib.* p. 401.

This seems always to have been a regular though subordinate pursuit with them even at home. One of our author’s acquaintances, Mr. Murphy, robbed the vault under a London meeting-house, in one night, of teeth which he sold for 60*l.* No wonder, then, if we find in a subsequent page that one of these fellows returned from Waterloo with a box of teeth and *jaw-bones* valued at 700*l.* Did the autumnal beauties of 1816 suspect this? But the most precious harvest of all was, we are told, that of 1813. ‘ The German universities,’ says a French dentist, ‘ turned out many youths in their very bloom; and our conscripts were so young that few of their teeth had been injured by the stain of tobacco.’ The Polish Jews were very active at this work during Napoleon’s later campaigns; and we remember a British dentist who was nicknamed *Dr. Pulltuski* from the notoriety of his dealings with them. After all, such things are *not* the worst that might be quoted in the tooth department; and we need not wander into the kindred one of curls and ringlets.

Mr. Bransby Cooper winds up his annals of the resurrectionists with a long, grave, solemn, even pompous, apology for his uncle. We all must admit that, as the law then stood, it was impossible for any man to become a great anatomist without at least winking at most heinous practices; but the less that is said on the subject the better.

We have hitherto* referred to the first of these volumes. Throughout the second we have Astley Cooper before us as at the head of his calling; and his nephew (though not on the present occasion going into minute professional details) affords the general reader some notion of the most important operations by which his high skill was from time to time manifested—his reputation, if possible, still further raised and extended. He notices also various essays which were published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, or separately, and some of which—especially those on the *Membrana Tympani*, on *Hernia*, on his own great operation of *Tying the Aorta*, on *Fractures and Dislocations*, and on the *Anatomy of the Breast*—will always continue to hold a respectable place among the re-

cords

cords of the surgical art, though it cannot be said that any of them reflect credit on their author as compositions. But the principal merit of this compilation is in the clear light it throws on the actual life—the daily existence—of a first-rate London surgeon. Astley Cooper made more money than any surgeon that ever lived before him. In one year, 1815, his professional income amounted to upwards of *twenty-one thousand pounds*. No physician in the world has at all approached this. We do not believe that any barrister—not even Lord Abinger as attorney-general—came very near it. The nephew, the pupil, and frequent assistant of such a man as this must have his memory stored with details, which, if but tolerably set forth, are sure to be thankfully received. Mr. Bransby Cooper, however, tells his tale with such profuse verbosity and long-windedness that it must, in mercy to the reader, undergo a compressing process.

Throughout the whole thoroughly active period of his life, then, Astley Cooper was in his dissecting-room, winter and summer, by six o'clock at the latest; by eight he was dressed (perhaps rather over-dressed) for the day, and at the service of gratuitous patients, who occupied him till half-past nine. Young physicians and surgeons owe much, of course, to their practice among the poor; but the generosity with which the best-employed men in both branches devote many hours every week—'every minute being a guinea'—to this inestimable charity, is perhaps not sufficiently considered by the wealthier classes when the matter of fees is in discussion. No professional men sacrifice time to duty and benevolence at such a heavy cost to themselves. Few men liked money better than Cooper; but he never abandoned this honourable custom. His breakfast with his family occupied but a few gay minutes; and by ten his waiting-rooms were thronged with patients, who continued to stream in by the dozen until one o'clock:—

'To the right of the hall were two large rooms, occupied by gentlemen patients; two drawing-rooms immediately above were appropriated to the reception of ladies. The hall had generally servants waiting for answers to notes; the ante-room was for the one or two patients next in succession. The farther room on the right was full of gentlemen waiting their turn. These were anxious, perhaps, but still in a much less pitiable state than the occupants of the first to the right. All in this room had undergone some operation, which unfitted them for the present to leave the house. It was certainly an object of interest, at times partaking no little of the ludicrous to me as an inconsiderate youngster, to see six or eight persons who had never set eyes upon one another before, contorting their features into expressions of all the kinds of suffering, from the dullest *torment* to the most acute *pain*—[happy youngster, and happy language!]~~—others~~ moving in anxious restlessness

ness

ness to different parts of the room—while some one would be asking his neighbour with eager curiosity what was the nature of the infliction he had undergone, still writhing, perhaps, under the effects of his own. These patients used to remain in this room until either their pain had ceased, or Mr. Cooper himself dismissed them after completing the operation to which they had been subjected.

‘The patience of the ladies, perhaps, was more severely tried than even that of the gentlemen; for as in Charles’s judgment their occupation was not likely to be so important, nor their time so precious, he was accustomed rather to expedite the admission of the gentlemen than theirs. He most ungallantly used to observe, “There was more difficulty in drawing one lady than two gentlemen;” meaning in withdrawing the lady from Mr. Cooper’s presence. The manner by which the ladies exhibited their impatience was by frequently opening the drawing-room door, peeping over the banisters, or sometimes coming down into the hall and supplicating Charles; requests which he knew well enough how to answer.

‘The ante-room was sometimes applied to another purpose than the legitimate one, for Charles had some few chosen friends, who knew how to pay their way into this room at once.

‘Sometimes the people in the hall and ante-room were so numerous and so importunate that my uncle dreaded the ordeal of explaining the necessity for his departure. He was in the habit, under such circumstances, of escaping through the back-yard into his stables, and so into the passage by the side of Bishopsgate church. He would then run round past his carriage, which was standing at the front door, into Wormwood Street, to which place he would be immediately followed by his coachman, who well understood this *ruse*.’—vol. ii. pp. 72-77.

He was in a few minutes at Guy’s—where a hundred pupils were waiting on the steps. They followed him into the wards of the hospital, and from bed to bed, until the clock struck two—then rushed across the street to the anatomical theatre, and the lecture began. At three he went to the dissecting-rooms, and observation, direction, and instruction kept him busy here for half an hour. Then he got into his carriage, attended by a dresser, and his horses were hard at work until seven or half-past seven. His family were assembled: dinner was instantly on the table, and he sat down apparently fresh in spirits, with his attention quite at the command of the circle. He ate largely, but cared not what—after twelve hours of such exertion he, as he said, ‘could digest anything but sawdust.’ During dinner he drank two or three large tumblers of water, and afterwards two glasses of port—no more. Then he threw himself back in his chair and slept. He seldom required to be roused, but awoke exactly as the allotted *ten minutes* expired—started up, ‘gave a parting smile to everybody in the room, and in a few seconds was again on his way to the hospital.’

There

There was a lecture every other evening during the season—on the odd nights, however, the carriage was equally at his door by eight—and he continued his round of visits till midnight, often till one or two in the morning.

His carriage was well lighted; and by night as well as by day, in passing from one house to another, his attendant was writing to his dictation—the chronicle of each case kept pace with the symptoms;

‘And Sunday shone no sabbath-day for him.’

When called into the country he usually said to the postboys—‘I give threepence a mile for bad driving, fourpence for good, but sixpence if you drive like the devil.’ Such for full fifteen years was the existence of the great surgeon of Broad Street, Saint Mary Axe.

Industry of such ‘high pressure’ had, of course, some interruptions of relaxation; but the diversions of the very busy are rarely very delicate. They are willing to accept what is nearest at hand, and may be entered on without preparation, and enjoyed without effort. He was hospitable to his pupils, whose reverence and submission made them attentive listeners and ready laughers. He also entertained, though less frequently, those of his own or the other branches of the profession, with whom he had been connected familiarly in early years, or whom he encountered daily in the rounds of his practice. Of these such as were, like himself, successful—were, if not like himself actually overworked, aware that he was so, and under the habitual impression of his great professional ability; if the less fortunate did not always regard his prosperity without envy, his authority was so extensive, that some advantage might be anticipated from the cultivation of his goodwill: among neither set, therefore, was he likely to find over-critical guests. With accomplished men, beyond his own calling, he seems in his prime neither to have held nor desired to hold much social intercourse; and in no particular did he less resemble most of those among his own brethren who in our time have attained similar reputation. Their minds have, in general, been expanded and refined by a variety of studies; they delight in the society of their intellectual compeers; and we think on the whole, of all orders of professional men, their conversation in mixed company has been commonly acknowledged to be the most interesting, affording the happiest combination of instructiveness and entertainment. We might, it is possible, fill an amusing page by quoting from Mr. Bransby Cooper’s picture of his uncle’s city dinners and suburban clubs, but we are afraid that the result might be to leave a somewhat disrespectful notion of the profession itself—that which has perhaps justly been called ‘our most accomplished

plished profession.' We leave therefore some chapters, filled with what seems low-enough merriment, and occasional *verses*, in which we can discover nothing but dismal imbecility, to be explored by those who are curious in such matters. Cooper's own chief distinction ~~amidst~~ these scenes of festivity appears to have depended on joyous hilarity, practical jokes (much in the style of his youth at Yarmouth), and, above all, the incessant audacity of puns.

It is, however, well attested that he was even then a very different sort of converser in a *tête-à-tête*. When shut up by chance in the same carriage with any man of talents, the tenacity of his memory—the searching sagacity with which he had observed whatever the course of life had brought under his view—and the unaffected frankness of his temperament, seem to have been more than sufficient to render his talk richly diverting. To hear him thus, we suppose, was like being present at one of the best of his easy colloquial lectures on comparative anatomy. The truth is, he was then, as at his lecture, enjoying the exertion of his powerful faculties. In the favoured conviviality of the evening he thought only of unbending them; or if, indeed, he had come at last to confound boisterous pleasantry with the fascinations of wit, we must not forget how easily almost any man who is much flattered learns to flatter himself; and that of all weaknesses the most harmless, as well as the most common, is vanity.

Of his memory his nephew gives some striking examples; and they will be considered as of great importance by those whose experience has brought them to our own conclusion—namely, that this faculty is *almost* always in exact proportion to the general capacity and vigour of the intellect. It may be greatly strengthened by culture: but where it has not been largely given, or successfully improved, all other talents are vain and fruitless. We are aware that some people on the verge of idiocy will exhibit an all but miraculous power of memory as to some one particular class of objects; but we speak of cases where the mind is not actually incomplete or deformed—where there is the usual set of faculties to be measured and appreciated.

His sagacity was shown in some remarkable extra-professional incidents. Being called in to see Mr. Blight of Deptford, when wounded in 1806, the aspect of the partner, Mr. Patch, instantly conveyed to him conviction of his being the assassin. When, on examination of the localities, he signified that the shot must have been fired by a left-handed man, the attendants, who were far from having taken up any similar suspicion, exclaimed that there was no left-handed person near except friend Patch—who was tried and condemned, and who confessed before his execution.

execution. In like manner when Nicolson, the trusted and respected old servant of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, arrived in Broad Street with the news of that midnight catastrophe, the man's countenance satisfied Astley Cooper that the murderer was before him. We all know how slow the family were to adopt this opinion—and also that he too confessed his crime. In neither of these cases, however, could the acute anatomist pretend to define the source of his impressions. He could only say 'There was an indescribable something.'

To illustrate the happy exercise of these gifts *within* Sir Astley's professional department would be to write his life—as it has not yet been written.

By 1815 the change in city habits was well advanced, and he had besides come into very great practice among the nobility and gentry at the other end of London. He therefore made up his mind to do as Cline had done before him, and established himself in the neighbourhood of the Court—New Street, Spring Gardens—where he continued a course of life not much unlike that of Broad Street, except that he had now retired from his professorship at the Royal College, and begun to affect more silkiness of manner and finery of habits.

With his private patients he was, we believe, more popular than any other contemporary practitioner in either branch. His goodly person had its effect with the ladies—his good-nature with all—and the varnish of feeling with most. With oil enough for every wound, he was the conveyer of more comfort than any one of his more sensitive brethren. We know, from Cheselden's account of himself, that the greatest of surgeons may feel his profession a burden and torment all through the most successful of lives. John Hunter turned pale as death whenever he had to use the knife. Abernethy, in our own time, whom many took for a coarse man merely because of his rough humour, could never think of an operation without heart-sickness. It was the same with that great and ill-requited genius, Sir Charles Bell—we must not name living names. But all came and went more easily with Astley Cooper. When a friend of ours, returning casually with him from a consultation one day, dropped something in a melancholy tone about the anxieties of their common profession, 'I don't understand you,' said he; 'upon my word I think ours a very pleasant life. Is it such a hardship to chat with a succession of well-bred people every morning, and seal up a round sum for your banker as often as you get home?' But we must not understand such sayings too literally. No man had a better right to the natural satisfaction of reflecting that human sufferings had been largely relieved by his ministry.

If Mr. Bransby Cooper had thought fit, we dare say he might have produced extracts from the Notes of this period which would have gratified abundantly the malicious curiosity of the public. As it is, they supply but little amusement, and very seldom demand censure. The most interesting passages are perhaps those about the late Lord Liverpool, the Duke of York, and George IV.; but even these contain nothing novel as regards characters or even manners. Mr. Cooper was not on the royal establishment when the king first chose him to operate on his person. There was an ugly tumour on the head; and it was understood at the time that, for once, Cooper's nerves rather failed him, and that Cline had to complete the job; and the biographer, though he does not confirm the common story, says nothing that distinctly contradicts it. He mentions Cline as present, and, casually as it were, that he did *something*. The king, however, made Cooper his serjeant-surgeon soon afterwards, and in due time, most properly, a baronet (with remainder to his eldest nephew)—and our author says he continued to grow in favour until he made an unlucky *lapsus*—that is, told his illustrious patient a certain offensive anecdote. But though Mr. Bransby Cooper twice promises to give his readers this anecdote, he reaches *finis* without having screwed his courage to the point. It must, we suppose, have been something far more awful than what he does mention as having occasioned a little interruption in the intercourse—namely, Sir Astley's waiting on His Majesty one morning just after performing an operation:—'The King's face darkened—the jocular baronet was abruptly dismissed—and discovered, as he entered his chariot, that there was blood on his wristband—'Out, damned spot!' It would not be difficult for us to cap *that* story if we chose.

Sir Hans Sloane's baronetcy, given by George I., was the first title of hereditary honour granted to any medical gentleman in this country. The profession has since furnished at least its fair share of recruits to the baronetage. Between 1796 and 1837 that rank was, if we reckon aright, conferred on seventeen physicians and surgeons, one oculist, and two apothecaries.

The complete change which time and prosperity had wrought in Sir Astley's political sentiments is evident from some of his Notes.

'The first time I ever saw George the Fourth was at the time he was Prince Regent. He was walking with the Duke of York and the Duke of Bedford, and he looked far superior to either. They were the three finest men in England, but he was the prince of grace and dignity.'

Here is some mistake. The Duke of Bedford who was a '*fine man*'—Francis—died a dozen years before George IV. was Regent:

Regent: nor do we think that Cooper ever saw *them* walking together.

He often awoke early, and read from five or six o'clock in the morning until nine or ten, and thus he became acquainted with all the new books, which he read of every description—novels, pamphlets, voyages, travels, plays—and he liked to talk of them. He usually received me at from ten to eleven o'clock, in his bed. He chatted with me for half an hour or an hour, and was generally very agreeable, although now and then irritable. He was not strictly attentive to facts, but embellished all his stories to render them more amusing, so that it would not answer always to repeat his sayings of others.

When ill the King would never allow that it was caused by his own imprudence. One morning his tongue was white, and he was much heated. "By G—," said he, "it is very extraordinary that I should be thus heated, for I lived very abstemiously, and went to bed in good time—I must have some *beaume de vie*, sir." When we went out of the room, W— said, "You must not professionally act upon what His Majesty said: he was drinking maraschino at two o'clock this morning."

He was a good judge of the medicine which would best suit him.* He bore enormous doses of opiates—one hundred drops of laudanum, for instance. In bleeding, also, I have known from twenty to twenty-five ounces taken from him several times.

The King was irregular in his times for eating and drinking. "Bring me cold chicken," he would say at eleven, before he rose. "Yes, sire." "Bring it, and give me a goblet of soda-water." Soon after he ate again, and at dinner largely; but he did not in general drink much at dinner unless tempted by the society of men he liked.

It is hardly fair for a gentleman who visits a Prince only in his medical capacity to volunteer descriptions of the patient's ordinary habits. When out of sorts the King's meals were, we suppose, irregular enough; but in general, we believe, he abstained entirely from meat of a morning. Probably he was, like ourselves, of the sect whose tenet it is that no man eats luncheon who has a proper respect for his dinner.

The King would sometimes be coarse in his conversation and anecdotes, but again nobody could be more refined and polished when he chose. Every story of a character about town, every humorous anecdote, he was perfectly acquainted with, and was constantly seeking means of adding to his stock, and then took the greatest pleasure in relating them

* The biographer says:—"He had been very early instructed in anatomy, by the desire of his father, at whose request John Hunter made a complete set of preparations, especially for the use and information of the young prince and his brothers. He frequently conversed on the subject; and on several occasions, when an account reached his ears of something novel or extraordinary being met with in the course of anatomical investigation, he had the actual specimen brought to him for his inspection. His knowledge of medicine was so acute that I have heard my uncle say he was obliged to be unusually careful when writing a prescription for the King."

to others. He was himself witty, but the points of his conversation consisted principally in anecdote and the relation of jokes.

'The King was indolent, and therefore disposed to yield, to avoid trouble; nervous, and therefore anxious to throw every onus from his own shoulders. He was the most perfect gentleman in his manners and address—possessing the finest person, with the most dignified and gracious condescension, yet excessively proud; familiar himself, but shocked at it in others; violent in his temper, yet naturally kind in his disposition. I have seen him spurn,—— from him, yet in ten minutes say that he liked nobody so much about him, and that no one but he should do anything for him.

'George the Fourth had an extraordinary memory,—he recollected all that he had read or seen,—and had the faculty of quickly comprehending everything. If he saw a steam-engine, he would describe not only its principles of action, but enter minutely into its construction. He could recount anecdotes of everybody, and could quote the beauties of almost all the works, in prose or verse, in English literature. He also prided himself on his knowledge of Latin, being, in fact, an excellent classic, and frequently quoted Horace. Dates, also, in history he could well recollect; and it was dangerous to differ with him concerning them, as he was sure to be right. The connexions and families of the nobility he was quite familiar with.

'He spoke German and French as well as his own language, and knew a little of others. He spoke remarkably well, but did not write so well, because he would not give himself the trouble, and therefore always sought assistance from others. His life had been, since the age of sixteen, conversational, from which time he had given very little attention to writing or composition. He told me that from the time he was sixteen he knew everything, bad and good, and that he had entered into every amusement that a gentleman could engage in. His judgment was good as regarded others, and as respected his country. If I had wanted to decide upon what I ought to do, nobody would have given me better advice; but he very likely would have practised just the contrary himself.

'The abilities of George the Fourth were of the first order. He would have made the first physician or surgeon of his time, the first lawyer, the first speaker in the House of Commons or Lords, though, perhaps, not the best divine. As a king he was prosperous, for he had the good sense to be led by good ministers, although, however, he did not like them all.'—vol. ii. p. 347-352.

In all this about the King we see nothing to complain of. Of some of the accomplishments above mentioned the Serjeant-surgeon was little qualified to judge: but if he formed an extravagant opinion of His Majesty's natural talents, he at least erred in good company. Sir Astley's thinking it worth record that the King of England was well versed in the family history of the English nobility is very good. We doubt as to the criticism on the King's writing. The letters printed in Sir W. Knighton's

Life are poor and slovenly; but they, we believe, were mere *refuse*, put in to fill space, when the *real* intended publicaion was *suppressed*. We once read part of a MS. Memoir on some incidents in His Majesty's personal history, and it seemed to us easy, elegant English. If he had been 'invisibly' helped, assuredly it was not by either Knighton or Cooper.

The Notes on Lord Liverpool have not been weeded so carefully. It was hardly fair to print, if to write down, some of the premier's unkindly communications about one of his colleagues. The mere fact of his lordship's opening his lips at all on such a subject to his surgical visitant must be considered a symptom that his disease had reached his mind; and in such a state what more common than fretful jealousy? Our author should also have thought twice before he published his own *sarcastic* description of a 'court physician' coming into Lord Liverpool's chamber just after he had been bled for apoplectic symptoms by Mr. B. Cooper himself—bowing three times to the patient as he lay insensible on the sofa—and then asking the young surgeon if he was aware of the responsibility he had assumed in bleeding the prime minister of England before his own arrival. The passage indicates no great respect for the physician on the part of the narrator—but it also suggests what the physician's opinion *was* of Mr. Bransby Cooper. Dr. Radcliffe has recorded how narrowly William III. escaped dying before his time, in consequence of its being held unlawful to bleed the sovereign without the consent, not of the court physician only, but of the privy council: but we were not before aware that such notions of sanctity had ever been attached to the vein of a minister.

Sir Astley was also sergeant-surgeon to King William IV.—and we shall gratify all our readers by one extract from his Notes under that head.

'We often saw the queen, who appeared a most amiable lady, elegant but simple in her manners, and sensible in her conversation. She was, in truth, an excellent person, and, though gracing the dignified position which she occupied, would equally have made an admirable clergyman's wife, and in such a situation have employed herself among her parishioners in acts of kindness and benevolence from morning to night.'

'There is a very striking account of the behaviour of the late Sir John Leach, when first cut for the stone. The patient having been placed in the required position, Sir Astley, who had already the knife in his hand, laid it aside for a moment to write a prescription. As he resumed his instrument, the expectant's countenance indicated much disturbance. Sir Astley paused. 'Excuse me,' said the Judge; 'but, pray, don't leave the pen in the ink.' During the operation, which occupied longer
time

time than usual, he never moved a muscle. When it was over, Sir Astley left his nephew to keep watch in the chamber. By-and-by Sir John Leach turned his head on the pillow, and whispered that he wished to see his housekeeper: it was to tell her that Mr. Bransby Cooper would stay to dinner, and to order some *entrée* in which his cook was supposed to show particular merit. He had to undergo that terrible operation three times, and always did so with the same imperturbable coolness. What a mixture is man! Who has forgotten Lord Byron's scornful sketch of this astute, hard-faced old lawyer, as a Mayfair tuft-hunter, aping dandies, and fawning on dowagers? We hope Byron's future editors will have the candour to quote the surgeon's testimony to the higher qualities of this victim. Much less heroism, we apprehend, was shown at Missolonghi.

In these later years our author was the regular assistant of his uncle, who had himself begun to suffer from attacks of vertigo, and was not always in condition for exertion. Sir Astley was by this time very rich—and he now indulged himself by purchasing a considerable estate in Hertfordshire, with a handsome mansion-house and grounds, to which he often retired for repose and relaxation. By degrees he became extremely fond of the place—at last he usually spent three days of the week there—and contracted many of the feelings and even the habits of his new order. He was a rigid preserver of his game, for example; and what is by no means so common, he made money by keeping a large farm in his own hands. This was chiefly the result of his and his coachman's skill in horseflesh. Michael having informed him that the horses sold at Smithfield were usually of three classes, almost all cripples, some fit only for the knacker, others bought for the chance of their becoming sound, others by people who did not care for permanent lameness so they would but *draw*,—

‘my uncle desired him to go every market morning into Smithfield, and purchase all the young horses exposed for sale which he thought might possibly be convertible into carriage or saddle-horses, should they recover from their defects. He was never to give more than seven pounds for each, but five pounds was to be the average price. . . . In this manner I have known thirty or forty horses collected at Gadesbridge, and thus Sir Astley procured stock to eat off his superfluous herbage. In the winter these horses were put into the straw-yard, and his waste straw thus converted into manure, thereby saving many hundred pounds in the purchase of this commodity.

‘I believe, however, the greatest pleasure derived from this new plan was the occupation it afforded him, by treating these horses as patients, and curing them of their various complaints. On a stated morning every week the blacksmith came up from the village, and the horses were in successive order caught, haltered, and brought for inspection.

He then examined into the causes of the particular defect of each animal, and generally ascertained that there was disease of the foot. The blacksmith took off the shoe, pared out the hoof, and then Sir Astley made a careful examination of the part. Having discovered the cause of the lameness, he proceeded to perform whatever seemed to him necessary for the cure—cut out a corn, make a depending opening to cure a quittor—order the proper shoe for a contracted heel, &c. . . .

‘The improvement produced in a short time by good feeding, rest, and medical attendance, such as few horses before or since have enjoyed, appeared truly wonderful. . . . I have myself paid fifty guineas for one of these animals, and made a good bargain too; and I have known my uncle’s carriage for years drawn by a pair of horses which together only cost him twelve pounds ten shillings.’

The baronet’s *battues* had, in like manner, their professional features. The brother sportsmen were, for the most part, physicians or surgeons of renown. Some of them were tolerable shots, and so was their host; but he at least could seldom play out the Squire’s part for a whole morning.

‘It was not an uncommon event to lose him for an hour or two; for if a bird towered, or a hare, after being shot at, evinced anything particular in her death-throes, he would either quietly sit down under a hedge, or would walk home to his dissecting-room, and examine the nature of the injury, and the cause of the peculiar circumstances which had attracted his notice. Nothing could afford him greater delight than when he arrived at an explanation of the peculiar phenomena which had instigated him to make the inquiry.’

The vision of Arcadia would be incomplete without what follows:—

‘It rarely happened but that one or two of the dogs which we had out with us had been submitted by Sir Astley to some operation or experiment, a circumstance which in some measure accounted for their inferiority as sporting dogs. Some amusement was always afforded by the timidity which these animals manifested when near my uncle.’

Hereabouts the biographer describes his uncle as ‘crying like a child’ over something in ‘*Oliver Twist*.’ It must have been a great relief to his Recurrent Nerves.

An unfailing member of these shooting-parties was Dr. Babington, whose Irish humour seems to have been the prime condiment of the evening banquet. Our author gives several of the Doctor’s stories—let us find room for one:—

‘He told us that, after having been many years from Ireland, an irresistible desire again to see his native soil made him determine, during a certain vacation, to revisit it. In order to reach his native village it was necessary for him to cross a river by a ferry. Years before he had passed at this spot a thousand times, and, as he sat in the boat, vivid recollections of his youth recurred, filling him with mingled sentiments of pleasure and pain. After some minutes’ silence, he inquired

quired of the ferryman if he had known the Rev. Mr. Babington, the former rector of the place. "Did I know him? Faith, and I did, for the kindest of men he was to us all." "He was my father," said Dr. Babington. "Was he, by the powers!" exclaimed the fellow, and, wrought up at once to a wonderful pitch of enthusiasm, "Then I'll take you nearer to the falls than ever man showed his nose before."

Sir Astley had the misfortune to lose his lady in June, 1827, and the shock was so severe that he resolved on withdrawing from practice. In September he sold his house in Spring Gardens, and remained for a time shut up in Hertfordshire; but the interval was not long. The retirement became intolerable—within a few months he had taken another house in town, and resumed his profession—and in July, 1828, he re-married.

His anatomical zeal attended him to the last, wherever he was. He makes, late in life, an excursion to his native Norfolk—and his journal is mostly of this tenor:—

'Cromer, Sunday, Sept. 25th.—Rose early and dissected eels; went to church.

'26th.—Rose early; rode on horseback along the beach, and saw a boat with 1400 herrings come in: the beach a busy scene. Picked up three dog-fish; beautifully clean animals for dissection.

'27th.—Rose early, and rode before breakfast. A porpoise this morning of about four feet in length. Dissected a gurnet.

'28th.—Before breakfast walked on the beach, and dissected dog-fish and herrings' brains.

'29th.—It rained, but I went to the beach for a little time before breakfast. They brought me a porpoise; I sent the heart to Guy's Hospital, and dissected dog-fish. The brain is composed of," &c.—vol. ii. pp. 421, 422.

Another of his later trips was to Paris. His reputation procured him a most flattering reception there. Among other attentions he was invited to a grand *déjeuner* by Dupuytren:—

"We went to the Hôtel Dieu, and I found a room devoted entirely to myself, a cadavre there, &c. I dissected for nearly two hours before breakfast."—vol. ii. p. 408.

Sir Astley was made on this occasion a Member of the Institute. His honours, indeed, had accumulated rapidly. William IV. bestowed a Grand-Cross of the Guelphic Order—Louis Philippe sent, through Talleyrand, the decoration of the Legion—various Scotch and foreign Universities showered diplomas on him—and at the Duke of Wellington's Oxford Installation in 1834 he was admitted D.C.L.

He continued ardent in practice until his increasing infirmities disabled him for it, and expired at his country-seat, after a short confinement, on the 12th of February, 1840, in the seventy-third year

year of his age. His will is in all respects honourable to him—not least so, considering what his mode of study had been, the clause by which he commanded the dissection of his own body.

He left a very large fortune—and a reputation, as a practical surgeon, second to none. But it cannot be said that Sir Astley Cooper was a man of genius, or even, in any high sense of the word, a man of science. He will never be classed with the great luminaries of his own branch of the profession—and out of that he was no more than a shrewd, intelligent man of robust, vigorous faculties, sharp set on the world and its interests, scarcely tinctured with letters, as remote as any clever man could well be from high aspirations or elegant predilections of any sort. It was said of Lawrence that he could—

‘Fix noble thought on Abel Druggier’s face;
And turn Malvolio’s attitude to grace:’—

but his pencil has preserved, without flattering, Sir Astley’s portly presence—his handsome, acute, self-satisfied, and unrefined physiognomy. It was also most proper that his Life should be written; but if we are to have two bulky volumes of this gossiping class, and then a strictly professional supplement, about every man of such calibre, the prospect is rather formidable.

Of Mr. Bransby Cooper’s taste and talents we have enabled our readers to form their own opinion.

- ART. XII.—1. *Observations upon the Treaty of Washington, signed 9th August, 1842, &c.* By George William Featherstonhaugh, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S., late one of Her Majesty’s Commissioners for the North American Boundary. London, 1842.
2. *Speech of Mr. Benton, Senator for Missouri in the Secret Session of Congress, in Opposition to the British Treaty, 18th August, 1842.* Washington. 1842.
3. *Speech of W. C. Rives, of Virginia, on the Treaty with Great Britain, delivered in the Senate 17th and 19th August, 1842.* Washington, 1842.

OUR readers, having heretofore received from us such detailed information on the origin and progress of our boundary dispute with the United States, will naturally expect us to complete our task by laying before them the final result of that complicated discussion—a result which, though it falls, in our opinion, far short of the *abstract* justice of our case, is yet, we think, as satisfactory as—considering all the difficulties in which the incredible ignorance, negligence, and incapacity of our former negotiators

tiators had entangled the question—could reasonably have been looked for.

Of the clear, unequivocal justice of the *whole* of our claim we never have had the slightest doubt, nor do we believe that any one, even amongst the Americans, has ventured directly to deny that the British line approached most nearly to the *intentions* of the original negotiators; but we have already had occasion to show that the *wording* of the treaty was so curiously infelicitous as to be nothing short of nonsense, or at least to afford a sufficient colour for the King of Holland's award that its terms were '*inexplicable and impracticable.*' (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. *lxvii.* p. 507.)

In consequence of the difficulty, or, as the royal umpire thought, the *impossibility* of reconciling the letter of the treaty with the claims of either of the parties, he took upon himself to recommend a new line, *far to the northward of the St. John's*, of which the result would have been to give the United States two-thirds, and England about one-third of the disputed territory.

We confess that we have never been able to discover the *rationale* of that award. On what imaginary evidence the royal umpire carried the United States beyond the River St. John's—or, having once crossed the River St. John's, upon what reasoning he stopped short of conceding their entire claim—or why, finally, when he had discarded both the terms and intentions of the treaty, he did not carry his conventional line along so obvious a boundary as that of the St. John's—we cannot comprehend. Mr. Benton, in his vehement attack on the treaty of Washington as more unfavourable to the United States than *even* the Dutch award, thought proper to remind Congress that the King of the Netherlands was 'on the list of British generals, and in the pay of the British Crown' (p. 6)—a statement which happens, like too many others in Mr. Benton's speech, to be totally untrue: but might it not with more plausibility be surmised, considering the state of the relations between England and Holland in January 1831, when this award was made, that any bias which might be imputed to the umpire was not likely to lean towards a power which was at that moment threatening Holland with hostilities in favour of the Belgian insurgents? But the personal feelings of the Ex-King of Holland—if (which we are reluctant to believe) any such existed—can change nothing in the facts of the case, as we have now to deal with them. The award was made, and, according to the terms of the reference, ought to have been final and conclusive! The British ministry, with what we may almost call an excess of good faith, accepted it; and it would no doubt have also been accepted by the United States, but it happened that at this moment the American minister

ter in Holland happened to be Mr. Preble, himself a citizen of the state of Maine, which had a great territorial and pecuniary interest in establishing their pretended boundary, and had shown a great deal of angry feeling in the preceding discussion. We have seen of late such remarkable instances of ministers of the United States at foreign courts taking, without reference to their government, public steps with the apparent and almost avowed object of making themselves individually popular at home, that we now look back with less surprise than we then felt at this citizen of Maine having, two days after the award, addressed, in his public character, to the Dutch government a protest against the award, on the ground that the arbiter had exceeded his powers by recommending a new boundary, instead of adjudicating the boundary specified by the treaty of 1783;—and though it is known that President Jackson was not only willing but anxious to accept and ratify the award, the Senate—to which the opposition of the State of Maine obliged General Jackson to refer the question—adopted Mr. Preble's view of the matter, and rejected it by a decisive majority of 34 to 8; the present President, Tyler, and the present Secretary of State, Webster—who, as Mr. Benton insists, have made a less favourable arrangement—voting in the majority.

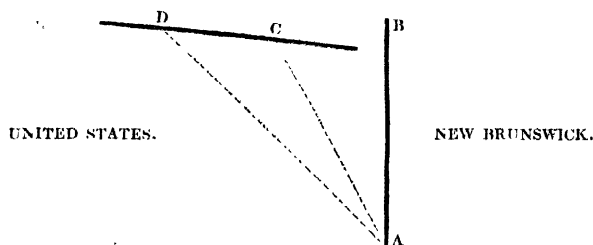
It seems at first sight difficult to understand why the United States should have rejected a decision which was so extravagantly in their favour; but it must be remembered that, under their Constitution, the general Government is held to have no right to dispose of any portion of the territory of any individual State, and as Maine; insisted that the whole disputed region was her incontrovertible right, the President could not cede an inch without her consent. Nor are we much surprised at the resistance of Maine; for when the King of Holland had once taken the extraordinary step of carrying the line to the northward of the St. John's, we ourselves must confess that he seems to have established the *whole principle* of the American claim (though he negatived it in several minor points), and that it therefore was not unreasonable in the people of Maine to insist that, the *principle* being thus decided in their favour, they were entitled to, and would by perseverance undoubtedly obtain, all its consequences;—an expectation which, however, we think it no disgrace nor even inconsistency in Messrs. Tyler and Webster to have resigned when experience had proved its futility. We must also recollect that England was at that moment under the misrule of the Reform mob, and in a condition that may have encouraged, if it did not suggest, the idea—not, it seems, altogether unfounded—that she might be safely pressed upon with impunity. These were, perhaps, the motives

motives that influenced the Senate at that day; but we cannot so easily explain the readiness of Lord Palmerston * to acquiesce in this award. No doubt the precarious state of the country—the general and growing difficulties of the Whig cabinet, and the obvious jealousy of all the Conservative cabinets of Europe, may have made him over-anxious to extract *spiritus de pluribus unum*—but superadded to these motives there was also, we have no doubt, some feeling of respect to the decision of the arbiter, whose award, however erroneous it might really be, would nevertheless have a considerable influence on the public opinion of mankind; and the rather, as the antagonist party appeared to complain of it as unjust towards them. But whatever were his motives, Lord Palmerston, carrying candour and patience to the utmost verge of endurance, continued willing to accept the Dutch decision, till at length, finding that the States would not give way, he, on the 30th of October, 1835, 'withdrew his consent to the territorial compromise recommended by the King of the Netherlands.' So far, although we think the offer of acquiescence in the Dutch award was impolitic in itself and persisted in too long, we impute no blame to Lord Palmerston;—but while he was debating this point in a very desultory correspondence, another proposal was interjected by the American government, on which we think his Lordship's conduct is more liable to question, if not to reproach.

The then President, General Jackson, had, we have no doubt, an anxious desire—a laudable ambition we may venture to call it—to settle this boundary question; and when the constitutional difficulties raised by Maine, and sanctioned by the Senate, restricted him not merely from ratifying the King of Holland's arbitration, but from concluding *any* conventional line whatsoever, by binding him to the strict *terms* of the treaty, he evinced something, as we think, of his characteristic spirit, by making a proposition which—evading the constitutional difficulty by which he had been just defeated—would have accomplished his object of concluding the affair on terms not more onerous to England, and even less advantageous to Maine, than the award that Maine had compelled him to reject. Our readers will recollect that one of the first difficulties in following out the treaty-boundary was this:—the treaty provided that the boundary-line should run *due north* from the head of the River St. Croix, till it came to certain *Highlands*—which were supposed by the British, and, we believe, by the United States, to

* Though throughout the article we shall generally use his Lordship's name as the ostensible Minister, yet we are very well aware that he must in strictness be considered as one only of a cabinet, all equally responsible. Against Lord Palmerston individually we can have no personal bias—quite the reverse!

exist *south of the St. John's*; but when the due north line came to be drawn, it appeared that there were no such Highlands to be found in that line. This was the foundation of all the subsequent difficulty—and this General Jackson *professed* to obviate by proposing, through Mr. Livingston, his secretary of state, to Sir Charles Vaughan, the British minister at Washington, that a joint commission should be appointed, with a mutual umpire,* to make a scientific survey of the country, and if, as was supposed, the *due north* line did not fall in with the required Highlands, then that such Highlands should be looked for elsewhere, and that, wherever found, a line drawn from them straight to the head of the *St. Croix* should be taken to be the north-eastern boundary of the United States. This proposition was accompanied by the following diagram,



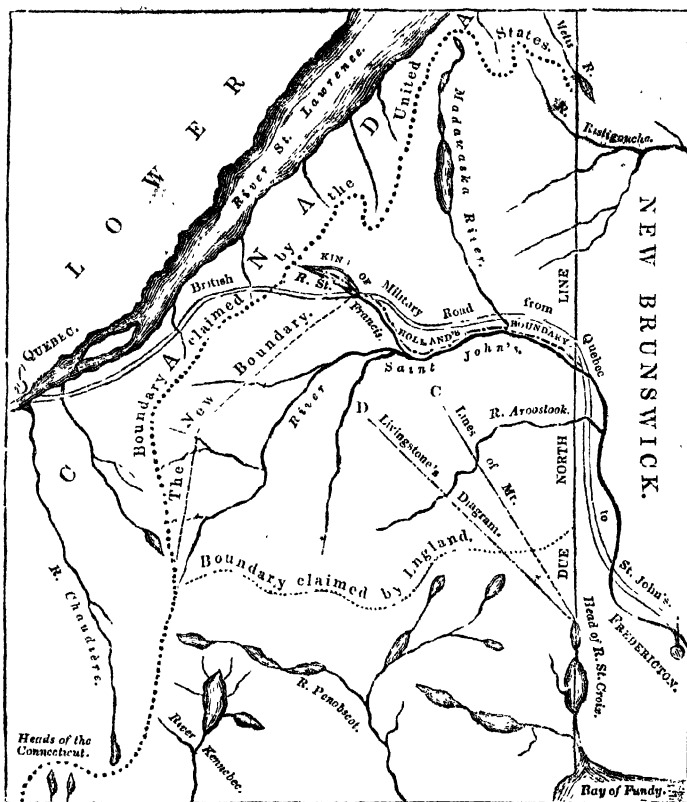
showing that if the Highlands should be found at C or D, the lines AC or AD, as the case might be, should be the north-eastern boundary of the United States; and this Mr. Livingston further explained verbally, by exhibiting a map which showed that the probable point of the Highlands was about 50 miles westward of the river *St. Francis*.

This was the proposition for which the shrewdest and most experienced of the advocates of the United States' claim, Mr. Gallatin, censured the American Secretary of State,—

'who, on this very question, did, subsequent to the award, propose to substitute, for the due north line, another which would have given to Great Britain the greater part, if not the whole, of the disputed territory. Why the proposal was made, and *why it was not at once accepted*, cannot be otherwise accounted for, so far at least as regards the offer, than by a *complete ignorance* of the whole subject.'—*Correspondence laid before Parliament*, 1838, p. ix.

We are entirely of Mr. Gallatin's opinion, and so, we think, will be our readers, when they shall have examined and compared Mr. Livingston's proposition and explanation with the subjoined sketch of the country, where we have marked the American and

and British claims respectively, and the King of Holland's award; and have also applied to the actual locality the lines of Mr. Livingston's diagram:—those lines, be it always remembered, which were to be in the specified cases the north-east boundary of the United States.



The very inspection of this little map will satisfy our readers of the many great advantages which this proposition opened to us ; but let us observe specifically,—first, that whatever might be the result of the new survey, it must be of great value to us in ulterior negotiation, that the United States, while stickling for the strict terms and very letter of the treaty, should have voluntarily departed from the only terms of the treaty that were undisputed and undisputable—the due north line :—secondly, *any* alteration which could have been made on Mr. Livingston's principle

ciple in the original American line must have been to our certain advantage; every degree of deflection to the westward was so much ceded of the American claim, and so much clear gain to us: the gain might be more or less, as the Highlands might happen to be found more or less to the southward of the American claim, or more or less to the westward of the due north line; but it must always be a gain, and in no possible circumstances could be a loss. The result might have been that we should, as Mr. Gallatin thought, have obtained the whole of our claim, or if Mr. Livingston's anticipation—of carrying the line fifty miles westward of the St. Francis—should be fulfilled, something as good as our claim; but in no event could the United States have gained an additional inch upon theirs.

This, as it seems to us, most conciliatory proposition—accompanied by the strongest professions, and, we may say, proofs of General Jackson's sincere hope and wishes for the success of the expedient—Lord Palmerston treated with unaccountable coolness. For *six months* he took no notice whatsoever of it; and then only after the American Secretary of State had jogged Sir Charles Vaughan, and Sir Charles Vaughan had jogged his lordship; and when at last he did answer, it was—to use a common but expressive phrase—by *throwing cold water* upon it. He began, by objecting that if the President could not ratify the King of Holland's deviation from the terms of the treaty, how could he ratify the greater deviation suggested by Mr. Livingston? This seems to us to have been exceedingly strange. It would have been an excellent objection in Mr. Livingston's mouth if the proposition had been made by Lord Palmerston; but was certainly not so appropriate as a reply of Lord Palmerston's to Mr. Livingston.

General Jackson, however, still persisting in thinking that he best knew his own power and position, Lord Palmerston was driven to find other difficulties, and amongst them he suggests the *delay and expense* of a new survey—as if any probable delay and expense could be worth consideration in so momentous an affair, which had already lasted so long and cost so much:—but, admitting that the delay and expense of a new survey were likely to be more considerable than we suppose—what then? The rejection of Mr. Livingston's proposition *did* in fact occasion, some years after, the *expense* of a new survey, which was ordered by Lord Palmerston himself in 1839—it *has* caused a *delay* in settling the question of nearly nine years—and, finally, it *has settled the question* by forfeiting more than half the territory which that proposition—as far as we can judge—would have secured to us.

But Lord Palmerston's main point, and that on which the proposition

proposition ultimately failed, was, that his lordship required as a *preliminary* to his accepting Mr. Livingston's proposition, that the President should admit, as adjudicated and *settled*, so much of the Dutch award as intimated an opinion that the *St. John's* and *Ristigouche* were not *Atlantic rivers* in the meaning of the treaty. We have not the slightest doubt of the fact itself, nor of the King of Holland's opinion having been with us on that point—but it is not expressly stated; and Lord Palmerston never could have expected the President to make such an admission, or to accept an unfavourable fragment of an award of which he had rejected the whole—even if its meaning were unquestionable. The impression on our minds from this part of the correspondence, coupled with Mr. Livingston's explanations, is, that the President expected that the survey would give those rivers, or at least the greater part of them, to England, and was very reluctant to be forced to say beforehand anything that might trammel his future decision, and probably defeat his ultimate object. It may be very reasonably doubted whether the President would have had influence enough to have carried a boundary-line westward of the due north, and of course giving up more or less of the American claim. But General Jackson was a man of resolution and sagacity, and not likely to have taken this course if he had not seen his way through it;—he had, we are satisfied, a strong and laudable ambition to settle the question—he thought he had found a mode of neutralising the—we must call them—factious difficulties raised by the state of Maine;—and having in former days gallantly defeated us in the field, he was stronger in public opinion than any other statesman would have been for now doing us justice in the cabinet. It was therefore, we must always think, highly impolitic in Lord Palmerston to push him to the wall by this preliminary *sine quâ non*, which he could not possibly concede. But, however all that may be, even if General Jackson's proposal had been either insincere (which we cannot suspect) or unsuccessful—if he had failed to make, or been unable to ratify, a satisfactory treaty, or if any other impediment had intervened,—still the very fact of a negotiation on such a basis,—particularly if the arrangement should be accepted by the Executive, even though it were to be afterwards negatived by the Senate,—would have been of the greatest eventual advantage to us, and must have, sooner or later, led to our ultimate success:—just as Lord Palmerston's protracted acceptance of the King of Holland's award has obtained for the United States the acquisition of the greater part of the territory so awarded—and would have insured the *whole* of it, and probably *more* than the award contemplated, but for the concurrence of favourable circumstances by which

which Lord Ashburton was enabled to rescue a part of it—in extent comparatively small, but in importance and value much the greatest—as we shall see by-and-by.

We have dwelt upon this episode—which may now appear somewhat obsolete—for *three*, we think, sufficient reasons—first, *historically*, to mark the hopeless position in which Lord Palmerston placed the negotiation, and in which it remained—under four Presidents—from 1833 to Lord Palmerston's retirement in 1841: secondly, *politically*, in hopes of leading the American public to a more just appreciation of their own case than Mr. Benton and the other violent opponents of Mr. Webster would now give them; by showing that ten years ago General Jackson and Mr. Livingston were ready to have risked, and had indeed taken steps towards concessions, infinitely greater, *in Mr. Gallatin's opinion*, than Mr. Webster has eventually made: and thirdly, from, we must confess, a sense of retributive justice, with a view of showing that *he* who, in this country, is supposed to have, directly and indirectly, censured the treaty of Washington as a shameful *capitulation*, is the very person whose general conduct of the whole affair, and whose special error in this portion of it, had rendered *so good* a treaty, *hopeless*—and a *better, impossible*.

But while these negotiations were dragging their slow and tortuous length along, certain citizens of Maine—instigated by personal cupidity—by the national spirit of adventure—and by, we fear, the opportunity of insulting England—resolved to take the decision of the question into their own hands; and, sanctioned by their local legislature, and subsequently backed by a military demonstration, they seized upon and occupied successive points of the disputed ground, which up to this time had been in the *de facto* possession and jurisdiction of the British colony of New Brunswick.

Before these successive and outrageous encroachments, the British cabinet and its local authorities *retired!* We abhor war—particularly a war for territory—above all a war for a worthless territory on a questioned title; but here was assuredly a case of *land piracy*, committed by an individual State, and by individual citizens of that State, not merely without the sanction of, but in direct opposition to, the desires of the Federal Government, and altogether under circumstances so unjustifiable, that England would have been fully entitled to have repelled these robbers by force, and to have maintained—pending the negotiations with the general Government—the *status quo* of the territory against the '*marauders*'—we thank Mr. Benton 'for teaching us that word.'

But we do not blame our Cabinet for their forbearance. It

was justified in point of honour by the amicable intervention of the Federal Government at Washington to arrest the local mischief ; and it was recommended by considerations both of humanity and public policy—for who could foretell how far a flame kindled in the woods of Aroostook might have spread?—what distant echoes might have been awakened by a single shot on the obscure and barren banks of the Madawaska? But our forbearance—justifiable, and we will now say fortunate, as it was—had naturally a very unfavourable effect on our position in the question. It not only accredited throughout the United States, and even in Europe, the opinion already unanimous in the north-eastern States, that the right of Maine was indisputable and that England would not venture on a hostile resistance—but it took from us the practical advantage of the *de facto* possession, and it deprived us of the diplomatic resources of the *uti possidetis*. Our readers will see how all this must have fortified the arrogant pretensions of the citizens of Maine, and complicated the general question of sovereignty with additional difficulties of state finance and private property.

In the mean while there had arisen and were in progress other more serious, though perhaps not so imminent, dangers to the peace of the two countries, and elements of discord seemed to accumulate on every side. General Jackson—who, like other eminent soldiers, seems to have been—from his experience of the calamities and risks of war—sincerely disposed to the preservation of peace—had retired from office, and was succeeded by a man too feeble in public opinion to make any adequate resistance to popular impulses, and who could not venture, even if so disposed (which he certainly was not), to bate one jot of anything that his predecessor had stickled for—a result that Lord Palmerston ought to have foreseen, and which should have made him the more reluctant to break off the negotiation with General Jackson, who certainly could have *afforded* to have given us better terms than any possible successor. Mr. Van Buren, therefore, had nothing to offer, and there was nothing he could accept; and he, therefore, of necessity, as well as, we believe, from private feeling, took his stand on the extreme and rigorous verge of the original claim. There was, therefore, nothing conciliatory to be expected from Washington.*

During the whole of the period we have been treating of, a republican and revolutionary spirit had been gradually developing

* There were also boundary difficulties in the *far West*; but as they had not then, and indeed have not yet (though forming a prominent object in Mr. Benton's philippic), created any sensation in the public mind, we pass them over in our present discussion, as not constituting any noticeable obstacle to Lord Ashburton's success.

itself in our Canadian provinces, and we need not waste time in showing in how many and how important points these unhappy disturbances must have increased and complicated our difficulties with the people of the United States. We say the *people*: because, however well disposed the Federal Government might have been to adhere to the principles of international amity, it had no more power to control the adverse *sympathies* of individual States with the Canadian rebellion, than the individual States had, or at least exercised, to restrain the active hostility of individual *sympathisers*. Our province of Lower Canada was invaded from the state of Vermont—and Upper Canada, from New York across the Erie waters. Then came the case of the *Caroline*, on account of which so loud a cry was raised against us, because we had destroyed, in waters common to both parties, but close, we admit, to their shore and within their jurisdiction, a vessel which was there employed by our rebels and their *sympathising* allies in actual hostilities against us, and with which their *authorities* either would not or could not interfere. In self-defence we destroyed her; but our readers can have little idea of the fury with which we were assailed for this exercise of the first right of nature throughout the Union, but particularly in the very States which were, at the same moment—not in self-defence, but voluntarily and wantonly—lending their territory and sending their citizens to aid the Canadian rebellion. Again, the intervention of the General Government—tardy and imperfect from the defects of their federative constitution—supervened and saved the countries from immediate hostilities.

While this unlucky concurrence of irritating circumstances—in which we can boldly assert that England was in no case to blame, and in which our government showed, perhaps, an excess of patience—had spread a hot and hostile spirit against us along the whole line of northern States, an accident occurred which extended the same bad feeling to the south. A vessel called the *Creole* was employed to convey a cargo of slaves bred in Carolina—where slavery is lawful—round, as it was alleged, into one of the American ports in the Gulf of Mexico. This was, by the code of those States, a lawful transfer. Some of the slaves, however, fearing, or affecting to fear, that they were not really destined to an American port, but were to be sold to the Spaniards, rose on the master and crew, murdered one man, and ran the vessel into the port of Nassau, in one of our Bahama Islands. There the American consul demanded that the ship and slaves should be delivered to him, to be all sent back to America. The British authorities were ready to deliver the vessel, and to keep the slaves actually concerned in the murder

in

in custody for trial ; but the great body of the slaves who were not charged with any crime, they thought they had no authority to interfere with, as, being free, *ipso facto*, on arriving in a British colony. This declaration excited great indignation, and, it would seem, alarm, in all the slave States. Mr. Benton is so ridiculously unjust as to characterise this accidental and unforeseeable circumstance as a deliberate attempt, on the part of England, 'to excite a *San Domingo insurrection in the south*' (p. 16). This case involves many curious and difficult questions of the laws of the States, the common and statute laws of England, and the laws of nations, into which we need not enter : suffice it here to say that this incident (though it did not make much noise in Europe) had a vast, and, to England, unfavourable though unjust, effect in all the southern and western States.

Misfortunes, says the proverb, never come alone ; and it is peculiarly true of what we may venture to class as misfortunes,—national misunderstandings. The spirit that generates one generates many. There arose, or rather were revived, about this time, discussions on a most serious, and, in the United States, inflammatory topic. The execution of our slave-trade conventions on the coast of Africa had unavoidably led to the visit of ships bearing the United States flag, in order to ascertain whether they were really Americans, or only guilty vessels usurping and abusing that flag to escape detection. Our readers will recollect our explanations on this subject (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxi. p. 273), and our exposure of the—as we thought and think—most unwarrantable means by which Mr. Stevenson, the late minister of the United States in London, had endeavoured to confound the *mutual* right of *visit*—common and necessary to all nations—with a *belligerent* right of *search* :—leaving, at the moment of his recall, an inflammatory remonstrance against this *phantom* injury—for such it really was—a remonstrance which he himself is stated to have, somewhat indecently, we think, characterised as '*very hot shot*, and a *bomb-shell*, thrown into the British cabinet at his departure.' These proceedings of a public minister, with some concurrent circumstances in France, which we shall mention presently, raised a considerable ferment in the United States, which easily mixed itself up with all the other elements of hostility before enumerated ; and, in fact, we believe that never was there a nation more unjustly, but more completely, angry with another than the United States were with Great Britain towards the close of the year 1841.

On the accession of Sir Robert Peel's administration it was felt that this state of things could not be endured by either country ; that the cup of strife had, by a long series of ill-luck and mismanagement on both sides, become brim full, and that the

slightest accident was now certain to cause the awful calamity of a hostile overflow. Some remedy must be found; but what? and where? All the usual topics, resources, and expedients of office had been mutually exhausted; the routine of diplomacy had been trodden bare, and at every new step the business, instead of advancing, had retrograded, and was now apparently in a more desperate state than at any former stage of the negotiations. It was a lucky sagacity that thought of a *special mission*; an especially fortunate judgment that selected *Lord Ashburton*; The special mission was itself a conciliatory overture: the chosen minister was himself a pledge of the frank, cordial, and generous views of the British cabinet. We need not state to our readers, of a man 'so known, so honoured' as Lord Ashburton, all the circumstances, public and private, which rendered him the best informed and most competent judge of all our commercial, and particularly of our Transatlantic interests, and at the same time the most acceptable and popular mediator that we could have employed in a case, where the prejudices and jealous susceptibility of our antagonists were to be calmed before we could hope for any fair discussion of real and substantial interests. On all matters of business Lord Ashburton was an authority whose weight must be felt by both parties: and in points of honour and national pride, which constituted, we really believe, on the part of the United States, full two-thirds of the difficulties, Lord Ashburton was certainly the Englishman to whom the Americans would look with the least jealousy.

But what hope was there that his Lordship would undertake the office? Retired into the bosom of his family after a long and prosperous life, what could induce him, at his age and in his personal position, to cross the Atlantic on so difficult and apparently inauspicious a mission—a mission having none of the ordinary diplomatic temptations, and which, exactly for the same reasons that peculiarly fitted him for the task, must necessarily be one of peculiar anxiety and painful responsibility? This sacrifice, however, of private feeling to public duty Lord Ashburton fortunately consented to make. He shared, we dare say, something of the same laudable ambition that we have attributed to General Jackson, of closing this unhappy contest; and he felt probably the inspiring conviction, that if it were possible to be done, he was, from a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, the man to do it. The result has, in every point, justified these anticipations; though, even before he embarked, things had occurred which rendered his success much more problematical than it might have seemed a month before.

We have already stated the ferment created in the American mind

mind by the question of visiting vessels suspected of carrying false colours, and the uncandid and (judging from his own statement) ill-intentioned misrepresentations of Mr. Stevenson; but about the time when Lord Ashburton's mission was first resolved on, a circumstance had occurred which promised to smooth the difficulties of this question—we mean the treaty between Austria, France, England, Prussia, and Russia, conceding a conventional and mutual right of search for the suppression of the Slave trade. We ourselves confidently believed—(*Quart. Rev.* vol. lxix. p. 279) that the Republic would accede to this system—that she would not consent to remain, alone of all nations,* excluded from this humane and honourable alliance—and we still believe that she would have so acceded—but unfortunately the Cabinet of the Tuileries had, we know not why, delayed to ratify this treaty, and the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies seized it as a party weapon of personal animosity against M. Guizot, and of national hostility to England;—and a vote—more unconstitutional than anything, we believe, that had been done by any of their assemblies since the days of the Convention—was carried which forbade the ratification of the treaty. Towards exciting this commotion, General Cass, the United States Minister at Paris, largely contributed. Actuated, we believe, by the motive of making himself personally popular at home (where we hear that he is, on the strength of this public service, a candidate for the Presidency), he took upon himself to remonstrate with the French Government and Chambers against the ratification of this quintuple treaty; and the result was, that instead of the anticipated facilities of arranging the question with the United States, Lord Ashburton found *them and France* united and arrayed in a most violent and warlike opposition to any arrangement of the question. We shall go no more at large into this matter by and by; here we only mention it to explain how much this sudden and unexpected junction of—we will not say *interests*—(for the supposed right of search is a mere bugbear) but of *passion*—between two such powers as France and the United States, must have enhanced the difficulty, and, at the same time, the necessity of arranging our American differences.

Lord Ashburton sailed from England in February, but, having had a passage of extraordinary length, did not arrive in Washington till the beginning of April; and above a month was employed in assembling at Washington three Commissioners from the state of Massachusetts, and four from that of Maine, whose consents

* Brazil, Denmark, Holland, Naples, Portugal, Sardinia, Spain, and Sweden had already entered into similar conventions.

were constitutionally necessary to the adoption of any conventional line. The negotiations therefore did not formally commence till the middle of June; but they were opened on both sides with so much frankness, and conducted with such activity, that, although complicated by the intervention of the *State Commissioners*, they were terminated by a treaty signed on the 9th of August, of which we may confidently assert that it bears on its face the broad characteristics of being a good, a just, and honourable treaty:—it moderates and approximates the extreme pretensions of both parties—it grants to each what each thought most essential to its own interests—it has satisfied the two governments—it has been sanctioned by the vast majority of public opinion in both countries; and in both countries it has been by a small and partisan section of public men censured on the most contradictory and irreconcilable pretences. Mr. Beaton calls it a humiliating surrender of American rights—by Lord Palmerston, or at least by those who are supposed to be his Lordship's organs, it is stigmatised as a shameful capitulation on the part of England. With whatever ability, or upon whatever authority, such opposite charges may be urged, it is obvious that they cannot both be true, and a little consideration will satisfy us that neither is. Mr. Benton thinks that the whole claim of his country was incontrovertibly just—we think the same of the whole of our claim—and therefore strict justice would, under these opinions, require the adjudication of the whole claim to one or to the other. But a treaty is not a trial at law, in which a court decides on the issue joined;—a treaty is a compromise of national differences which there is no tribunal to decide,—a balance of interests having no defined standard or measure, in which, to avoid the frightful alternative of—the *ultima ratio*—an appeal to the sword, concessions and compensations are mutually made. In all such cases, if either of the parties will only reckon up its own sacrifices, without looking to the other side of the account, the fairest treaty that ever was made would appear a 'humiliating capitulation;' but when you come to examine the opposite scale, and find that the concessions on one side are fairly counterbalanced by compensations on the other; you have all that national honour can require, or human justice secure.

We will add one other practical consideration, which, obvious as it may seem, is too much overlooked in these unilateral criticisms of treaties—that no treaty, which is not founded on mutual and, as far as may be, equal advantages, can be either honourable or safe, or be, in fact, expected to last beyond the first opportunity of infraction or escape. We look, therefore, upon the opposite yet simultaneous attacks of Mr. Benton and Lord Palmerston

on

on the treaty of Washington as *prima facie* evidence of its excellence, and a happy promise of its success and stability.

Let us examine, however, the value of their objections in detail ; and in doing so we shall be, on the principle we have just stated, as anxious to do justice to Mr. Webster against Mr. Benton, as to Lord Ashburton against our own critics. Both negotiators acted, as it seems to us, with remarkable ability, intelligence, and zeal, and, we have no doubt, the purest patriotism : we firmly believe that each carried perseverance in his propositions to the very verge of prudence—that the fund of concession on both sides was exhausted—and that, had either held out for further advantages, the rope would have snapped, and then,—

But—

‘*Dii meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum.*’

The good sense of the negotiators preserved them from this fatal error, into which the rash counsels, now advocated by their enemies, would have plunged them and their countries.

The main objection on both sides is, of course, to the settlement made of the main question—the north-east boundary ; and for a clearer understanding of this point, we beg our readers to turn back to our sketch of the localities. They will observe—

1st. The *American* boundary, running parallel to the St. Lawrence, overlooking the valley, and approaching within a few miles (in some points only *eleven*, or even less) of the banks of the river.

2nd. The *Award* boundary, which would have deprived the United States of the region east of the St. Francis and north of the St. John's, but left them the most important part of the frontier along the St. Lawrence.

3rd. The boundary obtained by Lord Ashburton, which has removed the frontier considerably *inland*, dividing into nearly equal parts the disputed territory between the American claim and the River St. John's, and giving England the mountainous range overlooking the valley of the St. Lawrence, and commanding the communications between Quebec and our Nova-Scotian provinces. The territorial gain to England by this alteration of the Dutch boundary is calculated at 893 square miles, or 517,520 square acres.

We have also marked on this sketch the line of the *military road* that connects Quebec with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which we have not seen in any English map, but which is an important feature in the case—for the facility and security of that communication had been, all along, our great object, and that Lord Ashburton has obtained.

These are the naked facts of the case ; and it must be admitted that

that Mr. Benton's objections (though, as we shall afterwards see, not more substantially just) are much more plausible than those of Lord Palmerston and his organs. Mr. Benton first insists on the whole of the American claim; and reminds President Tyler and Secretary Webster that *they*, as senators, were members of the majority that forced General Jackson to reject the Dutch award, and that Mr. Webster on that occasion showed such a personal conviction in the extreme view of the American claim, that he offered himself 'to shoulder a ~~map~~ ^{map}, and march to the north-eastern corner of Maine in defence of that boundary.' Now, then, asks Mr. Benton, can these same men now propose to sacrifice the boundary they would have so recently fought for, and to accept—not even the award they had rejected—but an egregiously unfavourable fragment of that award, by 'the surrender of the *mountain boundary*,' and 893 square miles of territory along the northern frontier of Maine! This point Mr. Benton develops at great length and with much zeal—but the following passages of his speech will be sufficient to explain to our readers the American view of this portion of the *Ashburton capitulation*:—

'Near three hundred miles of this strong national frontier have been surrendered by this treaty—being double as much as was given up by the rejected award. The King of the Netherlands, although on the list of British generals, and in the pay of the British Crown [!!!], was a man of too much honour to deprive us of the commanding mountain frontier opposite to Quebec. . . .

'Our negotiator gives up the boundary for one hundred and fifty miles on this side the head of the St. Francis, and without pretext; for the mountain-ridge was there three thousand feet high. The new part given up, from the head of the St. Francis to Metjaimette portage, is *invaluable to Great Britain*. It covers her new road to Quebec, removes us farther from that city, places a mountain between us, and brings her into Maine. To comprehend the value of this new boundary to Great Britain, and its injury to us, it is only necessary to follow it on a map—to see its form—know its height, the depth of its gorges, and its rough and rocky sides. . . .

This mountain barrier is yielded to Great Britain. Now take up a map—follow the mountain north—see how it bears in upon Quebec—*approaching within two marches of that great city*, and skirting the St. Lawrence for some hundred miles. All this is given up. One hundred and fifty miles of this boundary is given up on this side the awarded line; and the country left to guess and wonder at the enormity and fatuity of the sacrifice. Look at the new military road from Halifax to Quebec—that part of it which approaches Quebec, and lies between the mountain and the St. Lawrence.

'Even by the awarded line, this road was forced to cross the mountain at or beyond the head of the St. Francis, and then to follow the base of the mountain for near one hundred miles, with all the disadvantages

advantages of crossing the spurs and gorges of the mountain, and the creeks and ravines, and commanded in its whole extent by the power on the mountain. See how this is changed by the new boundary! The road permitted to take either side of the mountain—to cross where it pleases—and covered and protected in its whole extent by the mountain heights now exclusively British. Why this new way, and this security for the road, unless to give the British still greater advantages over us than the awarded boundary gave?—*Benton's Speech*, p. 6.

Though Mr. Benton's complaint is unjust, his facts are true. The complaint is unjust, as Mr. Rives, in his reply, conclusively proved, because it *assumes* that this was the lawful and recognized boundary of Maine—while we utterly denied it, and Mr. Webster might have seen—since the former discussion—*reason to suspect* that we were in the right; because it also assumes that this was a *surrender* without compensation, whereas it was in fact but one side of a hard-fought bargain; and *because*, when he proves that this boundary was so *essential* to England for the communication between her North American provinces, he establishes a main argument of the British case—one which we have always considered as of the greatest force, namely—that *such* a line of boundary never *could* have been in the contemplation of the original negotiators! But his facts are true—the mountain-range is essential to England for her internal communications, and for, in case of aggression, her external defence, while it can only be valuable to the United States as a menacing position against Lower Canada, and especially Quebec. Mr. Benton reproaches the new line with being '*a British line made for the security of Quebec.*' (*Ib.*) Be it so—what fitter or more natural provision could we expect to see in a treaty of *peace and amity*? What amity could exist—what peace could be expected—if the United States had persisted in retaining a position *admitted* to be in our hands a defensive one, but in theirs a means of menace and aggression?

But what shall we say to the objections made by Lord Palmerston's organs to this boundary? They call it a *capitulation*, because—we really hardly know where to find their *because*.

Is it because it resigns about *half* the disputed territory?—Lord Palmerston had himself stated that he thought the most equitable adjustment would have been '*an equal division of the territory in dispute,*' (*Disp.* 30th October, 1835,) and had been all along willing, and even eager to give up—not merely one-half, but—*two-thirds*.

Is it because it resigns a strip of territory north of the St. John's?—Lord Palmerston was *pressingly anxious* to give up that same strip of territory, and as much more into the bargain.

Is it because it abandons half the Madawaska settlement?—Lord Palmerston had offered to surrender that same settlement without a struggle; and he rejected Mr. Livingston's proposition, which, whatever other effect it might have had, would assuredly have given us the *whole* of the Madawaska settlement.

Is it because Lord Ashburton has given the United States a limited navigation of, or, to speak more truly, *an exit* for the 'unmanufactured produce of the forest' through, the Lower St. John's? We will take upon ourselves to say that that concession was a necessary consequence of Lord Palmerston's acceptance of the King of Holland's award, and *must* have eventually followed *any* arrangement which gave the United States the upper waters. To have refused it would have been the occasion of constant bickerings and animosity. It would also have been highly injurious to our own province of New Brunswick and our town of St. John's. They must, we presume, understand their own interests, and there the treaty is unanimously popular; and without this boon we are convinced that the State of Maine never would have acquiesced in the loss of not only the territory east of the St. Francis, but of above 500,000 acres, which Lord Ashburton's treaty has obtained beyond the award.

We heartily wish that Lord Ashburton could have obtained the line of the St. John's—first, because it would have been a nearer approach to what we shall always consider as our original right; but, secondly, because it would have been a more distinct and better boundary—though we learn from both parties that the strip which the United States retain on the north of that river is of very little value; but *how* could Lord Ashburton have ventured to make a stand on this point, which had been over and over again abandoned by Lord Palmerston? How could a man of common sense, common honesty, or common humanity, run the awful risk of a war for the possession of some miles of morass which for so many years the English Secretary of State had readily and unequivocally renounced?

We confess that we ourselves never could anticipate by what means these reiterated offers on our part, and the firm refusals of the United States to accept the Dutch boundary, were to be got over. The intervening circumstances had all tended to damage our position, or, to speak more accurately, to encourage and strengthen the United States in their pretensions:—the Canadian revolt—the cases of the Caroline and Creole—the right of search question—and, above all, the union of France and America in the hostile feeling of which this question was made the signal and excuse, rendered it, in our opinion, exceedingly unlikely that Lord Ashburton should be able to establish even the King of Holland's
award,

award, which America had rejected, when our general political position was much stronger. We certainly had little hope that he would have been able to obtain any, the slightest amendment of the boundary: but to our equal surprise and satisfaction he did so—and for the extent of the advantage we refer back to the evidence of Mr. Benton. Much as we have seen of the injustice and blindness of party, we certainly never were more astonished than at the dissatisfaction expressed at this success by those who would have gladly ratified much less advantageous terms.

But a postscript to Mr. Featherstonhaugh's pamphlet has announced the accidental discovery of a map, in which Dr. Franklin himself had described the British line as the true one. This discovery naturally created, for the moment, an opinion that, if Lord Ashburton had been more pertinacious, we might perhaps have obtained a better boundary—one south of the St. John's, if not our original and rightful claim. Dr. Franklin's map does certainly confirm that original claim by additional and, we think, conclusive evidence; and we cannot now doubt that it has been the secret cause of our obtaining not only the awarded boundary which had been so often refused, but the important addition of the mountain frontier, for the concession of which we have honestly admitted that we could not very well account: but we have very strong doubts, which we shall hereafter explain, whether this secret—if our negotiator had been fully aware of it—could have procured us any, or at least any considerable modification of the terms we have obtained. The facts are these:

A little before Lord Ashburton's arrival in America Mr. Webster received a communication from Mr. Jared Sparks, the eminent biographer and historian, then in Paris, to the following effect:—

‘ While pursuing my researches among the voluminous papers relating to the American Revolution in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères* in Paris, I found in one of the bound volumes an original letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, of which the following is an exact transcript:—

‘ “ Passy, December 6, 1763.

‘ “ Sir,—I have the honour of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desire, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries.

‘ “ With great respect, I am, &c.,

‘ “ B. FRANKLIN.”

‘ This letter was written six days after the preliminaries were signed; and if we could procure the identical map mentioned by Franklin, it would seem to afford conclusive evidence as to the meaning affixed by the

the Commissioners to the language of the treaty on the subject of the boundaries. You may well suppose that I lost no time in making inquiry for the map, not doubting that it would confirm all my previous opinions respecting the validity of our claim. In the geographical department of the Archives are sixty thousand maps and charts; but so well arranged with catalogues and indexes that any one of them may be easily found. After a little research in the American division, with the aid of the keeper, I came upon a map of North America, by D'Anville, dated 1746, in size about eighteen inches square, on which was drawn a *strong red line* throughout the entire boundary of the United States, answering precisely to Franklin's description. The line is bold and distinct in every part, made with red ink, and apparently drawn with a hair-pencil, or a pen with a blunt point. There is no other colouring on any part of the map.

'Imagine my surprise on discovering that this line runs wholly south of the St. John's, and between the head waters of that river and those of the Penobscot and Kennebec. In short, it is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain, except that it concedes more than is claimed. The north line, after departing from the source of the St. Croix, instead of proceeding to Mars Hill, stops far short of that point, and turns off to the west, so as to leave on the British side all the streams which flow into the St. John's, between the source of the St. Croix and Mars Hill. It is evident that the line, from the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands, is intended to exclude all the waters running into the St. John's.

'There is no positive proof that this map is actually the one marked by Franklin; yet, upon any other supposition, it would be difficult to explain the circumstances of its agreeing so perfectly with his description, and of its being preserved in the place where it would naturally be deposited by Count de Vergennes. I also found another map in the Archives, on which the same boundary was traced in a dotted red line with a pen, apparently copied from the other.

'I enclose herewith a map of Maine, on which I have drawn a strong black line, corresponding with the red one above mentioned.'—pp. 104-106.

With this secret in his possession, Mr. Webster commenced what we may call his *triple* negotiation—with Lord Ashburton and the Commissioners of the States of Massachusetts and Maine respectively—and we think that any one who attentively considers the whole correspondence will see reason to suspect that Mr. Webster's negotiations with these States were quite as difficult as that with Great Britain; in fact, we are ourselves satisfied that, but for the opportune discovery of Dr. Franklin's map, secretly communicated to the Commissioners *in terrorem*, not even the concession of the navigation of the St. John's would have overcome the obstinate spirit of resistance that existed and even still survives in the State of Maine. The concurrence of the Senate in a treaty of reasonable and mutual concession would probably have been not so hopeless

hopeless as that of Maine; but it would still have been, we believe, a matter of considerable difficulty—for even after the Secretary of State had made a secret communication to the Senate of Mr. Sparks's discovery, there was still a strong inclination to resistance, and a very general expression of opinion that this piece of evidence, though admitted to be serious, was by no means conclusive. Even Mr. Rives, the chairman of the committee of foreign relations—who made the secret communication, and who answered with great ability and with several strong additional facts Mr. Benton's objection to the authority of the map imputed to Dr. Franklin—was himself obliged—in compliance, we presume, with the prejudices of his audience—to introduce it as 'an embarrassing, though *apocryphal*, document.' In short, when we consider the long and pertinacious rejection of the King of Holland's award, and more particularly when we recollect that all the energy and authority of General Jackson, with the additional temptation of 1,250,000 dollars, failed to satisfy the State of Maine, we cannot reasonably doubt that without the influence of Dr. Franklin's map that State—in a much stronger position than she was when she rejected General Jackson's instances—would have rejected the worse territorial terms of the treaty of Washington.

All this, it may be said, is very true—but was not the British negotiator deluded, and is not Mr. Webster chargeable with bad faith and duplicity when in the outset of the negotiation he thus addressed Lord Ashburton?—

'I must be permitted to say that few questions have ever arisen under this Government, in regard to which a *stronger or more general conviction was felt that the country was in the right, than this question of the north-eastern boundary.*'—*Dispatch, 8th July, 1842.*

Upon this Mr. Featherstonhaugh remarks that—

'we are unavoidably brought to a conviction that whilst the highest functionaries of the American Government were dealing with Lord Ashburton with a seeming integrity, they were, in fact, deceiving him; and that whilst they were pledging the faith of their Government for a perfect conviction of the justice of their claim to the territory which was in dispute, they had the highest evidence in their possession which the nature of the case admitted of, that the United States never had had the slightest shadow of right to any part of the territory which they have been disputing with Great Britain for near fifty years.'—pp. 102, 103.

Now we cannot quite concur in Mr. Featherstonhaugh's censure of the American functionaries. We doubt in the abstract how far a public minister or a private advocate is bound to produce to his adversary evidence hostile to his own case, particularly when that evidence has been confided to him in his capacity of minister or advocate. Our readers all recollect Sir Henry Wotton's punning definition of an ambassador, made when he himself

himself was an ambassador :—‘ An honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country ;’ and there is some difference in such matters between the *suggestio falsi* and the *suppressio veri* ; but we need not discuss these nice cases, because Mr. Webster cannot, we think, be justly charged with either, for saying that ‘ there were few questions on which his countrymen entertained a stronger or more general conviction than ~~this~~ for it was perfectly true ;—so true, that we have been assured that the production of Franklin’s map has not made any change in the *opinion* of even the most respectable Americans. This seems wonderful, but such, they tell us is the fact. But there is another consideration still more in Mr. Webster’s favour. All attempts at adjustment under the *terms of the treaty* had been abandoned by mutual consent, and in the most explicit terms ; and when Mr. Webster alluded in one of his first dispatches to evidence explanatory of the *intentions* of the original treaty, Lord Ashburton reminded him that the time of discussing the terms of the treaty was gone by, and that they were now to arrange a purely conventional line, not on discussions of evidence, but on considerations of mutual convenience and compromise. If, therefore, Mr. Webster had had still more absolute and conclusive evidence that the English construction of the treaty was the correct one, it could not have been considered, we believe, by the most scrupulous casuist, as *obligatory* upon him, in a new negotiation for a line of convenience and compromise. Mr. Benton, indeed, strongly insists that Lord Ashburton himself was aware of the discovery of Franklin’s map :—

‘ The British minister knew our secret before we knew it ourselves.’
—*Speech*, p. 16.

This, we are satisfied, was not the case. Lord Ashburton knew that there was a great—according to our own views an invincible—mass of evidence to prove that the British line was that intended by the treaty ; and Mr. Featherstonhaugh informs us that after his lordship’s departure further evidence was discovered in England which coincides in a remarkable manner with Dr. Franklin’s map. But we do not believe that Lord Ashburton had any knowledge of Mr. Sparks’s discovery : the phrase in one of Lord Ashburton’s letters to Mr. Webster, on which Mr. Benton builds his conjecture—

‘ If this question should unfortunately go to a further reference, I should by no means despair of finding some confirmation of this [the British] view of the case’—(*Disp.* 11th July, 1843)—

was probably only a general expression of confidence in the justice of his case, or perhaps some allusion to the additional evidence mentioned by Mr. Featherstonhaugh.

We have no suspicion whatsoever (though we are told that some persons profess to have) of the authenticity of Dr. Franklin's map. It received, Mr. Rives informs us, 'most remarkable and unforeseen confirmation' (p. 5) by other evidence found in the archives of the American Senate, and formerly belonging to Mr. Jefferson; and we cannot doubt that if this map, and the various corroborations of it which have since appeared, had been known earlier, and submitted to the arbitrator, they must have had their due effect. If even they had been discovered between the arbitration and Lord Ashburton's mission, they might have given a different turn to the negotiations, and afforded us a new trial on this better evidence; but when Lord Ashburton's mission had been once opened on the principle which the British government had been for so many years urging on the Cabinet of Washington,—of abandoning all discussion of the *treaty* and negotiating for a *conventional* line,—we know not that the *discovery* could have been better employed than it was by Mr. Webster, in overcoming the hitherto intractable violence of Maine, and by moderating the formidable opposition which we may learn from Mr. Benton's speech the new treaty would have otherwise encountered in the Senate.

There are several circumstances that prove that, even with the assistance of Franklin's map, the success of the treaty was not easy—the tone of the debate in the Senate was by no means cordial. One of the senators of Maine voted against the treaty; and, after all, Mr. Webster was forced to draw from the almost bankrupt coffers of the national treasury a sum of 500,000 dollars, by way of compensation to Maine and Massachusetts for territory to which, if Dr. Franklin's map were to be received with implicit acquiescence, they had not a pretence. This payment of 500,000 dollars is an unquestionable proof that the President and Mr. Webster did not think the map *conclusive*, and that the terms of the treaty appeared so favourable to England, that—notwithstanding Mr. Sparks's discovery—Maine and Massachusetts were entitled to this large compensation.

And, indeed—without relying implicitly on all Mr. Benton's able, but we must be allowed to say partial, statements—we see good reason to believe that the *in terrorem* production of Dr. Franklin's map would probably not have sufficed, if Lord Ashburton had not been able to propitiate some of the northern States as well as the public feeling of the whole Union, by giving, in return for the strong highland line on the Canadian frontier, some local amendments of the boundaries of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. We cannot altogether deny Mr. Benton's assertion that these concessions were really

really little or no sacrifice on our part; but the argument of *convenience*, which Lord Ashburton admitted in these cases, helped him in his ulterior object, and became applicable with the greater force, as well as the better grace, to the Canadian boundary. The affair was this: the boundary between the States just mentioned and our possessions was, by the original treaty, a line coincident with the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude; immediately after the treaty that line was set out; but, by an error of the surveyors, it deviated by about an average of half a mile to the northward of the true parallel. That error had been since discovered, but this half-mile strip had been in the meanwhile thickly settled by citizens of the United States; and Lord Ashburton, taking into consideration the hardship of disturbing people who had been so long in a *bonâ fide* possession of what they and all the world considered as their native soil, and feeling probably, as Mr. Benton suggests, that these *American* citizens might not be very desirable *Canadian subjects*, he willingly consented—indeed he may be said to have offered—that the erroneous line should stand as the true one—on the same principle by which a *similar error* made in tracing the *due north* line has been adopted to our advantage.

Upon the former transaction Mr. Benton observes, first, with regard to a part of the slip where it joins Lake Champlain, and where the Americans had formerly a fort, called Rouse's Point, which the Dutch award had proposed to reserve to the State of New York, while it granted all the rest of the strip to Canada:—

‘It is not to be dissembled that its recovery gratifies the public feeling, *propitiates two States* in favour of the treaty, and facilitates the grand object of the British mission. The British negotiator conducted skilfully in conceding *for a price* what he had no wish to maintain—what had been given up without a price in the award—what had an illusive value in our eyes, and none at all in his; and the concession of which was *smoothing his way to Maine*.

‘The strip in Vermont was given up by the British negotiator for the same reason—he did not want those people; his government would not have them; but the concession recommends the treaty to Vermont. *Two votes more for the treaty.*’—p. 4.

There had also been a question about which was the western head of the Connecticut river: the King of Holland decided that a stream called Perry's Creek, running into the lake called *Connecticut*, should be so considered, though it lay several miles to the eastward of a branch called Hall's Creek:—the intermediate space had always been in the possession of New Hampshire. Lord Ashburton would not stand out, on the more than doubtful authority

authority of the Dutch award, against the plain intention of the treaty—he ceded the district in question:—

‘The concession,’ says Mr. Benton, ‘of the British minister changes nothing; but, while changing nothing, it prevents an objection, and conciliates support for the treaty in the State of New Hampshire.’—*Ib.*

In the same style Mr. Benton represents a kind of exchange of two disputed islands in the water boundary—*Sugar Island* and *Bois Blanc*—as a mode by which Lord Ashburton, while accomplishing his own object,

‘sweetened the treaty to the palate of the young State of Michigan, conciliated that State in favour of his treaty, and marched straight to the grand object of his mission.’—*Ib.* pp. 3, 4.

It is not for us to make any comment on the motives thus imputed by Mr. Benton to so many members of the august body to which he himself belongs. We think their assent to the treaty is easily traceable to higher, larger, and more patriotic considerations; but we may, at least, accept his testimony that Lord Ashburton reached what we have hitherto considered as the *beau ideal* of diplomacy, when, making an excellent bargain for his own employers, he satisfied the rights and conciliated the good feelings of the other party.

So much for the questions of boundaries.

The next most important provision of the treaty regards the suppression of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa. Our position in this matter was twofold:—

First:—Hitherto, as we have already stated, the fraudulent use of the American flag had obliged the British cruisers to *inquire*, in certain peculiar cases, into the right of suspicious vessels to the flag they carried.

Secondly:—Great Britain has also, by treaty with the several countries before enumerated, not so much the *right* as the *duty* of *searching* vessels under the flags of those contracting parties, for the detection of slave-trading.

We beg our readers to attend to the distinction between these two cases—1st, the right of *inquiring* whether a ship is what she pretends to be; and, 2nd, the right of *searching* her in execution of a treaty—a distinction which, clear as it is, there seems not to be ten men in France, besides the Duc de Broglie, M. Guizot, and M. de Gasperi, who are able—or should we not rather say willing?—to comprehend.

The first, or right of *inquiry*, now somewhat inaccurately called right of visit, is a practice as old as navigation itself—common to all nations in all times—equally necessary to the safety of all, and to the security of ‘the high-road of nations,’ as the Americans
love

love to call the sea; and we, in this discussion, can have no kind of objection to the designation—for, inasmuch as upon the *high-roads* of civilised states the police, and even accidental passengers, have a right, in cases of danger or strong suspicion, to satisfy themselves that malefactors are not endangering the safety of the public under false names, false passports, and other guilty disguises; so it is equally reasonable and necessary for the public safety that smugglers, robbers, mutineers, murderers, and pirates should not be enabled to prosecute their criminal career with impunity by so cheap and easy an expedient as the hoisting, when in danger of detection, a piece of burning—the colour of any nation under the sun save that one to which the cruiser which alarms them may happen to belong. But England has no more desire for, and no more interest in, this practice than any other country; and if it were really productive of inconvenience to any one, except the guilty, she would suffer the more in proportion to her extended commerce.

The right of *search* in time of peace, either for suppressing the slave-trade or for any other purpose, is altogether a different thing. We admit no such right in others, nor do we claim it for ourselves: no nation concedes or acquires *that* right but *by treaty*—by express stipulation—by which, for reasons special to each occasion, two countries may, under what limitations and restrictions they please, grant a mutual right of search for a particular object. Such are the treaties that we have made with so many powers for the suppression of the slave-trade; treaties, let us observe, that for any maritime purposes *of our own* we had much rather be released from,—which we entered into only for the sake of humanity; and if *any* more effectual way could be discovered of suppressing the slave-trade, there is, we suppose, no statesman in England who would not be glad to be released from the cost, the trouble, and the responsibilities imposed upon us by the present system; but the truth is, that some powers whose flags are the most liable to abuse have not themselves the means of protecting them from this abuse, and are therefore obliged to appeal to our assistance.

The hostile French press—that is, nineteen-twentieths of everything published in France—is exceedingly elated because the treaty of Washington has not created a reciprocal right of search between England and the United States. Their triumph on this matter is exactly proportionable to their ignorance of the subject, and to the extravagance of the mistake they have adopted, namely, that of supposing that *we* have any individual object of either profit or honour in the *right of search*. *We* have neither, as *we* have said, beyond the common feeling of humanity; and had abstractedly rather be without it. We are therefore quite as glad

glad as our French neighbours can be that the treaty of Washington does not impose this fresh burden upon us, while it provides still more effectual means for the great and indeed only object we have in view, the suppression of the slave-trade; for instead of throwing upon us, as most other countries have done, the whole trouble and expense of this duty of humanity, America stipulates to send out and maintain on the African seas a force sufficient, if duly employed, to the *extermination* of any slave-trading on the part of *bonâ fide* Americans, and consequently of the fraudulent abuse of the American flag. But of the ancient and self-defensive right of *inquiry* the treaty says nothing, and leaves that question where it found it. The vigilance of the American cruisers will probably put an end to the abuse; but wherever such an abuse shall be found to exist—wherever there shall be a fraudulent assumption of false colours for guilty purposes, whether by slave-traders on the coast of Africa—or by smugglers, Carlists, or Bonapartists on the coast of France—or by mutineers or pirates in the Gulf of Mexico—we may be sure that neither England nor France, nor the United States, will ever submit to resign a right of inquiry necessary to their own interests and honour, and to the safety of all who travel ‘the great high-road of nations.’

What we have just said refers more particularly to the arrangements made by the treaty of Washington; but we feel it to be our duty to add, that few questions have suffered more under the united mystification of malevolence and ignorance than this of the right of search. While the great mass of the public in France and America seem to have known nothing, or to have forgotten everything, of the earlier history of this question, the disturbers of public peace in both countries, a class unfortunately but too numerous, have seized upon it eagerly, not for its own merits, but for its use in promoting their mischievous purposes. General Cass, at first by a pamphlet which he sent round to all the members of the French Chambers, and subsequently by his formal intervention as American minister, mainly occasioned the rejection of the quintuple treaty by France. He appealed to the sympathies of France not to abandon the American to the tyrant of the seas by further sanctioning this conventional right of search, against which they had invariably struggled. Our lively neighbours have never been remarkable for being well informed of what passes in the world—out of their own portion of it—but what shall we say of an American minister who could so state his case? We must pronounce him to have been ignorant, that we may avoid bestowing upon him a harsher epithet,

America, he says, has been fighting perseveringly this battle for the freedom of the seas.

Why, does not General Cass know that long before France agreed to the treaties of 1831 and 1833—viz. in the year 1824—the *United States* pressed earnestly on all the powers of Europe, in pursuance of an almost unanimous vote of Congress, the principle of an *universal right of search*? The American State papers show their diligence and eagerness in this laudable crusade of humanity. The African slave-trade was to be pronounced '*piracy*;' and, fearful that the signification of the word should be misunderstood, it must be '*piracy by the law of nations*'—a phrase which could have no other meaning than that slave-traders, under whatever flag, might be run at by all as offenders against the human race. The result of this short-lived fever of humanity, and of some of the applications to European powers, is worth following up. In London the communication was, as might be supposed, favourably received; and a treaty for reciprocal search was signed by Sir Stratford Canning and Mr. Huskisson on our part, with Mr. Rush on that of America. The then secretary of state, Mr. Canning, acceded to the peremptory demand that by Act of Parliament the trade should be declared piracy—though, with more sobriety in his zeal than the other party, he refrained 'from any unauthorized interpolations in the general law of nations.' In this treaty, which was in substance the same as proposed to us by the United States, their Senate, on its being presented for ratification, desired to make an alteration, which we must say appears to us not to have been unreasonable. In describing the zones within which reciprocal seizure might take place, *the coast of America* was included; and as these words evidently authorized our acting off their own immediate coasts and harbours, the Senate proposed to strike them out. The words were not inserted by us, but originally proposed by the States: we are at this distance of time at a loss to understand why Mr. Canning refused this seemingly reasonable proposal. But for this accident, this treaty, thus lost, would now be in force; and England and the United States would have been acting under a reciprocal right of search, *proposed by the States*, of an infinitely more stringent character than that described by the quintuple treaty represented by General Cass to be so insulting to his country, and so fatal to the liberty of the seas.

This simple narrative of facts must, we think, suffice to settle our opinion of General Cass. This intrepid defender of the seas may have made among the electors of the backwoods what is, we are told, there termed '*political capital*' by his zeal; but he can hardly expect much applause from persons possessed of the most ordinary

ordinary information, either in Europe or in his own country. His champion and follower in Paris, M. de Tocqueville,—an example of those occasional reputations made for a man by a party, and unmade by himself,—has been so effectually demolished by Lord Brougham, that we abstain from further pursuit of the defenceless. We must, out of mere civility to him, conclude that he really knew nothing of the earlier history of this question; and we should think, with Lord Brougham, this ignorance ‘*marvellous*,’ if we were not aware of the levity with which those vulgar elements of knowledge called *facts* are overlooked by ingenious theorists on laws and institutions.

Among the applications by America to the other courts of Europe, that to the Netherlands is remarkable for a very able and pressing address to the same purport; indeed, the known earnestness of this country for the suppression of slave-trading seems, if possible, to have been exceeded, at the time of which we are speaking, by the government of America. Our limits will not, however, permit us to follow up these details, but the result of the application to the court of *France* is so singularly illustrative of what is now taking place, that we will close this part of our subject by shortly noticing it.

Mr. Sheldon, the then American minister at Paris, made proposals, similar to those made to us and to other governments, to M. de Chateaubriand, who, personally favourable to the design, felt himself obliged to reject the application, from the apprehended aversion of the French people and of the Chambers, which—he went on to explain—was not to the measure itself, but because they suspected that *the original proposal was from England*. ‘If we submit it to the Chambers,’ says M. de Chateaubriand, ‘there is danger, not only that it will be rejected, but that what has already been done towards the suppression of the slave-trade will be revoked.’ If, for the year 1824, we read, transposing the two last figures, 1842, and for *M. de Chateaubriand* read *M. Guizot*, the cases are identical—only the poet-statesman seems to have shown a deeper insight into the humour and temper of his countrymen than the historian and moralist.

The greatest impediment to the bettering of the condition of mankind seems to be this unfortunate angry and hostile feeling—we will not say between the *two* peoples, because we believe we may safely affirm, that it does not exist with Englishmen, but—on the part of France—a feeling industriously cultivated and aggravated by all that too numerous class to whom the peace of the world is a grievance. M. Guizot says this feeling dates from our operations in Syria: we wish we could believe it had no deeper root; but of this we are sure, that the efforts evidently made and making

by Sir Robert Peel's government to cure this disease, so fatal to the world, merit our applause and our best wishes.

We have further, as connected with these topics, to remark with great satisfaction the ninth article of the treaty, which runs in these terms :-

'Whereas, notwithstanding all efforts which may be made on the coast of Africa for suppressing the slave-trade, the facilities for carrying on that traffic and *avoiding the vigilance of cruisers by the fraudulent use of flags*, and other means, are *so great*, and *the temptations for pursuing it*, while a market can be found for slaves, *so strong*, as that the desired result may be long delayed, unless all markets be shut against the purchase of African negroes: the parties to this treaty agree that they will unite in all becoming representations and remonstrances, with any and all powers within whose dominions such markets are allowed to exist; and that they will urge upon all such powers the propriety and duty of closing such markets effectually at once and for ever.'

We trust that this strong stipulation towards *closing slave-markets* all over the world—at once and for ever—will have a decisive effect; and we cannot see without satisfaction in so solemn an international instrument, the broad admission of the great extent to which '*the fraudulent use of flags to defeat the vigilance of cruisers*' has been carried on the coast of Africa—for it is not only an earnest that the United States will lend their cordial assistance to suppress that abuse hereafter, but it affords an obvious vindication of the *vigilance* heretofore exercised by the British cruisers, and which has been made the pretext of so much misrepresentation and rancour, both in France and the United States—of the '*bomb-shell*' dispatches of Mr. Stevenson—the electioneering pamphlets of General Cass—the at once flippant and profound ignorance of M. Tocqueville, and the ridiculous but malignant falsehoods of M. Emile Girardin, or whoever *does the Presse* under that person's auspices.

The next and last topic of the treaty is one that provides for the *Extradition*, as it is technically called, or the mutual delivery up to justice of persons legally charged with the crimes of *murder, piracy, arson, robbery, or forgery*.

We have before stated that the case of the *Creole* was complicated with many difficulties of municipal and international law, as well as of public policy, the resolution of which no treaty could accomplish, and which were therefore most properly adjourned to diplomatic communications in London. We very much incline, as Lord Ashburton seems to do, to Mr. Webster's doctrine, that ships driven by stress of weather into a foreign port, carry with them what we may call their native rights, and are liable only to a kind of municipal jurisdiction in the port in which they happen
to

to arrive; for instance, in the case of *slaves*—a main branch of the case of the *Creole*—we are inclined to think that if a foreign vessel, having slaves *lawfully* on board, should be forced by stress of weather or other irresistible circumstances into a British port, the British law that emancipates slaves on touching the British soil cannot fairly apply to such a case; and although, if such slaves should *escape* ashore, it seems certain that our municipal law could afford no means of apprehending and sending them back to the foreign vessel, still it seems equally reasonable, though not equally certain, that our municipal law ought not to intervene to alter their condition towards their ship—that is, their country—and we can say, with a fuller conviction, that no local authorities should interpose to *help* any such escape, or to *encourage* any part of the crew of any vessel to any infraction of the law of the country to which the vessel belongs and under which they stood before the accident had forced the ship into the British harbour. For instance, if while the *Warspite* was lying at New York waiting for Lord Ashburton, some of the crew had been spirited away by the American authorities, under the plea that their engagement to *her Majesty's service* was not valid in New York, could it be pretended that such conduct would be justifiable? We think not—and we confess that we do not see, in an international view, such a difference between *service* and *servitude* as to justify the Bahama authorities in dealing with the crew of an American ship (above all if forced in by stress of weather) differently from what the American authorities would be authorised in doing to a British ship at New York. But though we see this obvious principle to which we might appeal as a general rule, we are by no means so clear about its individual application, for there are an infinite number of *accidents* which would vary each particular case. The most curious part of the *Creole* affair is that—after Mr. Webster had written a very able paper on this subject, but concluding with a severe censure of the British authorities at Nassau—Lord Ashburton replies to Mr. Webster—himself lately a senator of Massachusetts—by the following unanswerable fact:—

‘The present state of the British law in this respect [the emancipation of slaves on arrival in the British dominions] is too well known to require repetition; nor need I remind you that it is *exactly the same with the laws in every part of the United States* in which a state of slavery is not recognised; and that the slave put ashore at Nassau would be dealt with exactly as would a foreign slave landed *under any circumstances whatever at Boston*.’—*Dispatch, 6th August.*

This was, to be sure, a pretty convincing reason why Lord Ashburton could make no arrangement on the subject; and it is
a still

a still stronger answer to the insinuation which disfigures Mr. Benton's able speech, where he represents this fortuitous and unforeseen transaction at Nassau as the 'result of a plan formed in England, to create a *St. Domingo in the Southern United States.*'

But though this question was not settled, and in fact could not be settled by the treaty, it probably produced the article of Extradition that we have just mentioned. Besides the question of the emancipation of the slaves in the *Creole*, there was also a question of murder—our authorities should willingly have given up the accused for trial before their natural and national tribunal, but that the United States had formerly repudiated a convention of *Extradition*. There had been, we think, under Mr. Jay's treaty such an arrangement; but it had been renounced by America, and she had rejected all overtures for renewing it. This case, however, brought her back to a reconsideration of the matter and its various bearings; and the result has been this article, which, we really believe, is of more real practical importance to the two countries than all the other special provisions of the treaty put together. It is really a disgrace to countries calling themselves civilised, that a criminal guilty of offences against society in general, so heinous as to be punishable by the laws of all countries, should be able to escape punishment by just slipping over a boundary-line—that a robber or a murderer, whose crimes are equally odious and punishable in New York and Canada, in France and England, should nevertheless secure impunity by passing across from Buffalo to Chippewa, or from Dover to Calais. The Ashburton treaty removes this great error and disgrace from the Western Continent; and though the article is, perhaps not unwisely, made terminable at the will of either party, we are satisfied that it, or something on the same principle, must soon become the acknowledged and permanent law of all civilised peoples. We believe we may venture to announce that a similar arrangement is almost agreed upon with France; and we have learned with still greater satisfaction that our Government intend to bring a measure for making the criminal process of any *part* of Her Majesty's dominions current and effective throughout the *whole*. This will remove another disgraceful anomaly in the practice of our laws.

The *Caroline* affair, still less than that of the *Creole*, could have entered into the treaty—it was a mere accident, without likelihood of recurrence, and stood upon its own accidental grounds—never, we hope, likely to occur again. Lord Ashburton, without giving up a jot of our justifiability in the whole of that affair, has by a fair and honest statement of the circumstances and a dignified expression of regret at our having been forced by the Americans themselves

themselves to retaliate a violation of territory, satisfied the cabinet of Washington, and has—only with a little more courtesy than on the first occasion—towed the Caroline out of the jurisdiction of the United States, and sent her down the abyss of Niagara, never more to be heard of. But there are some circumstances in this case, and that of Mr. M'Leod which was connected with it, that deserve particular notice. In these cases, as in that of the aggressions in Maine, the *people* behaved very ill; and the *local* Governments not much better—in Maine, from ill disposition—in New York, we believe, chiefly from impotence; but in both cases it is but justice to say that the General Government behaved well—as well, we believe, as the laws of their anomalous constitution, that regulate or rather confuse federal and local authority, would permit. The federal attorney-general was sent to afford Mr. M'Leod legal assistance and personal countenance; and—as it was rumoured that, if the regular court of justice should acquit the accused, there was a *court of Lynch-law* ready to do its atrocities on him—a military officer of rank and reputation was sent to the spot to direct the national forces for Mr. M'Leod's personal protection:—this was, we believe, General Scott, who had already been employed in similar amicable missions during the preceding border commotions both of Maine and New York. A new law was also introduced which it required all the authority of the President and Mr. Webster, and all the conciliatory influence of Lord Ashburton's mission, to pass through Congress, for transferring such international cases as M'Leod's from the local to the federal courts—a considerable security for the future peace of the frontier. When the General Government had thus done its duty by us, and not only relieved itself from all suspicion of having countenanced these aggressions, but shown every disposition to arrest and to prevent them, it was certainly entitled to the explanation that Lord Ashburton gave of our regret at having been forced, in legitimate self-defence, to trespass, as we assuredly did, on the territorial rights of the *General Federation*.

The last question suggested was that of Impressment, on which Mr. Webster wished to have made a formal arrangement—but this subject Lord Ashburton was not authorized to enter upon—nor could he have done so to any good purpose. At the bottom of this question is the great principle of allegiance—which all the nations of the Old World hold to be indefeasible—a right belonging to the native country, and not a mere transitory obligation which individuals may cast off at their pleasure; while, on the other hand, the United States, being, as it were, created by immigrations, and granting their rights of citizenship on very easy terms, repudiate, naturally enough, the ancient doctrine of national allegiance.

Whether

Whether these contradictory opinions can ever be reconciled—whether the Old World may relax some of its strictness—or whether the United States may not hereafter find it necessary to assert for their own security some principles of national allegiance—we cannot venture to guess; but at least it is certain that Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster were quite right in finally agreeing that it would be inexpedient to embarrass their urgent practical arrangements with the discussion of this additional and *speculative* difficulty. We say speculative—for although, as Lord Ashburton admits, the question might, in the event of a war, take a formidable practical form—still we must observe that it is not every war—nor even the most probable war—that would bring this principle into action. Our own opinion is, that the case itself has become, from various causes, *highly improbable*, and we apprehend that little good would eventually result from attempting to provide for the unforeseen contingencies and emergencies of future wars.

We have thus gone through all the provisions of the treaty, as well as the collateral topics which came into discussion, and we think we may now venture upon fuller evidence to expect the concurrence of our readers in the opinion we expressed at the outset, that—considering the state in which Lord Palmerston left the boundary question—the many subjects of irritation between the parties which had supervened—and the new position which France had taken with regard both to us and the United States—the treaty of Washington is a wise treaty and a good treaty, and not the worse because each side may see something in it to regret or complain of. The best—because the fairest—treaty for the arrangement of differences and counter-claims must always be one in which the advantages are mutual, and the sacrifices not unequal. Such eminently is the character of the treaty of Washington, and we infinitely prefer it—both as to its present effect on public opinion; and as to its future stability—to any arrangement which should have been more unexceptionably satisfactory to either party.

One great merit of this treaty—besides the main and prominent value of settling the points in discussion—was its collateral effect on the public mind in the United States, where their political institutions, and the uncontrolled action of such a press as has been described in a former article of this Number, give to what is called public opinion a degree of violence, intensity, and power, of which we, in our more temperate political atmosphere, have little idea. We, of course, never can steer *our* policy by their irregular impulses. On the contrary we should, on a fitting occasion, say with Brutus,—

‘ Must

‘ Must I give way and room to your rank choler ?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?’

But still in a country where the *people* act so directly on the government, we owe it to ourselves as well as to them not to be indifferent to popular feeling, and to be ready to avail ourselves of any opportunity of either averting or allaying such excesses of temper—for which—and that is the main international defect of their constitution—there can be no tangible responsibility. We therefore saw with great satisfaction the frank and favourable reaction so suddenly produced in the public mind of the United States, not merely by the terms of the treaty, but by the special mission itself, and more particularly by the conciliatory yet dignified language, manners, and deportment of the British minister. He found the States in a ferment of what we may call hostility to us, and to everything connected with us ; he left them in a temper of more apparent cordiality than had, we think, existed since the original separation.

This leads us to observe, in conclusion, on the admirable and *original* character of Lord Ashburton’s diplomatic correspondence: the clearness and simplicity of the style—the unreserved and impressive candour of the statements—the calm sagacity with which he dissects his antagonist’s assertions, and the ingenious yet sound dexterity of his own arguments, are very remarkable, and make us think what we have seen of his Lordship’s dispatches about the best both in matter and manner that we have ever read.

We must, in justice to Mr. Webster—and the rather because he has been, as we think, so unfairly censured—add, that we see no reason to doubt that Lord Ashburton’s sentiments were responded to by him personally in a similar spirit—though we are not always equally satisfied with either his arguments or his style ; which too frequently (though necessarily perhaps from his position as the organ of President Tyler, now a *candidate for reelection*) have the air of endeavouring to obtain mob popularity :—an object which the President himself has flagrantly pursued in the—to say the least of it—uncandid Message with which he opened the present session of Congress ; and which, together with a speech lately delivered by Mr. Fairfield, Governor of Maine, has increased, we must fairly say, our satisfaction that the wise and conciliatory counsels and conduct of Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster have removed the many important and delicate topics settled by their treaty, out of the hands and beyond the jurisdiction of unscrupulous speculators in ‘ *Political Capital*.’

